ONE HUNDRED BEST NOVELS CONDENSED

GROZIER

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ONE HUNDRED BEST NOVELS CONDENSED

One Hundred Best Novels Condensed

Edited By
EDWIN A. GROZIER

Assisted by
CHARLES E. L. WINGATE and CHARLES H. LINCOLN

FOUR VOLUMES
COMBINED IN ONE

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
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ONE HUNDRED BEST NOVELS CONDENSED

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H-E

PREFACE

The object of the publication of *One Hundred Best Novels Condensed* is twofold: first, to enable the busy and casual reader to become acquainted with the masterpieces of fiction with the minimum of time and exertion; second, through an appetizing condensation, to induce readers to seek the great originals.

There has been much discussion, and some dissension, as to the make-up of the list of novels. On the first fifty titles of "one hundred best novels," there may be consensus of opinion; but beyond that point, individual tastes and preferences vary widely.

It should be stated that in the list adopted preponderance has been given to novels written in English, and some consideration to American literature. It has also been deemed advisable to have the selections representative of the various schools of fiction. An effort has been made to avoid

morbid, abnormal, and otherwise objectionable works of imagination, and to give preference to healthy, natural, inspiring fiction.

It is desired to acknowledge the cordial co-operation of most book-publishers in facilitating the production of this work; due credit is given in connection with each condensation. Many enthusiastic contributors have encouraged the editor. Especially to Prof. William Fenwick Harris and Prof. Charles T. Copeland, both of Cambridge, Massachusetts, are acknowledgments due for their helpful suggestions.

This material was originally published in serial form in *The Boston Post*, where it attracted so much favorable comment that it has since been published in nearly one hundred daily newspapers in the United States and Canada. There has been a wide-spread request for the publication in book form.

It is hoped that the work may prove attractive to the lovers of good fiction; that it may serve a useful purpose in school and college and become a welcome and valuable addition to libraries generally.

EDWIN A. GROZIER.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,
January 1. 1920.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME I

PAGE

PREFACE xiii

DAVID COPPERFIELD . . . CHARLES DICKENS 3
Condensation by CHARLES FRANCIS DORR BELDEN, Librarian of Boston Public Library, formerly Massachusetts State Librarian and Chairman of the Free Public Library Commission of Massachusetts

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY 14
Condensation by RICHARD HENRY DANA, President of the National Civil Service Reform League, Author of *Double Taxation in Massachusetts*, etc.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS . . RUDYARD KIPLING 25
Condensation by JAMES B. CONNOLLY, Author of *The Trawler*, *The Undersea Man*, and other famous sea stories

QUO VADIS . . . . . HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ 35
Condensation by PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS, Formerly Professor of Greek at Harvard University

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS . . H. G. WELLS 44
Condensation by ALFRED S. CLARK, Literary Editor of *The Boston Post*

THE MARBLE FAUN . . NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE 54
Condensation by REV. PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM, D. D., Pastor of Arlington Street Church, Boston

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS . . JOHN BUNYAN 66
Condensation by BASIL KING,
Author of *The Street Called Straight, The Way Home, The City of Comrades*, and other popular novels

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII. EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON 80
Condensation by PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

SIR NIGEL . . . . SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE 90
Condensation by ALICE G. GROZIER

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN. SIR WALTER SCOTT 100
Condensation by PROF. THURMAN L. HOOD,
Of the Department of English, Harvard University

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE . . JAMES LANE ALLEN 110
Condensation by SARA WARE BASSETT,
Author of *The Story of Lumber, The Training of Zenas Henry, The Harbor Road*, etc.

LES MISÉRABLES . . . . . VICTOR HUGO 120
Condensation by NATHAN HASKELL DOLE,
Author of *The Pilgrim*, etc., and widely known as a translator

ROBINSON CRUSOE . . . . . DANIEL DEFOE 130
Condensation by JAMES B. CONNOLLY

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. THE PRINCESS SHEHERAZADE 141
Condensation by ALFRED S. CLARK

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA . . ANTHONY HOPE 151
Condensation by PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE . . . . ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON 161
Condensation by IRVING BACHELLER,
Author of *Eben Holden, Light in the Clearing, D'ri and I*, etc.

THE PILOT . . . . . JAMES FENIMORE COOPER 173
Condensation by ALFRED S. CLARK

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

THE SEA WOLF . . . . . Jack London 184
Condensation by Clifton B. Carberry.
Managing Editor of *The Boston Post*

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE. Robert Louis Stevenson 195
Condensation by James B. Connolly

THE TWO ADMIRALS . James Fenimore Cooper 205
Condensation by Cyrus Townsend Brady,
Author of *Island of Regeneration, Grip of Honor*, etc.

FILE NO. 113 . . . . . Émile Gaboriau 214
Condensation by Isabel Anderson (Mrs. Larz Anderson),
Author of *Captain Ginger Stories, Zigzagging*, etc.

THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE. Margaret Deland 224
Condensation by Sara Ware Bassett

BEN HUR: A TALE OF THE CHRIST. Maj.-Gen. Lew Wallace 235
Condensation by Prof. William Fenwick Harris

HENRY ESMOND. William Makepeace Thackeray 245
Condensation by Annie D. Hubbard

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA . . Victor Hugo 255
Condensation by James B. Connolly

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME II

PAGE

THE TURMOIL . . . . . Booth Tarkington 3
Condensation by Clarence W. Barron,
Author of *Mexican Problem, War Finance, A World Remaking*, etc.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND . . . Charles Dickens 16
Condensation by Alfred S. Clark

RAMONA . . . . . Helen Hunt Jackson 26
Condensation by Mary Brooks.

KENILWORTH . . . . . Sir Walter Scott 36
Condensation by Rev. R. Perry Bush, D.D.

TRILBY . . . . . George du Maurier 49
Condensation by Alice G. Grozier

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN. Dinah Maria Mulock 59
Condensation by Basil King

THADDEUS OF WARSAW . . . Jane Porter 76
Condensation by Sara Ware Bassett

THE LITTLE MINISTER . . James M. Barrie 88
Condensation by Marguerite E. Alley

VANITY FAIR . William Makepeace Thackeray 98
Condensation by Carolyn Wells,
Author of *Jungle Book, Story of Betty, Folly in Fairyland*, etc.

JANE EYRE . . . . . Charlotte Brontë 108
Condensation by Prof. Thurman L. Hood,

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

THE LAST OF THE BARONS. Edward Bulwer Lytton 118
Condensation by Prof. William Fenwick Harris

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. Oliver Goldsmith 127
Condensation by Carolyn Wells

IVANHOE . . . . . Sir Walter Scott 136
Condensation by Prof. William Fenwick Harris

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE. Vicente Blasco Ibanez 146
Condensation by Alice G. Higgins of the Boston Athenæum

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS . . . . Dean Swift 156
Condensation by James B. Connolly

THE NEWCOMES. William Makepeace Thackeray 166
Condensation by Charles K. Bolton, Librarian, Boston Athenæum

TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA . . . . . Jules Verne 176
Condensation by James B. Connolly

LITTLE WOMEN . . . . Louisa M. Alcott 186
Condensation by Carolyn Wells

RICHARD CARVEL . . . Winston Churchill 195
Condensation by the Hon. David I. Walsh, United States Senator, and former Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts

THE WHITE COMPANY. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle 204
Condensation by A. J. Stafford

A TALE OF TWO CITIES . . Charles Dickens 214
Condensation by Sara A. Hamlin, Formerly Preceptress of Dean Academy

WESTWARD HO! . . . . Charles Kingsley 224
Condensation by James B. Connolly

CONSUELO, THE GYPSY SINGER . George Sand 234
Condensation by Irving Bacheller

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

LORNA DOONE . . . . . R. D. Blackmore 244
Condensation by Katharine R. Markward

LITTLE DORRIT . . . . . Charles Dickens 253
Condensation by Charles E. L. Wingate,
Sunday Editor of *The Boston Post*, Author of
Shakespeare's Heroes on the Stage, *Shakespeare's
Heroines on the Stage*, etc.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME III

PAGE

ADAM BEDE . . . . . George Eliot 3
Condensation by Ellery Sedgwick,
Editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES . Thomas Hardy 13
Condensation by Ruth McCall

DON QUIXOTE . . . . Miguel de Cervantes 24
Condensation by Nathan Haskell Dole
Author of the *Pilgrims*

EAST LYNNE . . . . . Mrs. Henry Wood 34
Condensation by Ruth H. Frost

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO. Alexandre Dumas, Sr. 44
Condensation by Alfred S. Clark

PAUL AND VIRGINIA. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre 54
Condensation by Irving Bacheller

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS . Thomas Hughes 64
Condensation by Prof. William Fenwick Harris

WAVERLEY . . . . . Sir Walter Scott 74
Condensation by Henry T. Schnittkind, Ph.D.,
Editor of *The Stratford Journal*

DOMBEY & SON . . . . . Charles Dickens 83
Condensation by Caroline Ticknor,
Author of *Hawthorne and his Publisher*, *Poe's Helen*, etc.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

ROMOLA . . . . . George Eliot 93
Condensation by Prof. William Fenwick Harris

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW. Washington Irving 104
Condensation by Mabel Herbert Urner,
Author of *The Married Life of Helen and Warren*

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS. James Fenimore Cooper 115
Condensation by Thomas D. Connolly

THE WRECK OF THE "GROSVENOR." W. Clark Russell 125
Condensation by James B. Connolly

THE RIGHT OF WAY . . Sir Gilbert Parker 135
Condensation by Helen B. Dole,
Translator of Hugo's *Quatre-Vingt-Treize*, etc.

CONISTON . . . . . Winston Churchill 145
Condensation by Hon. Samuel W. McCall,
Former United States Representative and War Governor of Massachusetts

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD. Thomas Hardy 155
Condensation by Alfred S. Clark

THE WOMAN IN WHITE . . Wilkie Collins 164
Condensation by Alice Fox Pitts

THE DEEMSTER . . . . . Hall Caine 173
Condensation by Caroline Ticknor

WATERLOO . . . . MM. Erckmann-Chatrian 183
Condensation by Charles E. L. Wingate

HYPATIA . . . . . Charles Kingsley 194
Condensation by Prof. William Fenwick Harris

KIDNAPPED . . . Robert Louis Stevenson 203
Condensation by James B. Connolly

OLIVER TWIST . . . . . Charles Dickens 213
Condensation by Rev. Howard LaField,
Former Dean of St. John's Military Academy

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

GIL BLAS . . . . . Alain René le Sage 222
Condensation by Nathan Haskell Dole

PEG WOFFINGTON . . . . Charles Reade 232
Condensation by Edward H. Crosby,
Playwright and Dramatic Critic of *The Boston Post*

THE VIRGINIANS. William Makepeace Thackeray 244
Condensation by Sara Ware Bassett

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME IV

PAGE

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE 3
Condensation by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,
Lecturer and Author of *The Cheery Way*, etc.

THE SCARLET LETTER . NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE 15
Condensation by GEORGE S. BARTON

ALICE IN WONDERLAND . . . . LEWIS CARROLL 25
Condensation by NEWTON NEWKIRK
Editor of All Sorts column of *The Boston Post*

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS . . . EUGÈNE SUE 34
Condensation by SARA WARE BASSETT

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. WALTER BESANT 45
Condensation by CHARLES H. LINCOLN,
Feature Editor of *The Boston Post*

ANNA KARENINA . . . . LEO N. TOLSTOI 56
Condensation by MARY FRANCES RUSS

VIVIAN GREY . . . . . BENJAMIN DISRAELI 66
Condensation by ALICE G. GROZIER

ABBÉ CONSTANTIN . . . . LUDOVIC HALÉVY 76
Condensation by CHARLES E. L. WINGATE

THE SHUTTLE . . . FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT 86
Condensation by ELIZABETH M. LEE

ILIAD . . . . . HOMER 95
Condensation by PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

ODYSSEY . . . . . HOMER 104
Condensation by PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

ÆNEID . . . . . VIRGIL 113
Condensation by PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY . FREDERICK MARRYAT 121
Condensation by JAMES B. CONNOLLY

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP . CHARLES DICKENS 131
Condensation by PROF. FREDERICK H. DOLE,
Junior Master of Boston Latin School

THE DEERSLAYER . . JAMES FENIMORE COOPER 140
Condensation by ALFRED S. CLARK

ON THE HEIGHTS . . . BERTHOLD AUERBACH 151
Condensation by REV. R. PERRY BUSH, D.D.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS . ALEXANDRE DUMAS 161
Condensation by CAPT. ANDRÉ MORIZE
Assistant Professor of French Literature, Harvard College

TWENTY YEARS AFTER . ALEXANDRE DUMAS 172
Condensation by REV. R. PERRY BUSH, D.D.

THE MOONSTONE . . . . WILKIE COLLINS 181
Condensation by JESSIE A. PARSONS
Of Smith College Library, Northampton, Mass.

JEROME: A POOR MAN. MARY E. WILKINS-FREEMAN 191
Condensation by special request by MARY E. WILKINS-FREEMAN,
Author of *The Light of the Soul, Edgewater People*, etc.

BLEAK HOUSE . . . . . CHARLES DICKENS 203
Condensation by WILDER DWIGHT QUINT,
Editorial Writer of *The Boston Post*, Author of *The Story of Dartmouth*, and Joint Author of *Miss Petticoats*, etc.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES. Nathaniel Hawthorne 217
Condensation by Josephine Van Tassel Bruorton, Short-story Writer and Poet

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON . . . . Mark Twain 227
Condensation by John Kendrick Bangs

TREASURE ISLAND . Robert Louis Stevenson 238
Condensation by Alice G. Grozier

THE CRISIS . . . . . Winston Churchill 247
Condensation by William Howard Taft, Ex-President of the United States

ONE HUNDRED BEST NOVELS CONDENSED

CHARLES DICKENS

CHARLES JOHN HUFFAM DICKENS was born February 7, 1812, at Portsea, England, where his father was a clerk in the Navy Pay office. He died at Gadshill Place, in Kent, on June 9, 1870.

His dreams of writing came to him early when as a boy he read breathlessly the battered novels in his father's library. He became a reporter on the London newspapers, and wrote (1836) "Sketches by Boz," wherein are, in miniature, all the abounding virtues of his novels.

The "Pickwick Papers" (1837) were a great success. Their inimitable rollicking humor captivated the English reading world. His first extended novel was "Oliver Twist" (1838), followed by "Nicholas Nickleby" (1838–39), "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge" (1840–41). He produced some sixteen major novels, the last, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (1870), being left unfinished. "David Copperfield" (1849–50), held by many to be his masterpiece, and by not a few to be the greatest story ever written, is supposed to be semi-autobiographical. Many of his novels

were published in instalments, and never before or since has any literary publication excited such a furore.

After his initial successes, Dickens's life was a triumphal procession, saddened only by domestic unhappiness. He visited America, where his works were even more popular than in England, in 1842 and 1867–68.

He wrote in his will his own best epitaph, "I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country on my published works." He might well have substituted "the world" for "my country."

Perhaps the quality that distinguishes his novels among all others is their abounding humor. A poet has written:

> *Make way, Shakspere! This is he*
> *Who hath ta'en the throne of mirth from thee.*

DAVID COPPERFIELD

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by
CHARLES F. D. BELDEN

"OF all my books," writes Dickens, "I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as dearly as I love them; but, like many fond parents, I have in my hearts of hearts a favorite child, and his name is *David Copperfield.*"

The world, in the main, agrees with the opinion of the great, kindly delineator of humanity, for *David Copperfield* and *Pickwick Papers* hold first and second choice with most lovers of this English author of the middle of the nineteenth century. The reason is not hard to discover. The memory of the sad childhood of the writer forms the basis of the novel and provides the personal flavor. It is in many

respects his ablest and clearest book. The narrative, moreover, moves from beginning to end in full swing with mingled pathos and humor. The spirit throughout is kindly, sympathetic, and, above all, human. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, writing of *David Copperfield* and its author, says: "He has created creatures who cling to us and tyrannize over us, creatures whom we would not forget if we could, creatures whom we could not forget if we would, creatures who are more actual than the man who made them."

The novel begins with the birth of its hero, David Copperfield, six months after the death of his father. An eccentric great-aunt, Miss Betsy Trotwood, is present in the house, but departs quite as suddenly as she arrived when she learns that the child is a boy and cannot bear her name. David's mother is quite alone in the world with the exception of plain Peggotty, her devoted serving-woman; Peggotty, with no shape at all, and so very plump that when any little exertion is made after she is dressed, some of the buttons on the back of her gown fly off.

Being, however, youthful and pretty, Clara Copperfield soon marries the stern Mr. Murdstone, who proves to be not only stern, but

hard and cruel. On the occasion of his mother's marriage David is sent with Peggotty to visit her brother at Yarmouth, where he, with his niece, little Emily, and nephew Ham, occupy a superannuated old boat now converted into a most delightfully cozy home. Little Emily, with her winning ways, grows very dear to David, as do the honest fisherfolk with whom she lives.

Returning home, David at once becomes an object of detestation to his stepfather, and in consequence is packed off to school. Here his misery continues under a master, or rather bully, Creakle, whose chief zest in life consists in the infliction of pain on some hapless victim. The one bit of brightness in school life is his attachment for James Steerforth, a handsome, debonair, dashing lad, with the faculty of making every one his friend. But school-days are brought to a sudden halt by the death of David's mother, crushed by her husband's ceaseless tyranny. Peggotty is dismissed and Barkis, the stage-driver whose courtship has consisted in the singular message, sent through David, of "Barkis is willin'," finally succeeds in making Peggotty willing also.

After months of utter neglect David is

sent to London, where he becomes, at ten years of age, a little laboring hind in a dilapidated old warehouse, in the service of Murdstone & Grimby, wine merchants. Half starved, wearied by long hours of labor amid repulsive companions, including Mick Walker and Mealy Potatoes, David's life is a continued torture. He lodges with a Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins Micawber and their numerous progeny. Mr. Micawber, always in pecuniary difficulties and always expecting something to "turn up" and always in possession of a fine flow of oratory, is alternately buoyed up by a conviction that Fortune is at last about to smile upon him, and reduced to the depths of despair by her sudden and unaccountable withdrawal. David comes to have a genuine liking for the couple, so much so that when the Micawbers, having failed to meet certain financial obligations, are obliged to move to prison, and David to seek new quarters, he feels such a sense of loneliness that he determines to run away to his aunt, Betsey Trotwood at Dover, an aunt whom he has never seen, but of whom he remembers to have heard.

The aunt adopts him and sends him to school at Canterbury, where he boards with

his aunt's lawyer and man of affairs, a Mr. Wickfield, and his daughter Agnes, whose serene goodness becomes a constant inspiration to David. Here also he comes in contact with Mr. Wickfield's clerk, Uriah Heep, "a very 'umble person," an individual with a cadaverous face and a head covered with carroty stubble, red eyes which have a curiously unshaded appearance and which seem to David to be ceaselessly watchful. His groveling humility and clammy handgrasp fill David with uncontrollable loathing and distrust.

Having graduated with honors, David decides to become a proctor and enters the office of Spenlow & Jorkins. He at once falls head over heels in love with Mr. Spenlow's distractingly pretty daughter, Dora, who returns his affection. On hearing that Peggotty's husband is dying, David makes a hurried visit to Yarmouth to comfort his old nurse. While there, Emily, within a few days of becoming Ham's bride, little Emily, the precious treasure of her old uncle's heart, disappears and with her Steerforth. Carried away by his gallantry and persuaded that he will make her "a lady," Emily is none the less distracted by a sense

of terrible humiliation and of degradation, for which she implores her uncle's forgiveness. David, overcome by the thought that it was he who first brought Steerforth to Yarmouth, returns to London, to find that his aunt has lost the greater part of her fortune. This makes it necessary for David to add to their income by using all his spare time in clerical and literary work.

Dora continues uppermost in his thoughts, although Mr. Spenlow opposes the match. His sudden death leaves the timid, trustful, artless Dora, to the surprise of all, nearly penniless. David's income, though slender, permits of their marriage.

With all his love for his child wife, as she calls herself, he finds that her gay irresponsibility results in anything but a comfortable home. After vainly trying to develop her childish nature he uncomplainingly makes the best of it and continues to admire her bewitching ways. Meanwhile Uriah Heep has managed by deceit to worm his way into partnership with Mr. Wickfield, after which he proceeds to gain full control of the business. Considering Mr. Micawber likely to be a useful tool, Uriah hires him in the capacity of clerk, at such a meager salary

that Mr. Micawber is obliged to borrow small sums of money from Heep, who takes advantage of this indebtedness to force Mr. Micawber to assist him in his dishonest practices.

At the end of a year Mr. Micawber requests an interview with David and his aunt at Canterbury. They find him filled with righteous contempt for Uriah Heep, the hypocritical plotter, and prepared to make a sweeping exposure, which he forthwith proceeds to do in his loftiest style which results in the recovery of Betsey Trotwood's money, full restitution to Mr. Wickfield, and, in Mr. Micawber's own words, the final pulverization of Heep. "Blossom," as David delights to call Dora, proves as frail as the name, and in spite of his tenderest care she droops and at length is gone.

As at other times of trial, it is the quick sympathy of Agnes Wickfield that softens the pain, and through her influence David plans to go abroad for a time. Meanwhile out of gratitude to Mr. Micawber for his service in the recovery of her money, Betsey Trotwood offers to help the Micawbers to make a new start in Australia. The family

joyfully accept the proposition and prepare to sail on the same ship with Emily and her devoted uncle, to whom she has at last returned and who is accompanying her to the distant colony to begin life anew. Before bidding these good friends farewell, David visits Yarmouth once more and witnesses the last scene of Emily's tragedy. A raging tempest beats a ship to pieces just off the coast. One living person is seen still clinging to the mast, and the irony of fate sends Ham to his death in his efforts to rescue that creature, whose body when washed ashore proves to be that of Steerforth.

After three years' absence abroad, David returns to England, and gradually comes to realize that Agnes Wickfield has always been his guiding-star and held sway in his heart. Betsy Trotwood, fearing that David may still be blind with regard to the feeling of Agnes toward him, guilelessly mentions that she has reason to believe that Agnes is to be married. Whereupon David is determined, at whatever cost to his own feelings, to tell Agnes of his joy in any happiness that may come to her. He soon discovers that she has never cared for any

other than himself and that her future happiness will be his as well.

As the years pass and a group of children is added to their home David continues to find Agnes his inspiration as of old.

THACKERAY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, son of a civil servant in India, was born July 18, 1811, in Calcutta. He died December 24, 1863, in London, where most of his life was spent. From 1840 on, his wife was insane, so there lived in his heart, as in that of the other great humorist of his time, Dickens, constant domestic sorrow.

Thackeray began in school-days rather to absorb life than to attain scholarship. He delighted even then to reproduce it in comic verse and caricature. At Cambridge, in Weimar, in Paris art-schools and London law-school, he went gaily on his way indolent in study, but eager in friendship, ardent in life. At twenty-one he owned and managed a London newspaper; at twenty-five he was penniless, after scattering a comfortable fortune. But he had bought experience invaluable to the young journalist, priceless to the novelist.

Thackeray's astonishing versatility was early realized. He aspired to illustrate Dickens's novels; he wrote travel sketches, stories, ballads, and burlesques.

"Barry Lyndon," his first notable novel, was the history of a rascal; but in the most fascinating of feminine rascals, Becky Sharp, Thackeray first brilliantly showed himself master in the creation of living character ("Vanity Fair," 1846–48). "Pendennis" (1849–50) was, like Dickens's "David Copperfield," in essence autobiographical. The need of money drove Thackeray reluctantly to the lecture-field. His course on Eighteenth Century Humorists, popular in England and America (1851), prepared the ground for "Esmond" (1852), his unsurpassed historical novel. "The Newcomes" (1854), "The Virginians" (1859), and the unfinished "Denis Duval," complete the list of his best novels.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Condensation by
RICHARD HENRY DANA

ONE fine morning in the full London season, Major Arthur Pendennis (retired on half pay) came to breakfast at his accustomed corner in his Pall Mall Club. His were the best blacked boots in London. His buff waistcoat, checked cravat, spotless linen, white gloves, his whiskers, his very cane, were perfect of their kind.

He seemed thirty years old, until you saw the factitious nature of his rich brown hair and the crow's-feet around the eyes of his handsome face with its Wellington nose. His long white cuffs showed the gold sleeve buttons given him by His Royal Highness, the Duke of York.

Through his gold double eye-glasses, he reads his letters, one an invitation from the Marquis of Steyne, one from the Bishop of

Ealing and Mrs. Trail, another from an earl, and so on, and last of all, two others, one from his widowed sister-in-law, and the other from her only child, Arthur Pendennis, Jr. The first begs him to "come immediately" to Fair Oaks, Clavering, St. Mary's, "to entreat, nay command" the "wretched boy" to give up his engagement to marry Miss Costigan, an actress twelve years the senior of this lad of eighteen. The second from this same lad beseeching his uncle to remove his mother's objections to his proposed union with his "dear Emily," a descendant of the old Irish Royalty, the most beautiful woman in the world. "A love like mine, sir," writes young Pen, "I feel is contracted once and forever—I shall die without ever knowing another passion."

The major, inwardly in a rage, ruefully sends refusals to the marquis, the earl, the bishop, and other entertainers, and takes a sleepless and tiring trip in the tight, smelly night mail-coach for Clavering.

On arrival Major Pendennis is most affable to Pen and his mother. He does not "entreat" or "command" his nephew, but wins the boy's confidence and talks familiarly of his own noble friends and the brilliant

career he has in mind for Pen. The major then "faces the enemy," Captain Costigan, the half-tipsy, imaginative old Irish soldier, the father and protector of "Emily." To him and his beautiful, honest, but dull daughter the major is equally suave. Beautiful she is, with broad brow, large, melting eyes, black wavy hair, white complexion, rosy cheeks, and the arms of a "Venus." Pen had come to see and know her through Foker, a school friend, a lad homely and kindly, dull at his books, but bright in every-day matters, whose father, the great brewer, furnished him money, and Lady Agnes, his mother, social position. Verses Pen had been writing to the Greek goddesses he now dedicates to his new divinity.

Major Pendennis, as his next move, lets slip, in the presence of the Costigans, the fact that Pen has no means beyond what his mother allows him out of her slender income. Costigan is then indignant that Pen "should have had the face to offer himself to his dear beguiled daughter." Pen cannot believe his adored Emily has calmly thrown him over, until the Costigans openly "cut" him in the street. He almost dies, or believes he is dying of despised love, with

all the symptoms of sleepless nights and feverish days, and is scarcely consoled by his mother and little cousin Laura.

Laura is five years younger than Pen, his second cousin on the side of his mother, who adopted her on the death of her parents, perhaps because of a romance of early unmarried days with Laura's father.

Miss Costigan secures an engagement at a London theater through Major Pendennis's influence. The magnetic attraction being thus removed, Pen goes to "Oxbridge." Then through Foker and with the major's encouragement Pen makes rich and aristocratic friends and begins a brilliant career at the Debating Union, at dinners and late suppers, with his wit, eloquence, poems, and commanding self-confidence. Wild without being vulgar, extravagant beyond his means and neglecting his studies, he becomes deeply in debt and is "plucked" in his degree examination, though many a fellow he has despised for dullness or crushed in debate passes with honors.

Unselfish, he would leave the gayest party to go and sit with a sick friend, and yet, selfish, he forces his mother to pinch herself to keep him in college and he accepts Laura's

savings to pay his debts. He flees "Oxbridge" in disgrace, though later he tries again and passes his "exams" with fair credit.

Coming home from college, Pen, now a young man of good figure, medium height, blue eyes, and auburn whiskers, finds Laura grown from the simple little girl into a tall, slim, handsome young lady with large gray eyes, long black lashes, pale face with rose tinge in her cheeks which flushes easily into a deep blush.

Now comes on the scene Sir Francis Clavering, Bart., who opens Clavering Park, which has long been closed. The papers a few years before announced his marriage with the rich widow of the late J. Amory, Esquire, from India. He brings Lady Clavering, her daughter Miss Blanche Amory, a young lady, and his son and heir, little Frank Clavering. Blanche has fair hair, dark eyebrows, long black lashes veiling brown eyes, slim figure, small feet, and constant smiles showing sweet pearly teeth and deep dimples. Sir Francis himself is a weak creature, a gambler, fond of low company, and rapidly wasting his wife's property with constant demands on her generosity.

Lady Clavering, a good, kind soul, illiterate and murdering the King's English, is hardly more fortunate in her second marriage than in her first with the sailor and convict Amory.

Shadowing the Claverings is a mysterious Colonel Altamont, with a strange influence over Sir Francis and power to get money from him, despite the baronet's lack of ready cash.

Pen becomes enamoured of Blanche, writes her love poems, and meanwhile she leads him on, only to drop him again for any one with better prospects. When thus dropped, Pen offers himself to Laura, but in a half-hearted way. Laura replies, "When next you offer yourself, do not say as you have done to me, 'I have no heart—I do not love you; but I am ready to marry you because my mother wishes for the match.'" After Laura's refusal, Pen tires of the country and goes to London to study law. He settles in chambers at the Lamb Court Temple and makes a friend of and rooms with George Warrington, an older graduate of "Oxbridge." In London Pen leads a life not of study, but of joviality, though not of vice. He is too lofty to stoop to

vulgar intrigue. When reduced to his last few pounds, Pen, by Warrington's help, gets a poem accepted in a magazine, is given books to review, becomes a contributor to the new *Pall Mall Gazette*, writes the popular novel *Walter Lorraine* and becomes well off and well known. His uncle is proud of him, gets him invitations to dine in high society, and introduces him, among other celebrities, to the great Duke of Wellington.

One night, the mysterious Colonel Altamont, half drunk, forces his way into the Clavering dining-room in London and Major Pendennis recognizes him as an Indian acquaintance. Soon after this, he urges Pen to marry for money, saying, "It is as easy to get a rich wife as a poor one," and encourages him to court Miss Blanche Amory. Somehow the Major persuades Sir Francis to give up his seat in Parliament in favor of Pen and to arrange for a large dowry for Miss Blanche. Finally, in lieu of any better prospect, she accepts Pen.

The secret of Colonel Altamont's influence over Sir Francis becomes public property and reaches Pen's ears, for Altamont is none other than Amory, the husband of Lady Clavering. He was reported to have

died, but in reality is alive. This makes the Clavering marriage invalid and Miss Amory heir to the fortune instead of young Frank. Pen then refuses to benefit by the fortune or to take the seat in Parliament, and writes Blanche he is still willing to marry her, though he admits he does not love her deeply. Later, when he calls, he finds his old schoolmate, Foker, rich through his father's death, now installed in Miss Blanche's affections. Still, the fair Blanche confidentially confesses to Pen that she would prefer him if he could lay aside his "absurd scruples." This he refuses to do, so the Foker and Amory wedding is arranged.

Then Pen, freed from this mercenary alliance, finds his heart all the while was really devoted to Laura, so he proposes to her in earnest and this time is accepted. Foker in turn finds by accident the secret of Amory's survival, and, what is worse, that Blanche knew and yet concealed it from him. For this lack of confidence he leaves the fickle Blanche, so that there is only one wedding at Clavering and that not at the baronet's hall. It turns out that Altamont, alias Amory, already had a wife living when he went through the form of marriage with

the future Lady Clavering; so, after all, Sir Francis and she are legally husband and wife.

Sir Francis reforms. Miss Blanche goes abroad and marries in Paris a count with doubtful title. Pen is elected to Parliament on his own merits, the new railroad buys some of Pen's lands and greatly increases the value of the rest, so he is well off and most happy with the adorable, high-minded, and devoted Laura.

RUDYARD KIPLING

RUDYARD KIPLING was born December 30, 1865, in Bombay, where his father, John Lockwood Kipling, artist and author, was professor in the British School of Art. He was educated at the United Services College, Westward Ho, North Devon, scene of the lurid Stalky novel.

At seventeen he was in India once more, a journalist. Before he was twenty-four he had completed "Plain Tales from the Hills" and six more of his best stories, which established his fame throughout the world. In the tales of native life and adventure "beyond the pale" India was revealed anew with a brilliance, color, and passion unsurpassed; Mulvaney and his pals, the exuberant "Soldiers Three," captivated men from sea to sea.

Within the next ten years Kipling traveled round the world, married, lived in America, England, and South Africa, and finally became so imbued with imperialism as almost to destroy his art.

His "Barrack Room Ballads" and "Seven Seas" revealed him as an inspiriting poet who "splashed at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair."

Of his three novels, "The Light that Failed" is a tale of Suez; "Captains Courageous," of Gloucester fishermen; and "Kim" breathes again the subtle and mysterious fascination of India.

With the "Jungle Books" Kipling enthralled a new audience. These, and the incomparable "Just So Stories," written to his son, who was killed in the war, enshrined him in the hearts of children the world over.

He was awarded the Nobel prize for literature in 1907.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Condensation by
JAMES B. CONNOLLY

HARVEY CHEYNE'S father was immersed in amassing more money, his mother was busy with her nerves, and so we have Harvey, at fifteen years, the insufferable type that most grown males want to heave a brick at on sight.

He was a passenger on this ocean liner, and she was crossing the Grand Banks in a fog. He came into the smoking-room, saying: "You can hear the fish-boats squawking all around us. Wouldn't it be great if we ran one down!"

He asked for a cigarette. Somebody with a diabolical sense of humor passed him a thick, oily cigar. Harvey lit it up and went on deck. He began to feel queer, but he had bragged of never being seasick;

so now he went aft to the turtle-deck, and he was still there, wrestling with the cigar and not caring much what happened, when a long gray sea swung out of the fog and took him overboard.

Harvey was next aware of being on a pile of fish with a broad-backed man in a blue jersey, who said: "You in dory with me. Manuel my name."

Later he was hoisted aboard of a schooner and lowered into her heaving fo'c's'le, where men in oilskins gave him a hot drink and put him to sleep in a bunk. When he awoke, a boy whose name was Dan asked him smilingly if he was feeling better. The schooner was the *We're Here* of Gloucester, and the boy's father, Disko Troop, was her skipper.

Harvey went up on deck to see Disko, and demanded that he be taken back to New York, where, as he told Disko condescendingly, his father would pay them very well for their trouble; he added many other items to what his father could and would do. Disko, as it happened, was an old-fashioned type of Bank fisherman, wise in the ways of fish, but knowing little of the great world. He decided that this boy with

his talk of his father's immense wealth must be crazy; with an idea of restoring the poor boy to sanity, he offered him the berth of second boy on the *We're Here* at ten dollars and fifty cents per month.

Harvey had a fit of sullenness, but his sullenness worried nobody; he went to work. The dories were returning to the vessel with their catches of fish; so for the first work of his life Harvey was set to helping Dan hoist in the dories, to swabbing the gurry from their insides, and then to nesting them on the deck. By the time he had finished doing that and eating his supper it was nighttime, and Manuel, Penn, Long Jack, Old Salters, Tom Platt—all hands were standing by to dress fish.

Manuel and Penn stood deep among the fish, flourishing sharp knives. "Hi!" shouted Manuel, with one finger under the gill of a cod, the other in an eye. The blade glimmered, there was a sound of tearing, the fish, slit from throat to tail, dropped at Long Jack's feet. "Hi!" cried Long Jack, and, with a scoop of a mittened hand, dropped the cod's liver into a basket; another wrench and scoop sent head and offal flying. The gutted fish slid across to Old

Salters, who snorted fiercely, ripped out the backbone, and splashed the headless, gutless fish into a tub of water.

Harvey pitched the washed fish down into the hold, whence came tramplings and rumblings as Tom Platt and Disko moved among the salt-bins. The rasping sound of rough salt rubbed on rough flesh from below made a steady undertone to the click-nick of the knives in the pens, the wrench and schloop of torn heads, the flap of ripped-open fish falling into the tub on deck.

At the end of an hour Harvey wanted terribly to rest, but also for the first time in his life he was one of a working gang of men; and so, beginning to take pride in the thought, he held on grimly. Not till the last fish was stowed below did a man rest. But when that moment came! Disko and Old Salters rolled toward their cabin bunks, Manuel and Long Jack went forward. Tom Platt waited only long enough to slide home the hatch, Penn to empty a basket of fish livers into a big cask.

All hands were below and asleep, except the two boys; they had to stand watch; so by and by the moon looked down on one

slim boy in knickerbockers, which was Harvey, staggering around the cluttered deck; while behind him, waving a knotted rope, walked another boy, which was Dan, yawning and nodding between taps he dealt the first boy to keep him awake.

The *We're Here* was on a salt-fishing trip, which meant four months away from home; so there was time for Harvey to learn many strange new things if he cared to. After a time, as the pride in honest work well done began to grip him, he cared. He learned to fish from a dory; to make his way in safety around a heaving vessel's deck; to know what each rope and sail aboard a vessel was for. Disko allowed him, when the wind was light, to steer the vessel from one berth to another, and wonderful was Harvey's sense of power when he first felt the vessel answer to his touch of the wheel. Almost did he come to understand, as a fisherman understands, the never-absent dangers of the Banks—the eternal fogs, the tides, the gales, the wicked seas; and learned, too, fishermen's opinion of the officers of the great steamers who, after cutting a vessel down, raise high hands to heaven and swear with unanimity that the careless fisherman

had never—absolutely never—shown so much as a single light.

He saw one day a foul, draggled, unkempt vessel heaving up past the *We're Here*, for all the world like a blowsy, frowsy, bad old woman sneering at a decent girl—saw her sail off into a patch of watery sunshine and—go under—taking all hands with her! He saw, while his hair stood on end, a whiteness moving in the whiteness of the fog with a breath like the breath of a grave; and then he heard a roaring, plunging, and spouting; that was his first iceberg. He saw the surf break over Virgin Rocks; and the fish strike in so thick on a shoal that scores of dories stood riding gunwale to gunwale while their crews battled for the catch. He saw a gale break so sudden and fierce that everywhere on the sea were men in dories cutting riding-lines and racing for their vessels, but some never making their vessels.

So he passed four busy, wonderful months, growing in body, mind, and soul with every hour that passed; and then came the great day when they left the Banks for home. Toil, hardship, and danger were now mostly behind them; there was left little to do but stand watch and study the folding

and packing away of the morning mists, the hurry of winds across the open spaces, the glare and blaze of the high sun; to harken to the grinding of the booms against the masts, the creaking of the sheets against the bitts, the sail filling to the roaring winds.

Now about the time the *We're Here*, a hundred quintals of fish in her hold, was laying her course for Gloucester, Harvey's father was beginning to wonder in his mahogany offices in Los Angeles if it wasn't a better game to drop the ceaseless struggle for more power and wealth. What was the use of it all—with no son to hand it to? He was still wondering when one day an excited secretary brought him a telegram.

It was from Harvey, safe in Gloucester. Mr. Cheyne laid his face down on his desk, breathed heavily for a while; and then, heaving orders right and left, started that run of which railroad men talked for many a day. Three days and a half it was from coast to coast, with railroad specialists along the way dividing huge bonuses; for it was the great Harvey Cheyne who was racing east to see his rescued boy, and the boy's mother was with him.

Not without fear did he meet that boy.

He had a memory of a pasty-faced, bad-mannered lad. What he met was a boy with toughened figure and a keen, clear eye, a boy who was inordinately proud that a Gloucester skipper said he had well earned his ten dollars and fifty cents and his keep a month. On the end of an ancient wharf Harvey Cheyne and his boy had such a talk as they never could have had four months before. When it was over they knew each other better.

Railroads, lumber, mines—such things did not interest young Harvey. What his heart yearned for was to some day manage his father's newly purchased sailing-ships on the Pacific coast. The ships he got when he was ripe for them; and for Dan, son of Disko Troop—seeing that he could not offer money—he got a berth as mate of one of them, with the promise that some day he would go master of the best he could build.

"Great ships these of my father's? Oh yes," says Harvey. "But back in Gloucester are the able little vessels. The *We're Here*, she's one. I owe a heap to her—to her and her crew."

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SIENKIEWICZ

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, so great a name in Poland that he has been coupled with Copernicus and Kosciuszko as the three Poles to whom Americans are most indebted, was born in Opreya in Russian Poland in 1846. He studied philosophy at Warsaw University, and soon afterward, in company with Helen Modjeska and other radical Poles, established a socialistic community in California. It was somewhat like the earlier Brook Farm experiment made by Hawthorne and his friends. It was no more successful and Sienkiewicz returned to Poland, where he wrote a series of articles for a Warsaw newspaper about his American experiences.

Then he turned to novel-writing. He wrote brilliantly and rapidly, turning with the utmost ease from realistic pictures of contemporary life to stories of romance and to historical novels. "Children of the Soil," which he called his best book, is a simple story of Polish life which won more favor with his own countrymen than it did abroad.

In the 1880's he completed his tremendous trilogy, "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and

"Pan Michael." There was an epic quality about these historical novels that made many people in many lands hail him as a new Scott or a new Dumas.

His international reputation, however, came with "Quo Vadis," his masterpiece of ancient Roman life. It was quickly translated into English and into nearly every European tongue. Then it passed to the stage, not only in America and England, but also in France and Germany. Since that success Sienkiewicz had traveled widely, visiting England, France, Italy, Spain, Greece, Africa, and the Far East. He received the Nobel prize for literature in 1905. From the outbreak of the war to his death in November, 1916, he devoted himself to the relief of Polish war victims.

QUO VADIS

By HENRY SIENKIEWICZ

Condensation by
PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

"'I DO not know to a certainty her name even—Lygia or Callina? They call her Lygia in the house, for she comes of the Lygian nation; but she has her own barbarian name, Callina. It is a wonderful house—that of those Plautiuses. There are many people in it; but it is as quiet there as in the groves of Subiacum. For a number of days I did not know that a divinity dwelt in the house. Once about daybreak I saw her bathing in the garden fountain; and I swear to thee by that foam from which Aphrodite rose, that the rays of the dawn passed right through her body. I thought that when the sun rose she would vanish before me in the light, as the twilight of morning does. Since then I have seen her twice; and since then, too, I know not what

rest is, I know not what other desires are, I have no wish to know what the city can give me. I want not women, nor gold, nor Corinthian bronze, nor amber, nor pearls, nor wine, nor feasts; I want only Lygia.'"

Thus did Vinicius, young Roman patrician of the time of Nero, announce his love for Lygia, daughter of a king, beautiful hostage from her nation, forgotten in the turmoil of the world-empire and brought up as a Roman girl.

Vinicius was speaking to his uncle Petronius, known to his own time as to us as Arbiter Elegantiarum, trained in all the art and beauty of Greece, wise, witty, and learned, gaily staking his life in his daily battle of wits with Tigellinus, who provided for the grosser desires of the tyrant Nero as Petronius did for his finer and more artistic ones.

It was a time when the conflicting tides of a pagan age sadly degenerate from the sturdy days of pristine. Roman virtues mingled with those of a new era in the world only recently heralded from Judea. In the complicated threads of the picture of Rome, capital of the world, appear the figures of Peter and Paul, on their mission of spread-

ing the new religion of Christ; Poppæa, wife of Nero, beautiful as a dream, but wicked as a nightmare; Eunice, the charming slave of Petronius; Chilo, wily Greek who can be Christian or pagan as profit leads him; Ursus, prodigious in his strength, simple as a child in his faith in Christ and his devotion to Lygia (from whom G. B. S. may have drawn a suggestion in *Androcles and the Lion*); and many minor folk who help to make the story stand out as unusually human among the numerous tales of Greco-Roman times.

When Vinicius told his uncle Petronius of his passion for Lygia, the latter thought nothing was easier than to provide his nephew with what he regarded as a new plaything; a word to Nero, who as emperor had all hostages in his care—summon the maiden to the palace—hand her over to the young patrician as her guardian—what more could be needed to satisfy every one's desires, especially as the maiden manifestly was pleased with Vinicius? But Petronius and his nephew reckoned without a new force that had entered into this Roman world. They could not understand a girl who fled from Nero's court and all its

magnificence, fled even from the lover whom she loved. But "finally he understood this, which he and Petronius had not understood, that the new religion engrafted into the soul something unknown to that world in which he lived, and that Lygia, even if she loved him, would not sacrifice any of her Christian truths for his sake, and that, if pleasure existed for her, it was a pleasure different altogether from that which he and Petronius and Cæsar's court and all Rome were pursuing. Every other woman whom he knew might become his mistress, but that Christian would only become his victim. And when he thought of this, he felt anger and burning pain, for he felt that his anger was powerless. To carry off Lygia seemed to him possible; he was even sure that he could do so, but he was equally sure that, in view of her religion, he himself with his bravery was nothing, that his power was nothing, and that through it he could effect nothing. That Roman military tribune, convinced that the power of the sword and the fist which had conquered the world, would command it forever, said for the first time in his life that beyond that power there might be something else; hence he

asked himself with amazement what it was."

It is a very definite and concrete way that the author has chosen to show the power of the new religion over human lives. Struggle as he would, backed by birth, by wealth and all the beauty, charm, and allurements that wealth could bring, by the ingenuity and wit of Petronius, by the strong-arm methods of Croton, champion bruiser of his time, even by the force of the known world in Nero's sway, Vinicius could accomplish nothing if all he could win to himself was a mere unwilling body, while soul and spirit were beyond his grasp. And the maddening part to him was that he owed all his troubles to the teachings of a parcel of Jewish fishermen or their likes, or slaves or humble folk who had never before entered into serious consideration in the thoughts of a patrician like himself. It was a long struggle with him, and as the reader follows the various people of the story through their part of the action, he gets an admirable picture of Rome—Nero, tyrant, actor, and artist, with all his magnificence and all his debaucheries; the poor and humble in their crowded quarters of

the great city; the delight of all the senses in the life led by Petronius; the lawless streets of Rome by night; the pursuit of Lygia by Vinicius and his hirelings, resulting in the death of his professional bruiser Croton at the hands of the faithful Ursus, and the disaster to Vinicius which led to his nursing back to health by the Christians; his meeting with Peter and Paul; the gradual opening of his eyes, physical and spiritual; his discovery of Christians everywhere, among the people, among his own slaves, among soldiers and officers, even in the very court of Nero. And the growing worry and astonishment of Petronius:

"'Vinicius, thou art losing sense, judgment, moderation,' exclaimed Petronius.

"'I love only her in the world,' responded Vinicius.

"'What of that?'

"'This, that I wish no other love. I have no wish for your life, your feasts, your shamelessness, your crimes.'

"'What is taking place in thee? Art thou a Christian?'"

And then the great fire of Rome, set by Tigellinus, that Nero might not lack the

experience of Priam, who had seen Troy burn; the wild ride of Vinicius from Antium to the capital in the hope of rescuing Lygia from the flames; the persecution of the Christians with the thought of throwing on them the rage of the people at the burning of the city; the singling out of Lygia by the hate of Poppæa because Vinicius had spurned the Empress's proffered charms; the final rescue by a miracle of strength on the part of the ever-faithful Ursus, and the words of Vinicius to Peter:

"'What thou commandest I will do.'

"'Love men as thy own brothers,' answered the Apostle, 'for only with love mayest thou serve Him.'"

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H. G. WELLS

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS, the most discussed living novelist, was born at Bromley, Kent, on September 21, 1866, the son of a famous professional cricket-player. His mother was an innkeeper's daughter who had been a lady's maid before her marriage. The boy had an irregular education, but he was quick to learn, and at the age of sixteen, after working as an attendant in a store, he secured a position as assistant in a grammar-school. He obtained a scholarship at London University, was graduated with high honors, and taught science in a private school.

In 1893 he began to write, doing articles for, and later becoming dramatic critic of, the "Pall Mall Gazette." He was already interested in social conditions and an untiring student of science. These two interests he combined in the series of romances that opened with "The Time Machine." In novels and short stories he created startling fantasies of the future, displaying his most abundant invention in "The War of the Worlds." He oftentimes discussed future wars in these stories and his forecasts were amazingly like what was seen on the battle-fields of Europe.

In the mean time he had been writing stories about contemporary life and books about social conditions. These he turned to more and more with the years. Of his later novels, bristling with wit and ideas, those that have been most widely read and discussed include "Kipps," "Tono-Bungay," "Ann Veronica," "The New Machiavelli," "Marriage," and "Joan and Peter," his latest novel. Most popular of all was "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," generally regarded as the best war novel written in English.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

By H. G. WELLS

Condensation by
ALFRED S. CLARK

WHAT I marvel at now, when I recall the days when the Martians were speeding earthward, is our unconcern. The skies were peopled with incredible evil, with unimaginably repulsive monsters armed with superhuman weapons. The catastrophic Things were hurtling on, covetous of our greener and warmer planet, and lovers wandered through English lanes, with no thought of the swift and scorching death above their heads.

Through a telescope, I had watched one of the colossal squirts of flame on the rim of the tiny red planet. It did not occur to me that these gaseous jets accompanied the firing of a mighty gun and had launched ten huge cylinders into space. Learning to ride a bicycle interested me more than

eruptions on Mars. The planet seemed so remote. Forty million miles away!

Ogilvy, the astronomer, found the first messenger. He had seen it falling and supposed it a wandering meteorite, but its shape surprised him. It was cylindrical, fully thirty yards across the exposed face. It was so hot that he could not get near it. Then, to his utter amazement, the top began to unscrew. There was something in it, something alive! Not until then did he link it with the flashes on Mars.

Late that afternoon I saw the Martian. I was one of a curious crowd in front of the cylinder when the lid fell off. I peered into the black interior and fancied I saw shadows stirring. Then something like a snake wriggled into sight. I stood stricken with terror. A round body, about four feet across, pulled itself painfully to the opening.

I had expected to see something like a man, fantastic, perhaps, but two-legged. This thing was just an oily, leathery body, legless and armless, with a chinless and noseless face. About the quivering mouth wavered sixteen long tentacles. Two great eyes, dark and luminous, were mirrors for an extraordinary brain. The creature panted

and heaved, weighed down by the greater pull of gravity on earth. An intense loathing came over me. Suddenly the monster toppled over into the pit. Then I ran, madly.

From a distance I watched the deputation that went out under a white flag. I saw three flashes of greenish light, and darts of fire leaped from one to another of the little figures. Even as I saw them touched with death, I did not realize what was happening. Suddenly I knew and again I ran.

People near by slept unconcernedly that night, although the heat rays had set half a dozen villas aflame and pine-trees were red torches. We were sure that these dangerous invaders were fatally sluggish. A well-aimed shell would finish them. And while we slept, the Martians were methodically rearing those mighty machines that were so soon to shatter our neat theories about their helplessness. That night another cylinder fell and eight more were driving on.

It was the next night that I saw the striding Martians. "Boilers on stilts," I heard them called later. I saw them by flashes of lightning and the glow of countless fires, clanking machines one hundred feet

high, moving upon three gigantic legs like an exaggerated tripod, driving on with an express train's speed, smashing everything in their path. At the tops, crouched in metal hoods, lay the Martians.

Looking out from my windows at dawn, I beheld an abominable desolation, a blackened world that had been green and fair. I struck out for London and for miles saw not a living being. I had reached the Thames when I saw the Things coming, five of them. I ran for the water. Straight toward me sped one, but I might have been an ant in a man's path. It strode through the river and towered above Shepperton. Then six hidden guns belched together. One shell struck the hood and there was a horrible confusion of flesh and blood and metal. Something drove the uncontrolled machine on, crashing through the village, topping over the church tower, collapsing in the river. The others rushed to the spot and the air was filled with hissing of heat rays and crackling of fires. Shepperton leaped into flame. I staggered to the shore and when I looked up, the Things were bearing away the smashed machine.

I stumbled on, panic-stricken, dazed. The

world was doomed. These monsters could slay with heat rays beyond the range of our biggest guns. Not again could we kill one of them by surprise. Terror stalked through London. To the horror of heat rays had been added the black smoke, a cloud of poison that blighted all living things. So London streamed in flight, 6,000,000 people roaring out along the highways until they were like rivers in flood.

I fell into a doze under a hedge and there the curate joined me. He was half mad with fright and clung to me. We plodded on to a suburb where we sought refuge in a deserted house. At midnight came a blinding flash. When day broke, we peered through a peep-hole and in the garden was a Martian. Embedded in the earth was another glowing cylinder.

For fifteen days I was penned there, so I saw more of the monsters than any other man now living. I watched their intricate machines—the automatic digger, the sensitive handling-machine like a metallic spider—so flexible and so swiftly sure that they seemed centuries in advance of our rigid machinery. I could study, too, the Martian habits. I learned that evolution had made

them all brain, cold, remorseless intelligences unswayed by emotion. They neither slept nor ate; they were sexless and their young were budded off, like the young of corals. Most horrible to me was the fact that they injected men's blood into their veins for nourishment.

It was this that drove me to act as I did when the curate went raving mad. I knew that his shouts would warn the Martians of our presence and I tried to silence him. He broke away and I caught him in the kitchen; where I felled him with a meat-chopper. He dropped, stunned, and then I saw two dark eyes at the window. I fled to the coal-cellar and above me I heard a tapping, tapping, and then the noise of a heavy body being dragged across the floor.

I piled wood and coal over me when I heard that tapping at the cellar door. Through crevices I could see the terrible arm of a handling-machine, waving, feeling, examining. Once it ran across the heel of my boot and I nearly screamed. Then it went away.

A week passed before I dared look out. About the peep-hole was massed quantities of the red weed that the Martians had

brought—evidently vegetation on Mars is red. I pushed it aside and gazed out. The garden was deserted.

I crept into a desolate world. About me was a smashed village. I struggled on through the outskirts of London, and not until I reached Wimbledon Common did I meet a man. He had food and drink and plans for the future, visions of a people living in the great drains until they had science enough to conquer their conquerors. I stayed with him until I had regained my strength and then walked into dead London.

The metropolis was stilled of all its humming life. Here and there were heaps of dead, withered by black smoke; here and there were signs of destruction, but it was little changed except for the horrible quiet. I was near South Kensington when I heard the mournful howling, "Ulla, ulla!" Not until the next day did I see the hood of the giant that was making this sobbing wail. He did not move, nor did three others that I saw, standing strangely still. Driven by fear, I resolved to end it all. I walked toward the Thing nearest me and saw birds circling about the hood, tearing at something within.

I scrambled hastily up a great rampart

and below me was the Martian camp. They were all dead, nearly fifty of them, some in their machines and others prone upon the ground. They could conquer man, but they had fallen before man's most relentless foe, the disease bacteria of earth.

Whatever destruction was done, the hand of the destroyer was stayed. All the gaunt wrecks, the blackened skeletons of houses that stared so dismally at the sunlit grass of the hill, would presently be echoing with the hammers of the restorers and ringing with the tapping of the trowels. At the thought I extended my hands toward the sky and began thanking God. In a year, thought I—in a year . . .

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HAWTHORNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, American writer, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804. His earliest boyhood days were spent in Salem, but when he was fourteen years old the family moved to Maine. Here the young lad continued the solitary walks of which he was so fond, but in the wilderness, instead of the narrow streets of Salem. Even at this early date he had acquired a taste for writing, and carried a little blank-book in which he jotted down his notes.

After a year in Maine, Hawthorne returned to Salem to prepare for college. He amused himself by publishing a manuscript periodical, and at times speculated upon the profession he would follow in the future. He wrote to his mother, "I do not want to be a doctor and live by men's diseases, nor a minister to live by their sins, nor a lawyer to live by their quarrels. So I don't see that there is anything left for me but to be an author. How would you like, some day, to see a whole shelf of books written by your son with 'Hawthorne's Works' printed on their backs?"

For some years Hawthorne lived in Concord,

Massachusetts, in the old Manse, and wrote "Mosses from an Old Manse," "Twice Told Tales" and "Grandfather's Chair." He joined the Brook Farm colony at West Roxbury, but found that the conditions there suited neither his taste nor his temperament, and he remained but one year.

On a European visit he spent some time in Italy, and during his stay there he sketched out one elaborate work, and prepared it for the press while living in Leamington, England. This was "The Marble Faun," the English edition of which was known as "Transformation, or the Romance of Monte Beni."

The sole idea of "The Marble Faun" is to illustrate the intellectually and morally awakening power of a sudden, impulsive sin committed by a simple, joyous, instinctive "natural man." The whole group of characters is imagined with a view to the development of this idea.

Some other stories of Hawthorne are "The Blithedale Romance," "The Wonder Book," "The Snow Image." "Septimus Felton" and "The Dolliver Romance" were left unfinished at the author's death. He died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, on the 19th of May, 1864, and five days later was buried at Sleepy Hollow, a beautiful cemetery at Concord where he used to walk under the pines when living at the old Manse. Over his grave is a simple stone, inscribed with the single word, "Hawthorne."

THE MARBLE FAUN

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Condensation by
REV. PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM, D.D.

FOUR individuals were standing in the Sculpture Gallery of the Capitol of Rome. Three of them were artists, and they had been simultaneously struck by a resemblance between one of the antique statues and a young Italian, the fourth member of their party.

"You must confess, Kenyon," said a dark-eyed young woman whom her friends called Miriam, "that you never chiseled out of the marble a more vivid likeness than this. Our friend Donatello is the very Faun of Praxiteles. Is it not true, Hilda?"

"Not quite—almost—yes, I really think so," replied Hilda, a slender New England girl whose perception of form was singularly clear.

"Donatello," said Miriam, "you are a veritable Faun. Shake aside those brown curls and let us see whether this resemblance includes furry ears."

"No, no! dearest Signorina," answered Donatello, "you must take my ears for granted," and he lightly tripped beyond the reach of her extended hand, only a moment later to come close to her and look into her face with appealing affection.

"You have bewitched the poor lad," said the sculptor, laughing. "That is a way of yours. I see another of your followers behind yon pillar, and his presence has aroused Donatello's wrath."

They had emerged from the palace, and there, partly concealed by a pillar in the portico, stood the wild figure of a bearded man.

"Miriam," whispered Hilda, "it is your model."

Miriam's model, as Hilda called him, had suddenly appeared a few weeks previously when the four friends were visiting one of the Catacombs. In the dark depths of the earth, amid the labyrinth of passageways, Miriam had been lost. Guided by the shouts of the others, she had finally reap-

peared, accompanied by this strange and uncouth creature. And from that time on he continued constantly to haunt her footsteps, disappearing perhaps for days, only to return and glide like a shadow into her life. What hold he had on her or she on him remained unknown, enhancing the mystery, already deep, which hung about this beautiful woman.

One of Miriam's friends took the matter sadly to heart. This was the light-hearted, faun-like Italian count, who seemed such a child of nature. He cherished against the mysterious stranger one of those instinctive antipathies which the lower animals sometimes display.

In the Medici Gardens the unwelcome creature had appeared among the trees just as Donatello was declaring his love for Miriam.

"I hate him," muttered Donatello as he caught sight of the sinister figure.

"Be satisfied; I hatė him, too," said Miriam.

Whereupon Donatello had offered to clutch him by the throat, that they might be rid of him forever; and the woman had difficulty in restraining the gentle youth, whose

hitherto light-hearted nature seemed suddenly suffused with rage.

But it was otherwise a few nights later on a moonlight ramble that a company of artists were enjoying among the ruins of old Rome. The four friends were of the party, which, after visiting many places, climbed the Capitoline Hill and stood on the Tarpeian Rock. It was bordered by a low parapet. They all bent over the railing and looked down. Miriam and Donatello stood together gazing into the moonlit depths. They were so absorbed with the scene and with each other that they did not notice the departure of their friends. Hilda had gone off with Kenyon, who had drawn her quietly away, and the others had departed in twos and threes, leaving Miriam behind alone with the Italian. But not entirely alone. Hilda had gone but a short way with the sculptor when she missed her friend and turned back. She reached the paved courtyard with the parapet just in time to witness unnoticed a tragic scene. Out of the shadows the familiar figure of Miriam's persecutor had appeared and approached her. There was a struggle beginning and ending in one breathless instant.

Along with it was a loud, fearful cry which quivered upward through the air and sank quivering downward to the earth. Then a silence! Poor Hilda saw the whole quick passage of a deed which took but that little time to grave itself in the eternal adamant. She turned and fled unseen, and the lovers were indeed alone.

"What have you done?" said Miriam in a horror-stricken whisper.

"I did what ought to be done to a traitor," Donatello replied; "what your eyes bade me do as I held the wretch over the precipice."

The last words struck Miriam like a bullet. Had her eyes indeed provoked, or assented to this deed? She had not known it. But, alas! thinking back, she could not deny that a wild joy had flamed up in her heart when she saw her persecutor in mortal peril. Yes, Donatello's had been the hand; but hers had been the look, except for which the hand had not been lifted.

She turned to her fellow-criminal, the youth so lately innocent, whom she had drawn into her doom, and pressed him close, close to her bosom, with a clinging embrace that brought their hearts together.

"Yes, Donatello, you speak the truth," said she. "My heart consented. The deed knots us together like the coil of a serpent." They threw one glance at the heap of death below to assure themselves that it was not all a dream—then turned from the fatal precipice and made their way back into the city arm in arm and heart in heart.

An agreement had been entered into before the moonlight tragedy had taken place that the four friends should meet next morning in the Church of the Capuchins to study together Guido's famous picture of St. Michael and Satan. Thither at the hour agreed upon Miriam and Donatello turned their steps. Conscious of secret guilt, they were the more anxious to keep a casual engagement. But when they drew near the church Kenyon alone was waiting for them. Hilda had promised to be of the party, but she was not there. The three pushed back the heavy curtain and entered the nave, only to have their gaze arrested at once by a conspicuous object. On a slightly elevated bier lay the body of a dead monk, tall candles burning at his head and feet. The rigid figure was clad in the brown woolen frock of the Capuchins, with the

hood drawn over the head, but so as to leave the features uncovered. Something seemed to act like a magnet upon Miriam. She passed between two of the lighted candles and looked down. "My God!" she murmured, "what is this?" She grasped Donatello's hand and felt it give a convulsive shudder. No wonder that their blood curdled. The dead face of the monk gazing at them beneath its half-closed eyelids was the same visage that had glared upon their naked souls the night before as Donatello had flung him over the precipice. What did it mean? Kenyon drew near, perceived their agitation, and started to say something. But Miriam laid her finger to her lips and quietly said, "Hush!" From the shadowy church the three emerged into the Roman sunlight, Kenyon to go in search of Hilda, but leaving a darker shadow still to settle down upon the lovers. The young Italian was petrified with horror. Miriam tried to cheer him, assuring him of her undying love. But she met with no response. They parted, almost as strangers, it being agreed that Donatello should seek his castle in the mountains.

Thither, in the summer, Kenyon went to

pay a long-planned visit. He found the poor faun sadly changed. The idea of a life-long penance had taken firm possession of Donatello. He was intent on finding some method of self-torture. Kenyon, knowing now something of what had happened, arranged with Miriam that she should be in the public square of Perugia on a specified day, near the statue of Pope Julius. There the lovers met again. The sense of their mutual crime had stunned, but not destroyed the youth's affection. They needed one another. Kenyon cheered and encouraged them. Their two lives flowed together and the great bronze statue of the Pope, his hand outreached in a papal benediction, beneath which they had met, appeared to impart a blessing on their marriage.

So Kenyon went back to Rome to woo the gentle Hilda, whose sensitive soul was burdened by the knowledge of the awful guilt of her friends. The secret weighed upon her heavily. She sought the seclusion of great churches, and at last, Protestant though she was, she found relief by pouring out in the confessional at St. Peter's the story of the crime that she had witnessed.

But for Miriam and Donatello the end

was not yet reached. The sense of sin had awakened in the faun-like youth what human love could not assuage. Miriam could not rid him of the idea that he must surrender himself to justice. Kenyon had glimpses of the pair now taking part in revelries, but again concealed behind habiliments of woe. In a desolate spot in the Campagna, Miriam at last disclosed the mystery surrounding her own past. It was the story of a marriage to be forced upon her from which her soul revolted. She escaped, though not without unjust suspicions of a crime. Concealing her identity, she gave herself to art. Then, in the Catacombs, the man whom she loathed, half brute and half religious maniac, had reappeared, dogging her steps and threatening to disclose her to the world—with what catastrophe the sculptor knew.

As for Hilda and Kenyon, they went forward into happiness, their pure love consecrating all they did. But even as they plighted their troth to one another in the Pantheon before the tomb of Raphael, upon turning around they saw a kneeling figure on the pavement. It was Miriam, who reached out her hands in a blessing, but a

blessing which seemed also to repel. As for Donatello, remorse eventually worked its way, and when heard of last he was in a dungeon as deep as that beneath the Castle of St. Angelo.

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BUNYAN

JOHN BUNYAN was born at Elston, England, in November, 1628. His father was a rough tinker, but managed to send the boy to the village school. In the crude home, current religious notions were so vividly impressed upon the child's mind that he frequently had terrifying visions of evil spirits bearing him away to eternal torment.

At seventeen, he served for a year in the army. Two years later he married a woman whose only dowry was two religious books. They intensified his religious fervor. After a long and terrible spiritual struggle he conquered his sins, the worst of which were liking to ring the church-bell and dancing on the village green.

The spirit of preaching now lay such hold upon him that he attracted great crowds. In 1660 he was arrested as a Dissenter and thrown into the Bedford jail, where he spent the greater part of twelve years. He enjoyed occasional precarious freedom, and was allowed to preach to sixty other Dissenters in prison, but he worried much about his wife and four little children. Nevertheless, his confinement was a boon, for it gave him leisure for

the thinking, out of which grew his incomparable "Pilgrim's Progress." He began to write it in jail, but it was not published until six years later. The irresistible charm of the thrilling, fairy-tale quality, combined with its "reverence for God and sympathy for man," won immense popularity at once.

The last years of his life were rich in activity and acclaim. He preached to great audiences in London and elsewhere, but remained simple and passionately earnest to his death in 1688.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By JOHN BUNYAN

Condensation by
BASIL KING

AS I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where was a Den and laid me down to sleep. As I slept I dreamed a dream. I saw a man clothed with rags, a book in his hand, and a burden on his back. Reading in the book, he broke out with a cry: "What shall I do to be saved?"

Going home, he opened his trouble to his wife and children, who at first pitied but presently chided him. This continuing for many days, he walked in the fields, where he saw coming to him a man named Evangelist, who advised him to flee the City of Destruction, which was to be burnt with fire and brimstone, and make for the City of Zion.

Then was there much ado in the family of Christian, for such was his name, that he should run from his home on a way which all knew to be perilous. Two of his neighbors did Christian implore to accompany him. The name of the one was Obstinate, that of the other Pliable. "What," cried Obstinate, "leave our friends and comforts behind us?" But Pliable went with him for a space, till they reached a quag named the Slough of Despond. Having wallowed here for a time Pliable, getting out on the side nearest to his home, turned back. But Christian struggling on alone, one Help came to his rescue and led him to solid ground.

Here as Christian was walking he espied afar off a Mr. Worldly Wiseman, of the town of Carnal Policy. To his questions as to where he would be going Christian replied that he sought means to be rid of the burden on his back. "Why, in yonder village, Morality," said the gentleman, "there dwells one whose name is Legality, and who hath a pretty young man, Civility, to his son. These will ease thee of thy burden." So saying he directed Christian to a high hill, the which, on his reaching it, bent over so

much that it was like to fall on and bury him.

Now Christian began to be sorry that he had taken Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel; whereupon he again saw Evangelist, who encouraged him to go back and seek the Gate for which he had been making when urged to go out of the way. So in process of time Christian got up to this Gate, over which was written, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." He knocked, therefore, and one named Good-will came to answer.

Then did Christian recite the perils through which he had come in seeking to be rid of his burden. "Be content to bear it," said Good-will, "until thou come to the place of deliverance, for there it will fall off of itself."

So was he sent on his way again, walking along a road which ended in a cross and a sepulcher. I saw in my dream that as he came up with the cross his burden loosed from his back till it fell into the sepulcher, where I saw it no more.

Then Christian gave three leaps for joy and went on singing, coming to the hill Difficulty. About midway to the top of this hill was an arbor in which he sat him down to rest, but soon fell asleep. Losing

under the settle the roll in which he had begun to read, he started hastily, when he awoke, on his way again. At the top of the hill there met him two men running amain. These were Mistrust and Timorous, who warned him to go back, since there were lions in the way. Then was Christian in a great quandary, since to go back to his own city would mean to be burnt with fire and brimstone, while to go on would be to risk death at the mouths of lions. Thus troubled, he sought comfort in reading in his roll, but, lo! it was not in his bosom.

Then was much time lost while Christian returned to the arbor to find his book; but while he was thus bewailing his miscarriage he lifted up his eyes and saw a stately palace, the name of which was Beautiful. Here dwelt the damsels Discretion, Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who made Christian welcome, laying him in the chamber called Peace. Next day they showed him the armory of their house, as well as such ancient treasures as Moses' rod, the hammer and nail with which Jael slew Sisera, and the jaw-bone with which Samson did mighty feats. Likewise did they take him up to the top of their house and bid him look at

the pleasant countries of the Delectable Mountains and Emmanuel's Land. "When thou comest there," said they, "thou mayst see the Gate of the Celestial City."

Going on thence, he entered the Valley of Humiliation, where met him the foul fiend, Apollyon. Apollyon claiming Christian as his subject, the latter could in no wise deny the fact, seeing that he had been born in the City of Destruction, over which the monster ruled. Nevertheless, Christian renounced his allegiance to this wicked prince, claiming that he had sworn himself to the King of Princes, who dwelt in the City of Zion. Then ensued a dreadful fight between Christian and the fiend, during which the fiend was like to have worsted the pilgrim had it not been for the weapons furnished him from their armory by the fair damsels in the Castle Beautiful. The battle being over, there came a hand with some of the leaves of the Tree of Life, wherewith Christian stanched his wounds.

Now at the end of this valley was another still more dread, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death. On its right was a very deep ditch into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, while on the left was a

dangerous quag, the which if even a good man were to fall into it he could find no bottom for his foot to stand on. Good Christian was the more put to it, seeing that the pathway was exceeding narrow, and as he went on he sighed bitterly. About the middle of this valley was there also the mouth of Hell, out of which came dismal flame and smoke. When the fiends came up to this entrance he cried out in a vehement voice, "I will walk in the strength of the Lord God," whereat they gave back.

Having passed through this valley, he came up with his friend Faithful, who had, though Christian knew it not, followed him out of the City of Destruction. Then was there much discourse between the two pilgrims as to the perils through which they had come, with Faithful telling of his escape from Madame Wanton, as well as from the old man with the three daughters, the Lust of the Flesh, the Lust of the Eyes, and the Pride of Life. Also did Faithful tell of his encounters with Arrogancy, Pride, and Wordly-glory. But the worst of them all was with Shame, a bold-faced fellow who would never have done speaking against all good men and things.

Then I saw in my dream that they presently came to the town of Vanity, where is a fair kept called Vanity Fair. Here is there at all times such noise and folly, with the buying and selling of such foolish wares as have given the town its fame. The people of the fair, taking the pilgrims for outlandish men and bedlams, made a great gazing at them. Likewise were they not a little amused that Christian and Faithful, setting very light by all their merchandise, did speak exhortingly. Much hubbub did follow thereon, during which the pilgrims were cast into jail. At a convenient time they were brought forth to trial before the Lord Hategood, witness being given against them by such base fellows as Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. Among the jurors were Mr. Nogood, Mr. Malice, Mr. Lovelust, and such like, by whom good Faithful was condemned. After much persecution they burned him to ashes at the stake, whereat I saw in my dream that a chariot with horses carried him up to the Celestial Gate by the nearest way.

As for Christian, He that overrules all things released him from prison, so that he went on his way in company with one Hope-

ful, who had followed him from that town. Soon they came to a great fortress called Doubting Castle, the owner of which was Giant Despair, who took them prisoners. Now Giant Despair had to his wife a woman named Diffidence. So when he was gone to bed he told her what he had done, to wit that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and asked her what he should do with them. Her counsel was that he should advise them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come he goes to them with a very surly manner, telling them that, as they were never like to get out of his dungeon, they should end themselves with knife, halter, or poison. When they desired him to let them go he looked very ugly upon them, and, rushing at them, had doubtless made an end to them himself, but that he fell in a fit to which he was subject, and lost the use of his hand.

Thus escaping from Giant Despair, they came to the Delectable Mountains, where met them certain shepherds, Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere, who took them by the hand and had them to their tents. Also did they lead them forth to the top of a hill called Clear, from the

which they might spy the Celestial Gate through a perspective glass.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian and Hopeful, going down the mountains, and passing through the country of Conceit, got over to a land called the Enchanted Ground, and thus into the country of Beulah, whose air was sweet. Their way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there, listening to the singing of birds and seeing the flowers appear in the earth.

Here they had a distant view of the City of Zion, which was built of pearls and precious stones, and the street paved with gold. Also I saw that as they went on there met them two men in raiment that shone. "You have but two difficulties more to meet," said they, "and then you are in the City."

Now I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was the River of Death. There was no bridge to go over it, and the river was deep. At sight thereof the pilgrims were much stunned, asking if there was no other way. Being told there was none, they addressed themselves to the water.

Having entered it, Christian began to sink; but Hopeful cried, "Be of good cheer,

my brother; I feel the bottom." But as for Christian, a great darkness and horror fell upon him, in which he was troubled by hobgoblins and evil spirits. Hopeful, therefore, had much ado to keep his friend's head above water, repeating to him the words of the roll, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with you." Thus after much struggle they got over.

Now the City stood on a mighty hill; but up that hill the pilgrims went with ease because they had two Shining Ones to lead them. Also had they left their mortal garments behind them in the flood. "You are going now," said the Shining Ones, as they climbed, "to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the Tree of Life and eat of the fruits thereof." And while they were drawing toward the gate behold a company of the Heavenly Host came out to meet them, some before, some behind, and some on the right and left, continually sounding as they went with melodious noises, so that the sight was as if Heaven itself had come down to meet them.

Now I saw in my dream that these two pilgrims went in at the gate, and, lo! as they entered, they were transfigured, and

had raiment given them that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and all the bells in the City rang for mirth, while it was said, "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord." Now just as the gates were opened to let the men in I looked in after them, and behold the City shone like the sun. In the streets walked many men with crowns on their heads, and golden harps to sing praises withal. After that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen it, I wished myself among the Redeemed.

As I was in my dream, I saw that Christiana, she that was wife to Christian, was much broken by her ungodly carriages to the good man who had now come to the Celestial City. Calling to remembrance his restless groans and brinish tears, she resolved to go after him. With that her four boys fell to weeping and cried that they would go with her. On this one came to her house and said, "Christiana, here is a letter for thee which I have brought from thy husband's King." She found that it smelled after the manner of the best perfume and was written in letters of gold. Henceforth she carried it in her bosom, reading it to

herself and her children till they had got most of it by rote of heart.

So she likewise went out on her journey to the Celestial City, passing through trials similar to those of her good man, and guided by one Mr. Greatheart. Though many dissuaded her, such as Mrs. Timorous, Mrs. Lightmind, Mrs. Love-the-flesh, Mrs. Know-nothing, and Madame Bubble, yet pressed she on, arriving like good Christian himself at the River of Death. Here, when she was come, the road was thronged with people to see her cross. All the banks, too, beyond the river were full of horses and chariots which were come down from above to accompany her to the City gate. So, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed, she entered the river. The last words she was heard to utter were, "Lord, I come to be with thee."

Then her children and friends returned to their place, for that those who waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. But she went in and entered at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that had welcomed good Christian before her.

BULWER-LYTTON

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER, more familiarly known to novel readers as Bulwer-Lytton, was born in London, May 25, 1803. He was more of a prodigy in his youth and had a much more public career than most men who have achieved fame as novelists. At the age of fifteen he distinguished himself by publishing a volume of poems and by falling so violently in love that he became highly morbid when his proposal of marriage was not taken seriously by the father of the girl he loved. She died a few years later and Bulwer said that the disappointment embittered his whole life. At Cambridge, he won a medal for the excellence of a poem and published another book of verse.

In 1827 he had sufficiently recovered from his premature love-affair to marry, against his mother's wishes, a brilliant beauty of society. The marriage was doomed from the outset to be unhappy, for both Bulwer and his wife were too unrestrained to live together. They quarreled, were legally separated, and continued to quarrel in print for years.

Bulwer was rapidly winning renown. His first

novels were successes, but it was not until "The Last Days of Pompeii" (1834) that his fame was assured. Nine years later appeared "The Last of the Barons," which many good judges have considered his best work. He wrote numerous other stories, novels of society, of crime, of mysteries, of family life. He was the most successful dramatist of his time. He dabbled in journalism. For ten years he was a member of Parliament, was later secretary for the colonies, and in 1866 was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton. He died on January 18, 1873.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

By EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

Condensation by
PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

"'GLAUCUS the Athenian, thy time has come,' said a loud and clear voice; 'the lion awaits thee.'

"'I am ready,' said the Athenian. He had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest posture at the expected rush of the lion, with his small and shining weapon raised on high, in the faint hope that one well-directed thrust might penetrate through the eye to the brain of his grim foe.

"But to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of the presence of the criminal. At the first moment of its release it halted abruptly in the arena, raised itself half on end, snuffing the upward air with impatient sighs; then suddenly it sprang forward, but not on the

Athenian. At half speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking only some avenue of escape; once or twice it endeavored to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience, and, on failing, uttered rather a baffled howl than its deep-toned and kingly roar. It evinced no sign either of wrath or of hunger; its tail drooped along the sand, instead of lashing its gaunt sides; and its eye, though it wandered at times to Glaucus, rolled again listlessly from him. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage, and once more laid itself down to rest.

"The first surprise of the assembly at the apathy of the lion soon grew into resentment at its cowardice; and the populace already merged their pity for the fate of Glaucus into angry compassion for their own disappointment. The manager called to the keeper:

"'How is this? Take a goad, prick him forth, and then close the door of the den.'

"As the keeper, with some fear, but more astonishment, was preparing to obey, a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances

of the arena; there were a confusion, a bustle, voices of remonstrance suddenly breaking forth, and suddenly silenced at the reply. All eyes turned in wonder toward the quarter of the disturbance; the crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair disheveled, breathless, heated, half exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily around the ring. 'Remove the Athenian,' he cried; 'haste, he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces the Egyptian: *he* is the murderer of Apæcides!'

"'Art thou mad, O Sallust!' said the prætor, rising from his seat. 'What means this raving?'

"'Remove the Athenian! Quick! or his blood be on your head. Prætor, delay, and you answer with your own life to the emperor! I bring with me the eye-witness to the death of the priest Apæcides. Room there! Stand back! Give way! People of Pompeii, fix every eye upon Arbaces. There he sits! Room there for the priest Calenus!'

"Pale, haggard, fresh from the jaws of famine and of death, his face fallen, his eyes dull as a vulture's, his broad frame gaunt as a skeleton, Calenus was supported into the very row in which Arbaces sat. His

releasers had given him sparingly of food; but the chief sustenance that nerved his feeble limbs was revenge!

"'The priest Calenus! Calenus!' cried the mob. '*Is* it he? No, it is a dead man!'

"'It *is* the priest Calenus,' said the prætor, gravely. 'What hast thou to say?'

"'Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of Apæcides, the priest of Isis; these eyes saw him deal the blow. It is from the dungeon into which he plunged me, it is from the darkness and horror of a death by famine, that the gods have raised me to proclaim his crime! Release the Athenian—*he* is innocent!'

"'It is for this, then, that the lion spared him. A miracle! a miracle!' cried Pansa.

"'A miracle! a miracle!' shouted the people. 'Remove the Athenian. *Arbaces to the lion!*'

"The power of the prætor was as a reed beneath the whirlwind; still, at his word the guards had drawn themselves along the lower benches, on which the upper classes sat separate from the vulgar. They made but a feeble barrier; the waves of the human sea halted for a moment, to enable Arbaces to count the exact moment of his doom!

In despair, and in a terror which beat down even pride, he glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd, when, right above them, through the wide chasm which had been left in the velaria, he beheld a strange and awful apparition; he beheld, and his craft restored his courage!

"He stretched his hand on high; over his lofty brow and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command.

"'Behold!' he shouted with a voice of thunder which stilled the roar of the crowd; 'behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!'"

The fires of the "avenging Orcus" were those of the great eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79. Toward such a melodramatic climax, furnished him by nature, the author had been spinning the lives of his characters in the little city which nestled under the shadow of the volcano.

The converging threads of the story are many, giving in the final weaving a complete picture of the life of Pompeii—its shops, tiny palaces, baths, forum, theater, circus, and all that daily took place in the

energetic life of this toy copy of Rome at the beginning of the Christian era. The story centers around Glaucus the Athenian, brilliant, gay, witty descendant of a nobler race frivoling himself away amid the coarser pleasures of the Romans, until finally all that was fine in him was brought forth by his love for Ione of Naples, who, like himself, was a child of Greece. And alongside this tale of love runs the pathetic story of Nydia, the blind slave girl, who centers all her hopes of happiness in winning the affection of Glaucus. To this end she gains possession of a love potion which the opulent Julia has had prepared in the belief that it will bring to her the much-desired Glaucus. In reality the potion is a poison which will drive the unfortunate drinker mad. It is designed by the sinister Egyptian Arbaces to clear his path to Ione from his rival Glaucus. In his raving, Glaucus comes upon Arbaces just as the latter has killed Ione's brother Apæcides, a young priest of Isis, who, much to the annoyance of Arbaces, has embraced the new Christian faith. Arbaces throws the guilt upon poor Glaucus with apparent success. But the priest Calenus was a hidden witness, with the final

result shown in the great episode of the book. As the crowd in the circus turned their eyes toward Vesuvius they beheld "a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare. Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at one another, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theater trembled, and beyond in the distance they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines, over the desolate streets, over the amphitheater itself, far and wide, with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower! No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing, against the other."

It was save himself who could in that

night of horrors. Of the many episodes seen in the flashes of light was that of blind Nydia guiding Glaucus to Ione, and then leading both to safety, she the only one at home in the darkness in which she had always lived. And then, when they had gained a ship and put to sea and all but Nydia had fallen into exhausted slumber, "May the gods bless you, Athenian!" she murmured. "May you be happy with your beloved one; may you sometimes remember Nydia!"

A sailor, half dozing on the deck, heard a slight splash on the waters. Drowsily he looked up, and believed, as the vessel merrily bounded on, he fancied he saw something white above the waves.

DOYLE

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE was born on May 22, 1859, in Edinburgh. His father, Charles Doyle, was an artist of fantastic imagination. The boy went to Stonyhurst College, studied in Germany, and returned to take his degree at Edinburgh University in 1885. He signed as ship's doctor for a two years' whaling trip in the Arctic, traveled in West Africa, and finally settled as a doctor in Southsea. His restless imagination found constant expression in short stories. Sherlock Holmes made his first appearance in "A Study in Scarlet" (1887) but won his immense popularity in "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." The original of the genius-detective was Doctor Bell of Edinburgh University. The popular hero lived again in "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," and "The Return of Sherlock Holmes."

Doctor Doyle drew abundantly from historical sources for his novels and plays. "The White Company," a stirring romance, first introduced Sir Nigel as an old man. In 1905 his youth was portrayed in the book named for him.

Conan Doyle served in a field-hospital in the South African war, wrote two books in defense of the British army in the war, and was knighted in 1902. He has written a three-volume history of the Great War.

Sir Conan Doyle is a large, athletic man, who has never lost his enthusiasm for sports. His home in Sussex, England, is filled with trophies from many parts of the world. Tennis and cricket have kept him fit for his enormous literary undertakings.

SIR NIGEL

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Condensation by
ALICE G. GROZIER

EVIL times fell upon England in the year 1348, when the great plague devastated the land. It was during this period that the story of Sir Nigel takes place.

The house of Loring, like many another noble family, felt the heavy hand of misfortune; for after the Barons' War and lawsuits with Waverly Abbey the men of the Church and the men of the law left nothing but the manor of Tilford for the remaining members of the family, Lady Ermyntrude and her grandson Nigel.

Nigel Loring came of a race of heroes, his grandfather having fallen at the battle of Stirling, and his father in the sea fight of Sluys. Nigel, his veins thrilling with the blood of a hundred soldiers, was filled with the desire for adventure and combat; having

been trained at the desire of his grandmother in skill at arms and courage, he became also a daring rider. At times a fierce bitterness assailed Nigel at the thought of the wrongs done by the Abbot of Waverly, whom he believed had robbed the Lorings of much of their estate.

On the first day of May, the Festival of the Apostles Philip and James, consternation reigned at the Abbey when it was found that a large pike had eaten the carp in Abbot John's fish-pond, Nigel being accused of putting the pike in the pond. Abbot John and the sacrist, Brother Samuel, were in consultation upon the subject when they were rudely interrupted by a buzz of excitement among the monks in the cloister. A white-faced brother flung open the door and, rushing into the room, cried, "Father Abbot, alas, alas, Brother John is dead, and the subprior is dead, and the Devil is loose in the five-virgate field!"

Now what the brother called the "Devil" was a great yellow horse, held at the Abbey for the debt of his owner, Franklin Aylward; such a horse, it was said, was not to be found betwixt the Abbey and the king's stables at Windsor.

It was a sorry day that brought the horse to the Abbey, for no one there could be found who would or could ride him or conquer him; he had indeed nearly killed the Brother and the subprior.

Abbot John and the monks, intent upon seeing, with their own eyes, this terrible creature, hurried down the stairs and gained the wall of the meadow, where, looking over its top, they beheld the magnificent horse standing fetlock-deep in the meadow grass. Upon this wild scene there arrived, riding his pony, the young Squire Loring, small of stature, but with muscles of steel and a soul of fire; his face, though tanned with the weather, was delicate of feature. His whole appearance made him a mark for the sight of any passer-by, but at the first glance the brown face set in its golden hair and beard, and the daring light of the quick, reckless, laughing eyes, made the one strong memory left behind.

The horse was at the moment trampling his latest victim, and Nigel, springing from his pony, was over the wall and at battle with the creature, proving himself master. Some discussion arose among the monks as to the killing of the yellow horse, or the

giving him to Nigel as a punishment; the last suggestion finally won, and Nigel proceeded to further subdue the heretofore untamable creature called Pommers.

The horse tried to unseat his rider, but Nigel held fast and at last they were over the four-foot gate and away. Then took place the most notable ride ever known to that part of the world, and the author's description recording it is a gem worth reading; also it is the key to Nigel's whole character. A nearly forgotten ballad upon the subject has the following refrain:

> The Doe that sped on Hinde Head,
> The Kestril on the winde,
> And Nigel on the Yellow Horse
> Can leave the world behinde.

After a long battle of wills the horse was broken and conquered; he fell in the heather with a sobbing sigh, throwing his rider over his head, stunned. The young squire was first to recover and, kneeling by the panting, overwrought horse, he gently passed his hand over the foam-flecked face, and the whinnying Pommers thrust his nose into the hollow of Nigel's hand.

"You are my horse, Pommers," Nigel

whispered, and laid his cheek against the craning head. "I know you, Pommers, and you know me, and with the help of Saint Paul we shall teach some other folk to know us both."

The monks of Waverly Abbey held Nigel for debts and wrongs against them and he was haled before the Abbot for trial, was judged guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment; but when they would have restrained him Nigel drew his sword, which angered the Abbot, who charged his bowman to draw his bow and defend Holy Church and her decrees. Tragedy was imminent, when Samkin Aylward, a famous archer, came to Nigel's rescue, at once attaching himself to the young squire's service, and afterward following him into many dangers.

Into the midst now came a man whose appearance dominated the scene. This was the famous soldier, John Chandos, with a message to Nigel Loring. Said Chandos, "He who comes to seek the shelter of your roof is your liege lord and mine, the King's high majesty, Edward of England."

While a guest at Tilford Abbey, Chandos's stories filled the mind and heart of Nigel with a stronger desire than ever for adven-

ture, and he begged to go as Chandos's squire, under the standards of the King, Edward of England, to which Chandos assented.

Nigel made his arrangements for leaving home; they were few and simple, for he had only his Pommers, his loyal Sam Aylward, and at last his long-wished-for suit of armor and a small amount of gold.

There was, however, one visit must be made before leaving home, and that was to see Mary, the daughter of the old Knight of Duplin, living in the castle at Cosford. Mary of the grave eyes of brown looking bravely at the world; the one whom Nigel loved.

At the shrine of St. Catherine, Nigel and Mary said their farewells, and the young squire vowed to perform three noble deeds of valor in her honor ere he came to see his Mary again; but that no thought of her should stand 'twixt him and this honorable achievement.

Nigel sought constantly for some deed to perform and lesser ones came to hand frequently, but it was not until he was at Winshelsea, with Chandos, that his first great opportunity came.

It was found that the plans of the attack upon the French at Calais by the prince's army had been stolen, and it was suspected that a cunning, daring Frenchman, called the "Red Ferret," had taken them and was then already on his way across the Channel. Nigel started in pursuit with Aylward and other followers. After a long chase and a hard-fought battle, Nigel caught the Red Ferret and saved the English plans; but as his enemy was so gallant a man Nigel begged his life of the king and so saved him. He sent the Ferret to Mary at Cosford, with the message that the first deed was accomplished.

Nigel then stormed the famous castle of La Brohinere, where lived the knight called the "Butcher of Brohinere," who was said never to let a prisoner escape alive from his castle. Here, at great risk of his own life, Nigel rescued not only his man Sam Aylward and other comrades, but a young Frenchman, who later, however, died, praising his rescuer. Then news of the second deed was sent to Mary of Cosford.

Nigel had followed on with John Chandos into Brittany when the third deed was found. There had been hot, furious fighting,

and Nigel, riding Pommers, plunged forward, unseating and taking captive one of the enemy. Having the Frenchman at his mercy, Nigel might have killed him at once, or held him for ransom, but he had made a gallant fight, and out of admiration and pity the young squire spared his life and let him go, only to discover later that he had had at his mercy none other than King John of France.

When the prince heard the story from King John himself he exclaimed, "For my part, I had rather have the honor this squire has gathered than all the richest ransoms of France." Whereupon the prince with his sword touched Nigel's shoulder as he knelt before him, and said, "England has lost a brave squire and gained a gallant knight! Nay, linger not. Rise up, Sir Nigel." And a third message went to Mary.

Two months later Nigel arrived at Cosford, and, kissing Mary's welcoming hand, he said, "Saint Catherine has brought me home!"

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SCOTT

WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh on August 15, 1771. His father was a lawyer, the first of the Scott line to leave the open country for the town.

For a man who wrote such a prodigious amount, Scott was surprisingly late in getting started. He was thirty-four years old when his first original work appeared, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." From that moment until his death, on September 21, 1832, he was, with the possible exception of Byron, the most popular writer in English.

When the public seemed to be tiring of his long romances in verse, he turned to novel-writing, and in 1814, when he was forty-three, he came into his career of greatness with "Waverley." For eighteen years novel after novel followed in rapid succession, stirring romances of history or colorful tales of Scottish life. They were all published anonymously until the financial disaster of 1825 made it seem wise to reveal the author's name.

Fully a dozen of the Waverley Novels, if not more, might be included in any list of one hundred novels, and many loyal lovers of Scott would even

then think that one or two more might be added. He was, as Stevenson remarked, "the king of the romantics."

"Waverley," "Ivanhoe," "The Heart of Midlothian," and "Kenilworth" are representative of Scott at his best. But "Old Mortality," "Quentin Durward," "The Talisman," "Guy Mannering," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "The Antiquary," "St. Ronan's Well," "Rob Roy," and, indeed, others have all been ranked as favorites among the innumerable admirers of the romances written by "the Wizard of the North."

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

Condensation by
THURMAN L. HOOD

THE Heart of Midlothian, by many called the finest of the Waverley Novels, was published anonymously in 1818. It takes its name from the Tolbooth, or old city jail, in Edinburgh (pulled down in 1815), the "stony heart" of Midlothian, which reared its ancient front in the very middle of the High Street of the city.

On the afternoon of September 8, 1736, Reuben Butler, assistant-master of the school at Libberton, and licensed minister of the Gospel, found himself in unexpected trouble. First of all, he had become entangled with the crowd of good citizens of Edinburgh in the Grassmarket, murmuring at the postponement of the execution of Captain John Porteous of the City Guard. They were still in the heat of anger from the events

of the preceding day, when Porteous had ordered his men to fire, and had fired himself, upon the crowd, some of whom were attempting to cut down the body of "Scotch" Wilson, the famous smuggler. Several innocent citizens had been killed. Now that the chief offender seemed likely to escape, there was no knowing what the mob might do. The quiet young pedagogue would gladly have returned to Libberton. Then, to his consternation, he learned that Effie Deans, the younger and more charming sister of his sweetheart Jeanie Deans, was imprisoned in the Tolbooth.

When he had last seen Effie, more than a year before, she had been a beautiful and blooming girl, the lily of St. Leonard's. Many a traveler past her father's cottage had stopped his horse on the eve of entering Edinburgh, to gaze at her as she tripped by him, with her milk-pail poised on her head, bearing herself so erect, and stepping so light and free under her burden that it seemed rather an ornament than an incumbrance. Now the poor girl, scarce eighteen years of age, lay in the Tolbooth, charged with child-murder.

The facts were that after working for a

time in a shop in Edinburgh, the unhappy prisoner had disappeared for the space of a week, and then made her appearance before her sister at St. Leonard's in a state that had rendered Jeanie only too certain of her misfortune. But to all questions she had remained mute as the grave, until the officers of justice had come to apprehend her.

Before Reuben Butler could see her the Tolbooth was closed; and before he could escape from the city a crowd of rioters compelled him to return with them to the jail and administer the last rites to Porteous, whom they dragged forth to death.

The leader of the mob, a young man disguised in woman's clothes, seized a moment in the midst of the turmoil in the jail to beg Effie to escape. "For God's sake—for your own sake—for my sake—flee, or they'll take your life," was all that he had time to say.

The girl gazed after him for a moment, and then, faintly muttering, "Better tyne life, since tint is gude fame," she sank her head upon her hand, and remained, seemingly, as unconscious as a statue, of the noise and tumult which passed around her.

In the morning, on his way to see Jeanie

and her father at St. Leonard's, Butler encountered in the King's park a young man of noble bearing, but strangely agitated, who bade him "tell Jeanie Deans that, when the moon rises, I shall expect to meet her at Nicol Muschat's Cairn, beneath Saint Anthony's chapel."

After attempting in vain to induce Jeanie to explain the message, he returned to visit Effie again, in the Tolbooth, only to be compelled, on his arrival there, to tell the whole story, lest he be convicted of guilt in the Porteous affair. And then he was sent home, under bail not to leave Libberton, nor to communicate with any member of the family of Effie Deans.

But if his experiences were to him incomprehensible, they were by no means so to the authorities. By piecing together his testimony with that of others, they rightly determined that the stranger in the King's park, the leader of the Porteous mob, and the father of Effie's child were one and the same person, namely, Geordie Robertson, comrade of Wilson the smuggler, and but lately escaped from the very prison in which Effie Deans was now confined. Accordingly, they planned to capture him that night at

Muschat's Cairn. But before they could reach that place, Robertson had time to beg Jeanie to save her sister at the trial by testifying that Effie had disclosed to her her condition. Then he escaped.

Merely that slight falsehood would have removed the case of Effie Deans from under the letter of the cruel Scotch statute. But Jeanie, steadfastly, devoutly truthful, was utterly unable to placate her conscience in bearing false witness. Nor could the disappointment of Effie herself, whom she was at last permitted to visit in the strong-room of the prison, alter her resolution. "He wanted that I suld be mansworn," she said. "I told him that I daurna swear to an untruth."

At the trial, when Jeanie was brought in to testify, Effie, in human weakness, cried, "O Jeanie, Jeanie, save me!" But when the solemn oath—"the truth to tell, and no truth to conceal, as far as she knew or was asked," was administered "in the name of God, and as the witness should answer to God at the great day of judgment," Jeanie, educated in deep reverence for the name of the Deity, was elevated above all considerations save those which she could, with a

clear conscience, call Him to witness. And when the advocate came at length to the point of asking her, "what your sister said ailed her when you inquired," Jeanie could only answer, "Nothing." When the sentence was pronounced by the Doomsman, Effie's own eyes were the only dry ones in the court. "God forgive ye, my Lords," she said, "and dinna be angry wi' me for wishin' it—we a' need forgiveness."

The next morning found Jeanie Deans traveling alone and afoot on the long road to London "to see the Queen's face that gives grace," and beg for her sister's pardon. Her tartan screen served all the purposes of a riding-habit, and of an umbrella; a small bundle contained such changes of linen as were absolutely necessary. She had a few guineas, and a letter from Reuben Butler to the Duke of Argyle, whose grandfather had been under obligations of the deepest to the famous Bible Butler, grandfather of the poor assistant-schoolmaster, now sick at Libberton.

She passed luckily, on the whole, through so weary and dangerous a journey, and at length, through the intercession of the duke, secured the pardon which she sought.

Before she reached Scotland again, Effie had eloped with her lover, who was in reality George Staunton, son of an English nobleman. The sisters, who had last met when Effie was sitting on the bench of the condemned, did not meet again for many years, though Lady Staunton wrote sometimes to Jeanie—now Mrs. Butler, wife of Mr. Reuben Butler, pastor of Knocktarlitie.

Finally, by chance, Sir George learned that Meg Murdockson, who had attended Effie in her illness, had not murdered the child, as they had always supposed. He traced the boy to a certain troop of vagabonds, of which Black Donald was the chief. In an affray with Black Donald's men, Sir George was shot by a young lad called "the Whistler," who proved to be the lost son. The lad disappeared and escaped to America. Lady Staunton, overcome by the tragedy, after vain efforts to drown her grief in society, retired to a convent in France. Although she took no vows, she remained there until her death. But her influence at court accomplished much for the children of her sister Jeanie, who lived happily on in the good parish with which the bounty of the Duke of Argyle had provided her husband.

The Heart of Midlothian is notable for having rather fewer important characters, a smaller variety of incidents, and less description of scenery than most of Scott's novels. One of the most remarkable scenes in all fiction is the meeting of the two sisters in prison under the eyes of the jailer Ratcliffe. The interview of Jeanie with Queen Caroline is also most noteworthy. There is much humor at the expense of the Cameronian wing of the Presbyterian faith in Scotland. In this work also appears the strange character of Madge Wildfire, daughter of the old crone, Meg Murdockson. Into her mouth is put the famous song, "Proud Maisie is in the wood."

ALLEN

JAMES LANE ALLEN, who has lived much in New York City since 1886, had the good fortune to spend his boyhood in a country of surpassing loveliness. He was born on December 21, 1850, near Lexington, Kentucky, on the old Allen estate, where his father settled in the wilderness days. The sheer charm of the blue-grass region seems to have woven itself into the nature of the boy, who was destined to paint so many exquisite word-pictures of it.

Mr. Allen took his bachelor's and master's degrees in the old Transylvania University, founded by Kentucky pioneers. He was compelled by the failure in his father's fortune to begin to teach at once, in public and private schools. He later became professor in Latin and higher English at Bethany College. He never married. In 1886 he definitely forsook academic pursuits, went to New York City, and devoted himself to writing. By 1918 he had published seventeen books. "Flute and Violin," a collection of short stories, appeared in 1891. "The White Cowl" has brought many pilgrims to its scene, the Abbey of Gethsemane, an

exquisite bit of old France, near Louisville. In "Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath" (1895–96) Mr. Allen first really proved his power. Well known among his later books are "The Reign of Law," "The Mettle of the Pasture," and "The Bride of the Mistletoe." His novel "The Choir Invisible," written in 1897, is perhaps the most "vibrant with the passion of beauty and pain" of any of his books.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

By JAMES LANE ALLEN

Condensation by
SARA WARE BASSETT

FEW writers of American fiction are better qualified to present the early history of Kentucky than is James Lane Allen, himself a native of the Blue Grass State.

He chose as his setting for *The Choir Invisible* that picturesque period during Washington's administration when the Mississippi was just being opened for navigation, and great tides of pioneers were migrating through the Alleghany highway to settle the sparsely populated regions of the West and South.

Lexington, Kentucky, chancing to be directly in the path of one tributary of this current, received not only many of those who were abandoning the cities of the coast for the untried territory of a newer land,

but also others who, having tested out the Utopian Western country and left there health, wealth, and dreams of success, were returning broken-hearted to the homes from which they had come.

Hence in Lexington one encountered persons of every class. There were students from William and Mary College, voyageurs traveling for adventure, traders, the gentler bred English colonist from Virginia, homesteaders, and even an occasional group of friendly Indians.

It was a heterogeneous populace, high of courage and strong of fortitude, that amid clearing in forest and canebrake laid the foundation of this fine old Southern city; a populace not to be daunted by discomfort, privation, or unceasing toil.

The heroes and heroines who thus sacrificed their lives on the altar of civilization have, the author tells us, long since joined "the choir invisible of the immortal dead," but they have left behind them a heritage that has come down to us through the centuries.

The chief character of the story is John Gray, the master in the little log schoolhouse, and we have a charming glimpse of

him, "a young fellow of powerful build, lean, muscular, wearing simply but with gentlemanly care a suit of black which was relieved around his wrists and neck by linen, snow-white and of the finest quality." He had a handsome head covered with thick red hair, we are told, and was a man of such integrity as to render him a worthy descendant "from one of Cromwell's unconquerable, hymn-singing army."

We therefore are not surprised to find him holding himself aloof from the follies of the time, and seeking out the comradeship of those to whom the finer and nobler things of life appeal. Yet he is very human—a creature of anger, passion, and a multitude of moods. Moreover, it is quite consistent with his character that he should fall in love with a woman whom he idealizes, Amy Falconer, who "was perhaps the first beautiful girl of aristocratic birth ever seen in Kentucky, and the first of the famous train of those who for a hundred years since have wrecked or saved the lives of men." She is a coquette, vain, shallow, and incapable of deep feeling, and she tosses John's love aside in a moment of pique for that of Joseph Holden; afterward, on discovering

that there is a prospect of John's inheriting a fortune and becoming a person of importance, she shamelessly offers to rid herself of Joseph and reinstate John in her graces.

John Gray, however, is not to be so lightly dropped and picked up again. The episode proves to him that his idol has feet of clay, and, with his faith in her shattered, he bids her farewell.

Amy, in the mean time, has made her home with her aunt and uncle, Major and Mrs. Falconer. Mrs. Falconer stands out against a background of high-born Virginian ancestry —a background of jewels, brocades, fans, and satin slippers; of balls and minuets; of wide-reaching plantations and slaves. The major has been one of those who has heroically fought in the Revolution, and to whom the Southern beauty out of patriotic gratitude has given her hand, bravely following him into the Kentucky wilderness. Unfortunately, although neither of the pair confesses it, the marriage has been an uncongenial one. Both, however, are too noble-minded to do otherwise than be true to the union that holds them together. Yet there is a scar of disappointment beneath the surface, and in the woman's heart a weariness and

longing that nothing satisfies. During John Gray's visits to her niece Mrs. Falconer has become deeply interested in the young schoolmaster, who is about her own age and whose tastes she shares. Between them a companionship has sprung up which each honestly mistakes for friendship.

Amy's attraction for the man has been an untutored impulse of the senses; but Jessica Falconer's power over him is one of deep spiritual inspiration.

When he awakens to the discovery that in reality it is Mrs. Falconer whom he loves, his reverence for her, her purity, and her loyalty to her husband all bind him to silence. She also loves him, but is in honor bound to give him no sign, and hence, with their love unspoken, he goes East ostensibly to recover the legacy he expects to inherit, but determined never to return.

The lawsuit for his property goes against him and he is cast into jail for debt, from which ignominy the efforts of friends release him. He is a proud man and, wishing to pay this debt of gratitude, he proposes to marry the daughter of the family that has befriended him. Before the marriage, however, he tells his future bride quite frankly

that he loves some one else who is not free, and it is with this knowledge that she accepts him. While the wedding is in preparation a letter comes to him from Mrs. Falconer announcing the death of her husband, and in the silent hope that his fiancée will give him his liberty he acquaints her with the change in his prospects. We gather from the text that the girl is unwilling to give him up, and as he is too honorable to demand his freedom he carries out his pledge.

All ignorant of this turn of events, Mrs. Falconer in the mean time is so sure of his love that she erects in distant Kentucky a stately mansion modeled after the home of her early youth. She is still in the thirties and beautiful, and, deluded into the belief that at last her dreams are to be fulfilled, she makes ready for her marriage. A paper telling of John's union with some one else rudely destroys her paradise. Twice she has missed the prize of happiness. The intense joy of womanhood she is never to know. "I shall go softly all my days," she murmurs.

Time sweeps on, but her beauty does not fade. She becomes the great lady of the Southern settlement and at her home Aaron

Burr and many another famous American are entertained. More than one man lays his fortune at her feet and goes away disappointed

There are women who never experience the heights and the depths of life. "Gazing deep into their eyes, we are reminded of the light of dim churches. They are the women who have missed happiness and who know it; but, having failed of affection, give themselves to duty. It was into the company of these quieter pilgrims that she had passed."

One day long afterward, when she is alone in her garden, she sees coming toward her a magnificent young fellow at the brink of manhood.

He lifts his hat with courtly gesture.

"I am John Gray, the son of your old friend, and my father sends me to you to stay, if you will let me. And he desires me to deliver this letter."

"John Gray!" she cried. "*You* John Gray! You! Take off your hat."

For a moment she looked at his forehead and his hair; her eyes became blinded with tears. She threw her arms around his neck with a sob and covered his face with kisses.

Alone in the solitude of her bedroom she reads the letter.

John tells her that he loves her, that he has always loved her; and that it is the fire of this love that through the years has kept his ideals aglow.

"Many a time this candle has gone out; but as quickly as I could snatch any torch —with your sacred name on my lips—it has been relighted.

"If," he adds, "I have kept unbroken faith with any of mine, thank you. And thank God!"

Thus ends the novel.

It was an early book of Mr. Allen's, the second one he wrote, and it abounds in all the charm of olden-time atmosphere and in the beauty of description and delicacy of feeling so characteristic of his work. Historically it gives us a delightful picture of Kentucky life in 1795.

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HUGO

VICTOR MARIE HUGO was born at Besançon, France, on February 25, 1802, so puny an infant that it was not believed he could live. He was the third son of a distinguished soldier under Napoleon. He came from sturdy but not noble stock, his ancestors on his father's side having been simple peasants.

He was well educated in France and in Spain, where his father held high rank under Napoleon's brother. He was a precocious lad, writing long plays in verse and prose while hardly more than a child. Before his twenty-first year he had won several high prizes for his verse. But, thrown on his own resources by the death of his mother, he found it difficult to live by his pen. He moved into an attic, where he had his only experience of actual poverty. His writings, however, soon became popular and he was able to marry, at the age of twenty-one, Adele Foucher, his playmate of childhood days. It was a happy marriage for ten years. Then Hugo became infatuated with an actress, to whom he was devoted fifty years.

From his youth until his death, on May 22, 1885,

Hugo wrote rapidly—poems, plays, and novels. No other man of his time had such an international reputation. Swinburne hailed him as "the greatest man born since the death of Shakespeare."

His most famous novel, "Les Misérables," was published in 1862, but he had been working on it for fifteen years. Thirty years before had appeared his first great prose romance, "Notre Dame," and the third, "Toilers of the Sea," came out in 1865.

LES MISÉRABLES

By VICTOR HUGO

Condensation by
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

ABOUT the time of the French Revolution, Jean Valjean of La Brie, a day-laborer, earned a scanty living for his sister and her seven children. One time, when the family was starving, he stole a loaf of bread, was caught and condemned to the galleys for five years. Twice he attempted to escape and failed. He was a convict for nineteen years. When he was discharged in 1815 he was wicked, silent, chaste, ignorant, and ferocious; his affectionate nature had been poisoned against society. But he had taught himself how to read, and he had thought.

Refused shelter or food at tavern or private house, he came to Monsigneur Myriel, Bishop of D——, in the foot-hills of the Alps.

He was treated like a prince; but in the night he stole some of the bishop's silver plate, was caught as he made off, and was brought back to the good bishop, who, with a smile, assured the gendarmes that the articles were not stolen, but given. Adding two silver candlesticks, the bishop said to him: "Take them and become an honest man. My brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I give it to God."

As he fled he yielded to one last temptation to do wrong; he took from a hurdy-gurdy boy a two-franc piece, but almost immediately, filled with remorse, he tried in vain to find the boy. Two years later a stranger, dressed like a working-man, arrived at the little city of M—— sur M——. Just as he arrived a fire broke out in the Town Hall and he rescued two children belonging to the captain of the police. This saved him from having to show his passport. He made an invention and soon became prosperous. He built great workshops, endowed a hospital, founded schools, paid high wages, and was made mayor.

Employed in his factory was Fantine, a girl who had been deserted in Paris by an

unworthy lover. She had left her baby, Cosette, with a crafty and hideous pair named Thenadier. When it was learned that she had an illegitimate child, she was discharged without the knowledge of M. Madeleine, the benevolent manufacturer, and was reduced to such poverty that she could not pay the Thenadiers, who took Cosette's clothes for their own girls and wrote Fantine for more. The girl sold her beautiful blond hair; then they informed her that Cosette was ill, which was a lie, and demanded one hundred francs. To obtain this she sold her front teeth to a traveling dentist; then she went on the town, and when a dissolute dandy, to annoy her, put snow down her back, she scratched his face and was arrested by Javert, inspector of police, a brutal and over-officious tyrant, who had been attached to the galleys when Jean Valjean was there and suspected the mayor of M—— of being the former convict. The mayor freed Fantine. She supposed he was the cause of her misfortunes and spat in his face. He took the affront meekly and investigated her complaint. She was ill of consumption and he provided for her and promised to look out for her child.

About the same time the police arrested another man who three former convicts swore was the missing Jean Valjean. Jean Valjean's conscience would not allow an innocent person to be punished in his place. Surmounting extraordinary difficulties, he went to Arras, where the trial took place, and just as the judge was condemning the wrong man, he confessed he was the missing convict that had robbed the bishop and the hurdy-gurdy boy.

The judge let him go; but Javert was implacable and apprehended him at Fantine's death-bed. He was lodged in jail, but, having enormous strength, he broke out and returned to his house to secure his great fortune. He had time to hide his money in the haunted forest of Montfermeil, but was captured once more and sent to the galleys for life.

Nine months later at Toulon he broke his chain and saved the life of a sailor who was hanging head down from the topmast of a ship, but he himself either fell or jumped off from the spar and was reported drowned. The battle of Waterloo had taken place and the Thenadiers, who had been guilty of robbing the dead on the fatal field, kept

a wretched inn at Montfermeil. They treated Cosette, now eight years old, with great cruelty. Christmas, 1823, was the climax of her wretchedness; she was sent after dark to fetch water from a spring in the dreadful forest. A poorly dressed stranger, passing, carried her heavy bucket. At the tavern he protected her from her mistress's threatened punishment, and the next morning he paid Thenadier one thousand five hundred francs and took Cosette to Paris, where he occupied a tumble-down habitation just outside of the city, the gloomiest place in all the gloomy boulevard. By day ugly, at twilight lugubrious, and at night sinister. He thought himself secure there, but his benevolence made him conspicuous, and the old caretaker, being full of envy and uncharitableness, grew suspicious of her lodger.

One day he saw Javert. He took Cosette and again fled. But Javert was on his track. Only by unexampled adroitness and by his colossal strength did he escape by climbing over a high wall. He found himself in the garden of the convent of the Petit Picpus, where worked Père Fauchelevent, whose life M. Madeleine had saved when he was

mayor of M——. The gardener, out of gratitude, got him appointed his assistant by representing him to be his brother. Cosette was taken into the convent school. She grew up into a charming girl; beauty suddenly came to her like the blossoms to a cherry-tree in April, and Jean Valjean, happy in loving her as his daughter, as his granddaughter, as the only woman he had ever loved, guarded her as a sacred treasure.

He had good reason to be wary, for the Thenadiers had come to Paris and joined a band of robbers, and Javert never forgot. He had several desperate encounters with them. On the one side outlaws; on the other undeviating law personified. He took part in the abortive revolution of 1830 and saved Javert's life, at last winning the admiration of that implacable and fatally honorable man.

But there was one danger from which he could not protect Cosette: the most beautiful thing in the world, which nevertheless seemed to him his worst enemy—love.

Baron Marius, the son of a man whom Thenadier had robbed at Waterloo and had incidentally saved from a terrible death, had been turned out of his house by his

royalist grandfather and was earning a poor livelihood by literature. He saw her and they met. Their love went through more than the usual vicissitudes. During the insurrection Jean Valjean carried the youth through the mazes of the Paris sewers and brought him, desperately wounded, to his grandfather's house. The old man relented and consented to the marriage. Jean Valjean gave Cosette a dowry of about six hundred thousand francs. In order to have a conscience perfectly clear he told his life story to Marius, who, not understanding the grandeur of the spirit that had never done anything but good, allowed him to go away with a broken heart. Thenadier, however, came to the baron to blackmail him and unconsciously revealed what a noble life Jean Valjean had led. Marius, taking Cosette, hastened to the old man's death-bed, and gave him one last taste from the cup of happiness. He died in their arms.

Victor Hugo calls *Les Misérables* "a drama in which the hero is the Infinite, the second character is Man." It is in reality a melodrama in which are mingled scenes of history, a host of characters from the highest to the lowest, improbabilities which strain one's

credulity, a vast amount of rare and curious information on all sorts of subjects, dissertations on philosophy, science, politics, and religion. Its treatment of social injustice had a powerful influence on public opinion, not only in France, but in many other countries. It has been an epoch-making book.

DEFOE

DANIEL DEFOE was born in London about 1660. After a life of varied and brilliant activity, he died, a homeless fugitive, in Ropemakers' Alley, Moorfields, on April 26, 1731. His father, a butcher, educated Daniel for the dissenting ministry, but the boy's unremitting energy led him to be a trader, a political intriguer, and an indefatigable journalist.

He rose to great intimacy with King William III, and abruptly fell to pillory and prison for his too perfect satire, "The Shortest Way with Dissenters." From Newgate he launched his remarkable "Review," a journal written entirely by himself. He advocated an income tax and higher education for women. He wrote two hundred and fifty distinct pamphlets and books, but his masterpiece, "Robinson Crusoe," was not published until 1719, when the author was nearly sixty years old. This, the first great English novel, has in some respects never been surpassed. Its immediate popularity incited Defoe to write a sequel and many thrilling tales of pirates and adventurers, of courtezans and adventuresses. His vivid story of the plague appeared three years after "Robinson Crusoe."

"Defoe was perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived. Yet if we go deep into his rich and strangely mixed nature, we come upon stubborn foundations of conscience." Whatever the ultimate judgment of his honesty, "Robinson Crusoe" lives immortally to attest his genius in invention.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

By DANIEL DEFOE

Condensation by
JAMES B. CONNOLLY

MY father designed me for the law, but I would be satisfied only with going to sea, and being one day at Hull and one of my companions about to go by sea to London in his father's ship, nothing would serve me but I must go with him—this on September 8, 1651, and I being then nineteen years of age.

The ship was no sooner out of port than the wind began to blow and the sea to rise in the most frightful manner, which made me most terribly sick in body and frightened in mind. In my agony I vowed that if God would spare me through this one voyage I would go, immediately I set foot on land, directly home to my good parents and be ever after guided in my conduct by their advice.

But next day the wind was abated and the sea calmer, and the sun went down to a perfectly fine evening, and when to that was added a bowl of punch made by a shipmate, I forgot my resolution to return home after the voyage; and such has been my habit, to my great misfortune, all my life—to disavow in the hour of peril the headstrong actions which have brought me to peril, and when the danger is past to forget all vows and plunge headlong once more on my heedless courses.

Various were my adventures after that first tempestuous voyage. Trading to Guinea in Africa, I was captured by a Turkish rover and sold into slavery, from whence after many perils I escaped to the Brazils, where I set myself up for a sugar-planter and was enjoying a fine prosperity thereat, when I fell a victim to temptation. Help being scarce in the Brazils and some planters there knowing that I had traded with the slave coasts of Africa, they beguiled me into a voyage to those parts with the intent to secure slave labor for our plantations.

Only evil does ever come of evil counsel. Our ship was wrecked on an unknown island off the northeast coast of South

America, and of all the ship's company I alone, by the blessing of God, was allowed to escape through the high surf to the shore. All I possessed at the time was a knife, a pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. Walking along the shore, when I had recovered sufficiently in strength so to walk, I found fresh water, a great joy. Having drunk and put a little tobacco against the hunger in my mouth, I took up my lodging in a tree and did there sleep, to my great refreshment, throughout the night.

Next morning the weather was clear and the sea mild, but what pleased me most was the sight of the ship, which, as the tide ebbed, lay so close to the shore that I found no trouble in swimming out to it. No living thing except a dog and two cats was left on the ship; but there was a store of necessities, and such I took, building a raft for the purpose of transporting them to an inlet in the island where was fresh water and a flat, high place for my habitation. Bread, rice, barley and corn, cheese and dried goat's flesh, some sugar, flour, planks, spars, rope—all these with muskets, two pistols, fowling-pieces, a store of lead and powder, two saws, an ax, a hammer, and—which was the

least use of all—thirty-six pounds sterling. All these I piloted from day to day between tides from ship to shore. On the night of the thirteenth day, my work of transportation being done, I lay down in my usual fear of wild beasts, but also of thankfulness in the knowledge that I was prepared for some time to come against the barrenness of this island.

There were wild fruit trees on the island, but it was many days before I discovered them. There were also goats running wild, but without the firearms and ammunition I had brought from the ship, of what avail were they to me? So I had reason to be thankful for the good Providence which held the ship to the shore until I had taken off all that was of use to me.

There was much to be done if I were to secure my existence on this strange island. The needful things I did as best I could in turn, but not always with good fortune attending my efforts. In my first planting of barley and corn seed, the half of all my precious stock was wasted by reason of being planted in the very wrong time. I spent weary months in making earthware pots for holding fresh water; and forty-two days it took me to hew my first long plank

from a tree trunk. I strove for weeks to fashion a stone mortar to stamp grain in, only to come at last to a block of hollowed-out wood. Five months I labored in felling a great cedar-tree, hewing and shaping it to the hull of a splendid boat with which I was to escape from the island, only to be forced to abandon it for want of a means whereby to launch it into the sea. However, every failure taught me something I had not known before.

For the elements, there were great winds and rains and earthquakes. But I became used in time to all things. I planted and harvested my crops of barley and corn; I plucked my wild grapes and dried them into nourishing raisins; I raised and killed and smoked and salted my tame goats, being thus for variety of food not so badly served. And so through the twelve years during which I saw no sign of human existence on the island other than my own, until that eventful day on which I met with the print of a man's naked foot on the sand.

I was then like one thunderstruck. I listened, I looked, but I could hear nothing, see nothing. I went up the shore, down the shore; but there was only that single foot-

print! Terrified to the last degree, I ran to my habitation like one pursued; and for three days and nights thereafter I did not stir out.

What a commentary on the fear of man for man! After twelve years of pain and labor, twelve years of warring against the elements, to be thrown into terror by the imprint of a human foot! But so it was.

After observation I learned that it was the habit of cannibals from the mainland to come to a part of the island which I seldom visited to feast upon the bodies of their captured enemies. One morning from my lookout I perceived thirty savages dancing around a fire. They had cooked one victim and had two more ready for the fire, when I descended upon them with two loaded muskets and my great sword, and was in time to save one which they had not yet eaten. The saved man I called Friday, in honor of the day of his rescue, and his was the first voice I heard in all my twenty-five years on the island. He was young, intelligent, of a superior race of savages, and became my trusted companion for all the time I remained on the island.

What Friday told me of the mainland,

after I had taught him some English, decided me to leave my island. We built a boat, this time not too far from the sea for launching, and were almost ready to set sail when twenty-one savages in three canoes landed on the island with three prisoners for a feast. One of the prisoners was a white man, which enraged me. I double-charged two fowling-pieces, four muskets, two pistols, and, giving Friday a hatchet and also a great dram of rum, and myself my great sword, we descended and killed all but four of the savages.

One of the prisoners was Friday's father. The white man was a Spaniard, a survivor from a ship of which I had seen the wrecked hull on my island some years before this, and from which I had taken some one thousand two hundred pieces of gold, but of which I made small account because of its being of less value to me than so much sand of the beach.

The Spaniard and Friday's father I sent with firearms and food in my new boat to bring back the wrecked crew of the Spanish ship. While waiting for their return an English ship with a mutinous crew put into my island. I helped the captain recover

his ship and took passage with him for England, leaving on the island the most mutinous members, with two honest ones who wished also to remain. Later, my Spaniards returned and all settled together on the island, having their dissensions at first, but settling down finally into a flourishing colony, which some years later it was my happiness to visit.

After twenty-eight years two months and nineteen days I left my island. I anticipated much joy of my arrival in England, but I was like a stranger there. My mother and father were both dead, which was unfortunate, as I could have been of great service to them; for besides the one thousand two hundred pieces of gold from the Spanish ship, there was ten thousand pounds sterling awaiting me from an honest friend, a Portuguese captain to whom I had intrusted my estate in the Brazils before setting forth on the ill-fated errand which threw me for twenty-eight years on my island. So pleased was I with his honesty that I settled one hundred moidures a year on him and fifty moidures a year on his son, both for life.

I married and begot three children, and except for the one voyage to the old island,

of which I have spoken, I roamed no more. So here I am, having lived a life of infinite variety for twenty-nine years, blessed with more than I deserve and resolved to prepare now for the longest journey of all. If I have learned anything, it is a knowledge of the value of retirement and the blessing of ending our days in peace.

SHEHERAZADE

THE marvelous tales that Sheherazade told to King Shahriar, stories of love and adventure and mad magic, cannot be attributed to any one author, for the very good reason that there never was an author. They are popular stories that, perhaps about the year 1450, were put into the present form by a professional story-teller, presumably a Persian.

In primitive communities, where few of the people can read and where books are difficult to get, these professional readers are in great demand. They pick up here and there tales that appeal to all and bind them into a long narrative. Some people have thought that Homer's long poems originated in this way.

Everywhere in the near East the traveler finds these story-tellers to-day. An eager audience collects to hear them, each paying a small fee for the privilege of listening. The entertainer declaims as he walks to and fro and always stops his narrative just before an exciting climax, so that he will be assured of listeners on the morrow. His audience follows his recital with breathless interest,

especially when he illustrates thrilling episodes with lively pantomime.

Year after year these groups of listeners gathered centuries ago. The story-teller discarded the tales that did not hold the attention of his listeners. Gradually the process of elimination went on until only the best were handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation. Then some unknown benefactor of mankind had them written down and connected them with the framework of Sheherazade and Shahriar. And these are the "Arabian Nights" that have delighted children and grown men and women for decades.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

By THE PRINCESS SHEHERAZADE

Condensation by
ALFRED S. CLARK

SHEHERAZADE was a vizier's daughter and when she besought her father to wed her to King Shahriar it was cause for grief to the vizier. For each day was it Shahriar's wont to put to death his bride of the day before. It befell, however, that Sheherazade had her will. As she had hoped, the king was wakeful and to beguile him she began a story of magic. Dawn broke before she had finished, and so eager was Shahriar to hear it all that he gave no order for her execution.

For a thousand and one nights did this befall while Sheherazade told tales of love, war, and sorcery, of kings, beggars, and rogues, of lands where diamonds were more plentiful than pebbles and bigger than eggs,

of intrigues in the lanes and bazaars of Oriental cities. In towns and deserts and far islands did necromancers work their wills. Horses flew; dogs talked; mermaidens and creatures greater than whales peopled the deeps; ogres and enormous apes crept out of forests; birds so great that their wings darkened the day swooped from the skies. Here too were lovers in palaces and hovels, bold and cowardly, yet all so enamoured that they swooned at the very thought of the beloved. Underlying all was the colorful Orient, with barbers and porters jostling caliphs and princesses in the thronged and picturesque lanes of three cities whose very names conjure up romance—Bagdad, Cairo, and Damascus.

Now these are the best liked of Sheherazade's tales:

THE STORY OF ALADDIN'S LAMP

Of Aladdin, son of a poor tailor in China, a prankish scamp. An African magician guided him to a subterranean cave where he found the lamp that summoned the genie. Out of nothingness did this genie spread banquets for Aladdin and robe him in rich raiment. He provided him retinues of slaves,

bearing basins heaped high with precious stones, who carried to the king Aladdin's suppliance for the hand of the beautiful Princess Badroulboudour. In a night did the genie raise a palace of glowing wonders, of shining marble and gold and silver, with windows incrusted with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, with fragrant gardens and open courts. So Aladdin married the princess and they knew great joy. But the magician returned, stole the lamp, and in a trice transported the palace and the princess to Africa. Then was Aladdin woeful, but by magic he found his beloved, poisoned the magician, seized the lamp, and came to China, where he and Badroulboudour lived happily ever afterward.

THE STORY OF SINBAD

Of Sinbad the sailor and his marvelous voyages. Wherein it is related that Sinbad landed upon what seemed an island, but which was a great fish that sank into the sea. And of other voyages and greater wonders, of which one marvels most at the adventure with the roc, the bird so huge that it feeds its young with elephants.

Sinbad had fastened himself to the roc's leg and it bore him to an impenetrable valley strewn with precious stones, from which he escaped by binding himself to a sheep's carcass and was borne away by a vulture. And of the giant who roasted men and whom Sinbad blinded with a red-hot iron. And of the terrible Old Man of the Sea who sat upon Sinbad's shoulders and could not be shaken off until he was intoxicated with wine and Sinbad slew him.

THE STORY OF THE FORTY THIEVES

Of Ali Baba and his discovery of the stone that swung wide when a voice cried "Open, Sesame!" In the cave was the booty of forty thieves and Ali Baba took home sacks bulging with gold and silver. The robbers traced him, and in the guise of a merchant the captain lodged with him. In the yard were stored great jars, one filled with oil and the others concealing the thieves. Ill would it have fared with Ali Baba had not Morgiana, a cunning slave, detected the trick and with boiling oil scalded to death the wicked miscreants. The captain escaped, but returned in a new disguise, and again

did Morgiana save her master by stabbing his enemy. So Ali Baba married her to his son and he lived joyously upon treasures from the cave.

MANY OTHER FASCINATING STORIES

Of the Magic Horse of ebony and ivory, so fashioned that its rider, by pressing divers buttons, could fly whither he willed. It bore a Persian prince to a great palace in a metropolis girt about with greenery. There he looked into the eyes of a princess and they were enraptured. It befell that they rode away on the Magic Horse, but before they were wed an evil man abducted the princess. The disconsolate prince wandered far and at last he found her whom he loved, and again they journeyed through the air to his home, where they were married with exceeding pomp and lived happily.

Of a poor fisherman who drew his net from the sea and found therein but a brass bottle. He cut open the top and there streamed forth a cloud of smoke. It collected, and, behold! it was a genie, so huge that his head was in the clouds. He would have killed his rescuer had not the wily

fisherman insisted that never could he have come from the bottle. The silly genie squeezed himself inside, whereupon the fisherman clapped on the top, nor would he remove it until the genie swore to serve him faithfully. This oath it was that led to the finding of the ensorcelled prince with legs turned to stone and the lake wherein swam fish of four colors that had once been men. After marvelous happenings, the prince was made as other men and the fish were men and women. And the fisherman was so rewarded that he was the wealthiest man of his time.

Of Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess Badoura, beautiful beyond compare, and of how each saw the other in sleep and was smitten with great love. But when they awakened they saw not each other, for they had been brought together by genii who had carried Badoura out of China to the confines of Persia. Grief so afflicted both that they sickened and were insane from sorrow. Then a messenger from Badoura journeyed far over land and sea until he found Camaralzaman and returned with him to China, where the lovers were wedded. But while they were traveling to Camaral-

zaman's land he wandered away. Badoura dressed herself in his raiment and passed herself for a man. It befell that she found favor in the eyes of a king and was married to a princess. And Camaralzaman too came to this land and knew not his wife, who heaped honors upon him. At last she revealed herself and was known as a woman and Camaralzaman took also to wife the princess whom Badoura had married and they were happy together.

Of a merchant who, awaiting death at the hands of a cruel genie, was joined by three old men, one leading a gazelle, another two black hounds, and the third a mule. Now it is related that the gazelle and the mule had been wicked wives transformed by magic, and likewise had the hounds been evil brothers. When the genie was told these stories of enchantment, he was so diverted that he spared the merchant's life.

ABOUT HARUN-AL-RASHID

And of many tales concerning the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid and his going disguised into the lanes and bazaars of Bagdad, where he chanced upon strange people who told

him strange stories of magic. Once he supped with three ladies of dazzling beauty, and with him were a porter dazed with the magnificence he saw, and three mendicants, sons of kings, all blind in the left eye. Not knowing the caliph, they told of their fantastic adventures and sufferings and he rewarded them. And again he encountered a beggar who implored him to strike him, a youth who spurred cruelly a mare upon which he rode, and a rope-maker who had risen suddenly from poverty to affluence. Their tales, too, did he hear and them, too, did he reward. Nor should Abou-Hassan the Wag be forgotten, whose trickery in pretending that he and his wife were dead won so much gold and so many laughs from the caliph. And of like import is the mad tale of the humpback who seemed dead and of the talkative barber who restored him to life, of all those who had believed themselves murderers of the humpback and of the amazing tales that they related.

So it came to pass that by the end of the thousand and one nights Shahriar so delighted in the cleverness of Sheherazade that he wedded her again with regal pomp and they lived happily ever after.

HOPE

ANTHONY HOPE, known outside the world of books as Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, was born in London, February 9, 1863, the son of a clergyman. He married an American woman. It is to be hoped he may have many more children of the brain to follow in the footsteps of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Dolly Dialogues."

He was educated at Marlborough, and at Ballioi College, Oxford, where he took honors in letters and was president of the Oxford Union, which means that he was already a man of mark in his undergraduate days. By way of a profession he became a barrister of the Middle Temple in 1887. But if the pursuit of the law interferes with the production of a thrilling tale, may he never have a case to prepare.

His first book was "The Prisoner of Zenda," which has probably remained his best-known one. It had a large hearing when turned to the stage, and the public demanded a sequel, which came in "Rupert of Hentzau." After Zenda quickly followed "The Dolly Dialogues," which, by their easy and debonair grace, inevitably suggest Lawrence

Sterne. His books have been numerous, as "The King's Mirror" and "Tristam of Blent," and he has written plays as well, as "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." A touch of sureness and precision lend distinction to his prose; he has an unusual power of interesting his readers in his personages and their doings.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

By ANTHONY HOPE

Condensation by
PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

RURITANIA was not England, or the quarrel between Duke Michael and Rudolf Rassendyll could not have gone on, with the remarkable incidents which marked it, without more public notice being directed to it. It is perhaps as strange a thing as has ever been in the history of a country that the king's brother and the king's personator, in a time of profound peace, near a placid, undisturbed country town, under semblance of amity, should wage a desperate war for the person and life of the king.

Yet there was the struggle between Black Michael and Rudolf Rassendyll, both of the royal house of Elphberg, but of very differing antecedents. The one was well known to the royal palace at Strelsau; the other was at home at No. 305 Park Lane,

London, West. The kinship between the two was quite an accident, dating from the year 1733, when a dashing young prince, later known to fame as Rudolf the Third of Ruritania, paid a visit to London. There he was courteously entertained and was a great favorite with the ladies, especially Amelia, Countess of Burlesdon, and Baroness Rassendyll. In the end the prince left England rather hastily under a cloud, but not before he had fought a somewhat sanguinary duel with Countess Amelia's husband. In the years since there have appeared at intervals in the family of the Rassendylls certain sons who have been marked by the long, sharp, straight nose and the dark-red hair of the royal house of Ruritania.

The years pass, many of them, and another Rudolf of Elphberg is about to be crowned King of Ruritania. The same nose, the same red hair distinguish him. The loyal half of the population of Ruritania could not sleep at night till the coronation was safely over. For the late king had left another son, by a second and morganatic marriage, Black Michael, Duke of Strelsau and Lord of Zenda. Though Michael bore

none of the marks of the Elphbergs, he had been his father's favorite, and he cast a longing eye on the throne; all the cut-throats and blackguards of Ruritania seconded his wish, for Michael was a man after their own hearts.

Curious that young Rudolf Rassendyll should be moved by an idle curiosity to witness the coronation of Rudolf of Ruritania; still more curious that he, too, should bear the familiar nose, the same red hair. So thought Colonel Sapt, aide to the king, and Fritz von Tarlenheim, his close friend, as they came upon the young Englishman in the forest of Zenda, making his way afoot to Strelsau. So, too, thought the king when he appeared a moment later. But scandals of the past can no more be concealed in Ruritania than in England. As young Rassendyll later told the tale, first the king frowned, "then gradually the corners of his mouth began to twitch, his nose came down (as mine does when I laugh), his eyes twinkled, and, behold, he burst into the merriest fit of irrepressible laughter, which rang through the woods and proclaimed him a jovial soul.

"'Well met, cousin!' he cried, stepping

up to me, clapping me on the back, and laughing still. 'You must forgive me if I was taken aback. A man doesn't expect to see double at this time of day. Eh, Fritz?'

"'I must pray pardon, sire, for my presumption,' said I. 'I trust it will not forfeit your Majesty's favor.'

"'By heaven! you'll always enjoy the king's countenance,' he laughed, 'whether I like it or not.'"

All the good-fellowship in the world, however, could not permit royal scandals of the past to be raked up at a coronation. Rudolf Rassendyll must not show his face at this moment in the capital of Rudolf of Ruritania. "But by thunder," cried the king, "you sha'n't leave Ruritania to-day. For you shall dine with me to-night, happen what will afterward."

That was just the trouble, "happen what will afterward." One bottle led to another, until they were all as full of wine as they had any right to be. At last the king set down his glass and leaned back in his chair.

"'I have drunk enough,' said he.

"'Far be it from me to contradict the king,' said I. Indeed, his remark was most absolutely true—so far as it went." But

still another bottle!—this from Black Michael, praying that he drink for the love that he bears his brother. Could the king refuse? He could not. Was the wine drugged? The morning answered yes.

"'If he's not crowned to-day,' cried Sapt, 'I'll lay a crown he's never crowned.'

"'By heavens, why?'

"'The whole nation's there to meet him; half the army—aye, and Black Michael at the head. Shall we send word that the king's drunk?'

"'That he's ill,' said I, in correction.

"'Ill!' echoed Sapt, with a scornful laugh. 'They know his illness too well. He's been ill before! As a man grows old he believes in Fate. Fate sent you here. Fate sends you now to Strelsau. You'll go?'

"'Yes, I'll go,' said I, and I turned my eyes on the prostrate figure of the king.

"'To-night,' Sapt went on in a hasty whisper, 'we are to lodge in the palace. The moment they leave us you and I will mount our horses and ride here at a gallop. The king will be ready, and he must ride back with me to Strelsau, and you ride as if the devil were behind you to the frontier.'"

So began those wondrous days of adven-

ture which saw the throne of Ruritania occupied by an Elphberg with all the traces of the stock, though not "of the blood." "The play actor," Rupert of Hentzau called him, when he came to know the secret, but "as good an Elphberg as ever sat upon it," declared Sapt at the end.

The wild ride to Strelsau, with Sapt instructing the English Rudolf most minutely in his past life, his family, his tastes, pursuits, weaknesses, friends, companions, and servants—as Ruritania knew them—the etiquette of the court, what would be expected at the coronation—and above all of the Princess Flavia.

"God save the king!" cried the people after the coronation had been safely managed.

"God save 'em both!" whispered Sapt. as his mouth wrinkled into a smile.

But if things went well at Strelsau with Rudolf Rassendyll, now crowned as Rudolf the Fifth of Ruritania and the accepted lover of the Princess Flavia, fortune did not smile on the other Rudolf at Zenda. For Black Michael had had word from there that cleared for him the mystery of the coronation. Riding as fast as horses could lay feet to the ground. he seized poor Rudolf

of Ruritania and held him prisoner. But then ensued a pretty pass.

"Aye, but he can't speak," roared Sapt in grim triumph. "We've got him. How can he denounce you without denouncing himself? 'This is not the king, because we have kidnapped the king and murdered his servant.' Can he say that? Hang me if Michael won't expose himself, if he tries to expose you."

But the most difficult situation for a loyal gentleman—and that was Rudolf Rassendyll—arose from the Princess Flavia. "I had to keep the princess devoted to me—and yet indifferent to me; I had to show affection for her—and not feel it. I had to make love for another; and that to a girl who—princess or no princess—was the most beautiful I had ever seen. How I succeeded in carrying out my program will appear hereafter."

How they fell in love, he with her and she with him, is part of the story. And how, forgetting self, he rescued the king, and robbed himself of love and throne and almost life. When he had fallen sorely wounded:

"Fritz," he called, "is the king still alive?'

"Aye, friend—dear friend," said he, tender as a woman; "thanks to the most gallant gentleman that lives, the king is alive!"

All's well that ends well. But of the Princess Flavia?

"If I can never hold sweet converse again with her, or look upon her face, or know from her her love, why, then, this side the grave I will live as becomes the man she loves; and for the other side I must pray a dreamless sleep."

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STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born of cultured parents, November 13, 1850, in Edinburgh. From infancy his health was delicate. His schooling was therefore desultory, but he early adored the tales and poems read to him by his devoted nurse, Alison Cunningham, and so began the passion for literature which dominated his life. His father, Thomas Stevenson, an able civil engineer, desired Louis to follow his profession, but after more than three years' study he abandoned it. He next read law to please his father, but he genuinely cared only for writing.

Perhaps no figure in literature is more loved for sheer valiance of spirit than Robert Louis Stevenson. He contended all his life against disease with high courage and dauntless gaiety. In France and California, in the Adirondacks and the South Sea Islands, he pursued the will-o'-the-wisp, health, which always eluded him. From 1880 to his death in 1884 his wife was a source of strength and inspiration; yet, exiled from friends, he suffered physical pain and weary disappointment. Much of his best work was written in bed. Nevertheless.

in seventeen years he produced four volumes of essay, seven romances, five collections of fantastic tales, two of South Sea yarns, three of poetry, five volumes of travel and topography, one of political history, and left material for several posthumous works.

"Treasure Island" is perhaps the best loved of his romances. Stevenson said: "If this don't fetch the kids, why, they have gone rotten since my time." And again, as he wrote it: "It's awful fun, boys' stories; you just indulge the pleasure of your heart, that's all."

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Condensation by
IRVING BACHELLER

MR. UTTERSON was a lawyer who believed in letting people go to the devil in their own way. He and Richard Enfield, a man about town, who was at once his distant kinsman and his friend, often walked about the London streets together. One day they came upon a sinister, windowless, two-story building in a byway.

Enfield told of seeing a man in this street run into a little girl, knock her down, and walk over her body. "It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see," he said. "I collared the man and held him, and, though he made no resistance, he gave me a look so ugly that it set me in a sweat. He offered to pay damages and came to this

house to get the money. He gave me ten pounds in gold and a check signed by a man I knew. A forgery? Not a bit of it—perfectly good!"

Mr. Utterson asked the name of the man. Enfield with some hesitation said, "His name is Hyde."

"You see I don't ask you the name of the man who signed the check, for I know it already," said Utterson.

That night the latter opened his safe and took from it a will which he re-examined with care. It provided that in case of the death of Henry Jekyll all his possessions were to pass to Edward Hyde, and in case of the disappearance, or unexplained absence for three months, of said Jekyll, Edward Hyde should step into Jekyll's shoes without delay. As he studied it the lawyer said, "I thought it madness; now I begin to fear it is disgrace."

He decided to talk with Doctor Lanyon, a great physician and an old friend of Jekyll.

"I see very little of Henry now," said Lanyon. "He began to go wrong some ten years ago. He became too fanciful for me."

Lanyon had never heard of Hyde.

From that time forward Utterson began to haunt that sinister doorway into which Hyde had disappeared. He determined to discover its owner. At last one night a small, plainly dressed man approached and drew a key from his pocket. His look suggested deformity, but did not show it. Utterson accosted him and said: "Now I shall know you again. It may be useful."

Hyde gave his address in Soho, admitted knowing Jekyll, and disappeared within. Utterson turned away convinced that this loathsome little man had some dark hold upon Doctor Jekyll. In sorrow and in pity he went to call upon Jekyll, who lived just around the corner. He was away.

To the butler Utterson said: "I saw Mr. Hyde go in by the old dissecting-room door, Poole. Is that right when Doctor Jekyll is away?"

"Quite right, sir. Mr. Hyde has a key."

Utterson went home with a feeling that some danger menaced his friend Jekyll.

A year later London was startled by a singularly inhuman murder case. A housemaid, looking from a window, saw a man who resembled Mr. Hyde strike down her master, a venerable, white-haired man, and

trample his body underfoot in a hellish fury. The old man was Sir Danvers Carew.

The case came to Utterson, who alone recognized the weapon which the assassin had dropped. It was a cane which he had himself presented to Henry Jekyll. It was another link in the chain. Utterson took an officer to the address which Hyde had given. The latter was not at home.

The house was empty, and nothing suspicious was to be seen except a pile of ashes on the hearth as if many papers had been burned. Among these the detective discovered a partially burnt check-book. Following this clue, they located several thousand pounds at a certain bank.

Hyde did not claim the money. He had gone away, swiftly and safely.

The next step was to visit the sinister house, which was in truth a part of Jekyll's property and known as "The Laboratory." Light fell through a foggy cupola. At the farther end a flight of stairs led to a large room lighted by three iron-barred windows which looked on the court. A fire burned in the grate, and there, cowering close to it, sat Doctor Jekyll, looking deathly sick. He held out a cold hand.

Utterson asked if he had heard the news. Jekyll replied that he had heard it cried in the street. Utterson said: "Carew is my client, but so are you, and I want to know what I am doing. Are you hiding this murderer?"

Jekyll swore that he was not, but added: "He is safe—quite safe. He will never more be heard of."

He showed Utterson a letter from Hyde in a queer, upright handwriting.

As he went out Utterson asked Poole about the man who had brought the letter to his master. Poole was sure no letter had been handed in. The letter must have come in by the way of the laboratory. Utterson's clerk, an expert in handwriting, put the two letters side by side. After careful study he said: "The two hands are in many points identical; they are differently sloped, that is all."

Utterson's blood ran cold in his veins. "Henry Jekyll has forged in defense of a ferocious murderer," he said.

One day Lanyon called on Utterson, looking like a man who had been death-doomed. He refused to discuss Jekyll. He would not have his name mentioned. "I regard

him as dead," he said, but would say no more.

In less than a week Lanyon took to his bed and died. A day or two after the funeral, a letter from the dead man came by messenger to the lawyer, a missive marked "Private. Not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Henry Jekyll."

Utterson did not open the letter, but went at once to call upon Jekyll. He saw only Poole, who said his master was hardly ever seen outside the room in the laboratory, and that he had grown very silent and morose. It seemed that something heavy rested on his mind.

One evening as Utterson and Enfield went across the court in the rear of the Jekyll house they saw the doctor sitting at one of the windows, taking the air, with an infinite sadness of mien, like some disconsolate prisoner.

Utterson, shocked at his looks, urged him to come down and walk with him. Jekyll refused sadly. Suddenly as they both stood looking at him his smile vanished and an expression of abject terror and despair came upon his face. He turned away. The window was thrust down. Utterson turned and

looked at his companion, Enfield. Both were pale; there was an answering horror in their eyes.

One night Poole suddenly appeared at Utterson's house. He came to say that for a week his master had been shut up in his cabinet and that he was alarmed. "I can't bear it any longer," he said.

He could not explain his fears, but begged the lawyer to go back with him. His face was white and his voice broken.

Utterson found the entire household in Jekyll's house in a state of panic. All the maids were huddled together like scared sheep.

"They're all afraid," said Poole. "Follow me," he added. "I want you to hear, and I want you to be heard—but don't go in, sir."

They knocked on Jekyll's door, but a voice said, "I cannot see any one."

When they returned to the kitchen Poole asked, "Was that my master's voice?" Utterson admitted it was changed. Poole then opened his heart. "I believe my master has been made away with," he said.

Poole thought it strange that the mur-

derer stayed. He said that the man in the cabinet room had been crying out night and day for help, and had thrown out papers on which were written orders for certain drugs.

Utterson examined some of these papers, which were agonized pleas for a special kind of salt which he had used and wanted again. They were all in Jekyll's hand, as Poole admitted. He also explained that once he had caught sight of the man inside. "The hair stood up at sight of him. If that was my master, why had he a mask on his face?"

Poole said, "That thing was not my master. My master was a tall fine man—this is a kind of dwarf."

They decided to break down the door.

Poole said, "Once I heard it weeping." This added to the terror and mystery.

They stood before the door and Utterson demanded entrance. A voice from within cried, "For God's sake have mercy."

"That is not Jekyll's voice—it is Hyde's," shouted Utterson, and swung his ax against the door.

Shattering the lock, they rushed in. On the floor lay the form of a man contorted

and twitching. They drew near and turned the body on its back. It was Edward Hyde, and by his side was an empty vial. He was dead.

Jekyll was not to be found, but the dead Hyde was dressed in what seemed to be a suit of Jekyll's clothes much too large for him.

On the table was a confession addressed to Utterson, and a will drawn in his favor. Lanyon's letter explained the mystery. Hyde had come one night to his office very ill and asked for some powders which Jekyll had left with Lanyon to be given to Hyde when he should call for them. Hyde, a small man, with clothes grotesquely large, eagerly seized the powder and mixed a liquid which had quickly turned from purple to green.

The man drank. He reeled. He staggered. He clutched the table. He seemed to swell. His features changed, and there before Lanyon's eyes, pale and fainting, groping before him with his hands, like a man restored to life stood Henry Jekyll.

Hyde and Jekyll were inhabitants of the same body! By the use of a drug he had

been able to change from one personality to the other. Hyde was wholly evil. Jekyll, the amiable, respected professor, had but to drink that powerful drug to become the revolting Hyde.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

COOPER was born in New Jersey in 1789, but when only about a year old removed to his father's almost feudal domain at Cooperstown, New York, where he died in 1851. There he learned to know the wilderness which plays so important a part in his books, and there, too, he probably acquired that headstrong self-assertiveness and disregard of the opinions of others which made him, while one of the few most widely read authors in the world, one of the most cordially detested individuals to be found. He had a positive genius for getting in bad. While Dickens and Kipling deeply wounded one nation by their American Notes, they were pigmies in this respect compared with Cooper. He could exasperate anybody and everybody and apparently cultivated with pleasure his habitual aptitudes. Lowell wrote of him as "Cooper, who's written six volumes to prove he's as good as a lord." An English magazine described him as a "bilious braggart," a "liar," a "full jackass," an "insect," a "grub," and a "reptile." The "New-Yorker" pleasantly wrote of him: "He is as proud of blackguarding as a fishwoman is of Billingsgate.

It is as natural to him as snarling to a tom-cat or growling to a bulldog. He has the scorn and contempt of every well-informed American." He cultivated a rich crop of libel suits—and won them all!

Yet the kindly hand of time has made us forget all this virulence. It is only the virile story-teller who is remembered. Often called "The American Scott," he has probably been as widely read in all languages as any man who ever put pen to paper.

THE PILOT

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Condensation by
ALFRED S. CLARK

ON a late afternoon of a winter's day during the American Revolution, a rakish schooner and a majestic frigate anchored well inside a little bay on the northeastern coast of England. A whale-boat drove shoreward, a young officer scrambled up the steep cliffs, and a few minutes later a mysterious stranger was transferred to the frigate's deck. He answered to the name of "Mr. Gray" and was said to be merely a pilot, but he was greeted with surprising deference.

For no ordinary man would these vessels have ventured so near that coast of sandbars and hidden rocks. The wind was a mere ruffle of air. But the incessant mutter of the long, slow waves foretold that a storm was brewing. Ever more fitfully

and faintly blew the land breeze; the mutter of the waters grew deeper. Only here and there did a few stars twinkle between the fast gathering clouds. It was time to beat out to open sea, if it were not even now too late. Men swarmed aloft and hung upon the yards; sails fluttered out; the anchor was pulled in; the frigate gathered headway. Then the faint breeze died. The spread of canvas hung useless; the currents drove the ship shoreward.

With a roar the wind came suddenly from the east. White spray dashed from the bow. Yet the pilot paced the quarter-deck, seemingly oblivious to danger. But open water was far ahead and suddenly from the forecastle came that dreaded cry, "Breakers! Breakers dead ahead!" The pilot shook off his trance of thought. His orders thundered forth, sailors sprang hither and thither at his bidding, the frigate swung about at his cry of "Hold on everything!" Tortuously she picked her way through the twisting channels, in darkness amid the howlings of the great winds.

She shivered from bow to stern as a hundred men loosed the huge mainsail. The jib was torn free with a crash like a cannon's

blast, but the big sail held and the frigate bowed like a reed in the wind. White foam showed dimly upon both sides, but the pilot kept the ship, as by a miracle, within a narrow ribbon of dark water. He took the wheel himself. Time and again the frigate seemed to have reeled free from peril; time and again she plunged anew toward a welter of white water. But she drove ever on and at last she rode the great waves of the open sea.

Not the storm alone had these ships dared. They were American vessels, lurking about an enemy's coast. This little bay had a peculiar fascination for two young lieutenants aboard—Edward Griffith and Richard Barnstable. Not far inland lived Colonel Howard, a Tory who had fled from America when the Colonists revolted. With him dwelt his niece, Cecilia Howard, beloved by Griffith, and his ward, Katherine Plowden, betrothed to Barnstable. In St. Ruth's Abbey lingered, too, Christopher Dillon, a poor kinsman anxious to better his condition by wedding the wealthy Cecilia. Redcoats lent a picturesqueness to the venerable abbey, for a small garrison under Captain Borroughcliffe had been summoned by the

owner. For aught that men knew, John Paul Jones himself might be aboard these ships hovering near by.

While reconnoitering the next night, "Mr. Gray" and Griffith were captured, but Borroughcliffe's drunkenness enabled them to escape. Griffith was, however, retaken.

The impetuous Barnstable, fretting offshore with his enormous coxswain, Long Tom Coffin, had been nearly cut off from his schooner by an English cutter, but he scrambled aboard safely and the drum beat to quarters. While broadsides roared and the decks grew slippery with blood, the little fighting ships met and grappled. Before Barnstable could lead his boarders to the enemy's deck, Coffin tumbled into the sea. Shouting, "Revenge Long Tom!" the lieutenant rushed with his men upon the foe. It was fighting at close quarters and the issue was in doubt when the drenched and furious coxswain emerged from the sea and with his harpoon pinioned the English captain to his mast. In a few minutes the Americans were masters of the cutter. Cowering in that scene of bloodshed the victors discovered the crafty Dillon, who pleaded to be sent off as a hostage, promising to

return in person or to have Griffith delivered in his stead.

His word of honor was trusted and he was sent away with Long Tom. He luckily overheard Dillon's treacherous plot to entrap Barnstable's waiting party. The resourceful old seaman gagged Borroughcliffe and drove Dillon, at the point of his harpoon, back to the waiting schooner. By this time, however, a battery on the cliff brought down the schooner's mainmast. She was driven from her course by heavy seas. The masts were felled and anchors dropped, but she plunged on like a bobbing cork in rapids. Barnstable would have stayed by his ship, but suddenly Long Tom seized him and hurled him over the bulwarks. "God's will be done with me," Coffin cried, above the wind's roar. Dillon's lifeless body was rolled upon the shore, but Long Tom's stayed with the sea to which he had dedicated his life.

Surprise succeeded surprise at the abbey. Barnstable marched his shipwrecked mariners into the building and they took possession, but they were soon made prisoners by the redcoats. Then the mysterious figure of the pilot appeared at the door and behind him

loomed marines from the frigate. Colonel Howard, an unwilling prisoner, was marched away with Cecilia and Katherine, who could not be downcast at the triumph of their lovers.

Captain Borroughcliffe was freed, as was another inmate of the abbey, Alice Duscombe. She had recognized the pilot in his disguise when he was first captured. They had been lovers, but she was so stanch in her love for her king and she so hated bloodshed that she had broken her troth to this "Mr. Gray," whom she addressed as John. She reminded him that, did she but once call aloud his true name, the whole countryside would ring with it. What that name was is never revealed, but there was but one sea-rover who could strike stark terror into all English hearts.

On board the frigate repeated conferences were held between the captain, Griffith, and "Mr. Gray." Suddenly out of the fog drove a mountainous ship of the line. The drum beat aboard the frigate, sailors leaped nimbly about the deck, clearing for action. The women were led below and gradually order resolved itself out of the chaos of shouting men. A terrific roar filled the air

as three tiers of guns blazed a broadside from the English ship. A few sails and ropes were cut, but the frigate's sailing power was hardly affected. One chance ball struck the captain and hurled him to death. Griffith succeeded to the command and he was appalled as he saw the frigate hemmed about. To the east loomed the great ship of war and far in the northeast the sails of another frigate.

"What are we to do?" cried Griffith. "Fight them! Fight them!" shouted the pilot. "Let me proclaim your name to the men," Griffith appealed. But the pilot refused. "Should we come to a grapple," he said, "I will give forth the name as a war-cry and these English will quail before it."

The ship of war was distanced, but she cut off a retreat and the frigate ahead had been reinforced by two others. The foremost maneuvered with the American frigate for position. Broadsides crashed and they grappled. The American guns raked her foe and left her helpless, with useless ropes dangling from shattered masts. The deck was cleared and as another enemy appeared, Griffith shouted, "Hoist away of every-

thing!" Fifty men flew aloft upon the spars, and white canvas was spread from every mast. The frigate lunged ahead, but it could not outstrip its rival, and the halt to give battle had enabled the ship of the line to draw up.

Then for a few breathless moments the pilot leaped into command. Breakers loomed ahead, but he drove the vessel straight into the shoals, into narrow passages where white foam bubbled perilously close. The enemy dared not follow, and when night fell pursuit was hopeless.

Colonel Howard, fatally wounded in the battle, lived long enough to see Cecilia Howard and Katherine Plowden wedded by the chaplain to their lovers. His last words were spoken to Griffith. "Perhaps I may have mistaken my duty to America—but I was too old to change my politics or my religion; I—I—I loved the king—God bless him—"

The frigate drove on to Holland, where the pilot landed in a small boat that dwindled into a black speck and disappeared in the setting sun. Twelve years later Cecilia Griffith saw her husband's face cloud as he read in the newspaper of the death of a great

man, but not even then did he divulge his name. He had promised to keep it secret. He said only, "Our happiness might have been wrecked in the voyage of life had we not met the unknown Pilot of the German Ocean."

LONDON

JACK LONDON was born, with the love of adventure in his veins, at San Francisco, January 12, 1876. He started his education at the University of California, but did not finish it there, for the strenuous life was to be his school, and all humanity were to be his teachers, any strange place his school-room. Now he was in the Klondike; now at sea before the mast; then he was in Japan and seal-hunting in Bering Sea; again he was tramping through the United States and Canada, learning all he could of men and their ways; he was journalist and lecturer, war correspondent in the Russo-Japanese War, and ever and anon making those voyages which kept the eyes of the world upon him. How he broke into the realm of letters he has vividly described; his own great battle with John Barleycorn, told with unusual frankness, did a great deal to set the stage for John's present tragic plight; his own personality kept the great reading public as interested as did the creations of his imagination; his books came thick and fast, beginning with 1900, sometimes two and three a year. Naturally they were

uneven, but through all his work glowed the genius of a born story-teller, a great heart, and a love for his fellows and their problems.

He was twice married, first to Bessie Maddern and second to Charmian Kittredge, who plays a large part in his later books. He died November 21, 1916.

THE SEA WOLF

By JACK LONDON

Condensation by
CLIFTON B. CARBERRY

THE keen eyes of Wolf Larsen, master of the sealing-schooner *Ghost*, bound for Japanese poaching-grounds, spotted the bobbing head of Humphrey Van Weyden amid the waves of San Francisco Bay, into whose waters Humphrey had been thrown as a result of a shipwreck. A few moments more and Humphrey was aboard the *Ghost*.

Rescued, he faced his rescuer with thanks and a request to be put ashore. The skipper eyed him curiously.

"What do you do for a living?" he asked.

"I—I am a gentleman," Humphrey stammered.

"Who feeds you?"

"I have an income."

Wolf Larsen's lips curled in a sneer.

"You stand on dead men's legs. You

couldn't walk alone between two sunrises and hustle the meat for your belly for three meals. You stay here as cabin-boy for the good of your soul. I'll make a man of you."

Instant rebellion leaped into Humphrey's eyes. Before he could protest there came a sudden interruption—a clamor from the real cabin-boy, a great, husky youth who stood by. Wolf Larsen turned and crashed his fist into the boy's stomach. Crumpled like a wet rag around a stick, the lad collapsed into a heap on the deck.

"Well," said Wolf Larsen, meaningly, to Humphrey, "have you made up your mind?"

The spark of manhood in Humphrey died out.

"Yes," he replied, weakly.

"Say, 'Yes, sir!'"

"Yes, sir."

And thus Humphrey passed into the servitude of Wolf Larsen, the Sea Wolf. His blinking eyes, half revealing and half concealing his terror, surveyed his master and thus appraised him: "Massive of build, like a huge gorilla; with a strength savage and ferocious; features of no evil stamp; eyes of baffling protean gray, sometimes as

chill as an Arctic landscape, sometimes all aglow with love-lights—intense, masculine, and compelling—which at the same time fascinate and dominate women until they surrender in a gladness of joy and of relief and sacrifice."

His creed, the mighty will which engined Wolf Larsen, was short.

"Life is a mess," he declared. "The big eat the little that they may continue to move; the strong eat the weak that they may retain their strength. The lucky eat the most and move the longest, that is all."

His company on shipboard: seamen sodden and sullen by drink, more animal than human; a group of seal-hunters, wild, reckless nomads, ignorant of an ordered world—all slaves in body and spirit to the Sea Wolf.

Yet there was a gentle side to Wolf Larsen. He was no ignorant cave-man. He could discuss literature with "Hump," roll over his lips the poetic glories of Shelley and Browning, argue the sciences with amazing fluency, and be disarmingly charming at times.

As the days rolled on and murderous quarrels made the hours hideous, Hum-

phrey's backbone gradually stiffened. He dreamed of killing the Sea Wolf. But Larsen fascinated him and, like some splendid animal, some dangerous beast, held him in a spell. He knew the world should be rid of such a monster, yet Larsen's eyes compelled obedience.

Day by day, with not a gleam of graciousness to break the orgy of brutishness, this tragic drama went on. Humphrey despaired of even a gleam of sunshine. Suddenly fate intervened in the person of Maude Brewster.

Like Humphrey, she came to the *Ghost* from the sea, saved from a wrecked liner. Like Humphrey, she expected to be put aboard a passing vessel. But no! The Sea Wolf had other plans. She was added to the crew as Humphrey was, and likewise "for the good of her soul."

Maude received the news in wonderment. What kind of a man was this mocking master of the *Ghost?* She was soon to find out.

The cook had offended Larsen. A rope was coiled around the offender and he was cast overboard in the wake of the ship. A shark rushed for him and Larsen ordered him pulled in. Despite the maddened haste,

the shark in the final rush tore away the foot of the victim.

"The shark was not in the reckoning, Miss Brewster," said the Sea Wolf, smilingly. "It was—shall we say—an act of Providence."

This scene convinced Humphrey that he must kill Wolf Larsen. His courage flared up so brightly that he actually threatened to murder him.

The Sea Wolf barked a whimsical guffaw: "Bravo, Hump! You do me proud. I like you the better for it."

Humphrey winced. He confided his resolution to Maude, with whom he had fallen in love. She counseled against it, protesting that moral courage always defeats brute force, but she failed to convince him. He knew the Sea Wolf too well.

The dancing lights in Wolf Larsen's eyes when he looked into Maude's warned Humphrey that some day the storm would break. And it did. In the midst of the night he rushed into Maude's cabin to find her in the crushing embrace of Wolf Larsen.

Humphrey flung himself on the monster, to be tossed aside like a chip. He rushed again, drawing his knife, plunging the blade into the Sea Wolf's shoulder. Larsen stag-

gered back and Maude seized Humphrey, begging him not to kill. Suddenly the Wolf collapsed, not from his wound, but as if from some uncanny spell that paralyzed him. The giant was helpless. Humphrey carried him to his berth and realized that opportunity for escape was at hand.

Maude and he put off in a small boat, hoping that they might make Japan, six hundred miles away. But the winds and creeping drift of the Pacific intervened and finally the grim adventure ended for a time on a little Arctic island. Here they prepared to remain for the winter.

Suddenly one morning, weeks after, Humphrey saw on the beach the wreck of a vessel, and it was strangely familiar. It could not be—yes it was—the *Ghost*. The blood chilled in his veins. Wild thoughts of flight or the sudden ending of both their lives entered his mind. Then a wondering cunning succeeded such fears. He would kill Wolf Larsen, kill him as he slept, for all on board were doubtless sleeping. With knife and gun he climbed to the deck. He saw no one. Was the ship deserted, after all?

But as he rounded the poop there burst on

his gaze the Sea Wolf. Humphrey raised his gun; the trigger clicked sharply. Then silence.

"Why don't you shoot?" coolly remarked the Wolf.

Humphrey could not speak.

"Hump," said the Sea Wolf, slowly, "you can't do it. And after all I have taught you. You know that I would kill an unarmed man as readily as I would smoke a cigar. Bah! I had expected the better things of you, Hump."

Humphrey slowly lowered the gun.

The *Ghost's* presence was explained calmly by the Sea Wolf. He was caught in a net he had set for his hated brother, "Death" Larsen, his crew were taken away and he was left alone. Pacific storms did the rest.

A strange weariness in the Sea Wolf's bearing, a hesitant, preoccupied air about him, puzzled Humphrey. A few days later he again summoned courage to put him out of the way. But this time he saw Wolf Larsen slowly making his way down the deck, his quivering finger-tips groping for the hand-rails.

Wolf Larsen was blind! No need to kill him.

Maude and Humphrey determined to escape by repairing the *Ghost*, but the Sea Wolf willed otherwise. Blind and helpless as he was, he craftily contrived to ruin Humphrey's work, determined they should all die together, so his grim revenge would be complete. Fiendish cunning and instinct to kill still remained.

A final reckoning was to come. Scorning precaution because he felt the Sea Wolf physically powerless from the suspected pressure of a tumor on the brain, Humphrey ventured too near one day. Suddenly the Sea Wolf's stupor passed. The steel-like fingers gripped Humphrey's throat. The trap had sprung.

Maude leaped into action, tearing at Larsen's hands. But for once the Sea Wolf's tremendous will could not spur his weakened body. His fingers twitched and then relapsed and Humphrey was released.

"That was the last play of the Wolf," said Larsen with his twisted smile. "I'd like to have done for you first, Hump. I thought I had that much left in me."

And so Wolf Larsen faded into unconsciousness, a pitiful ending for this grim sea murderer who pictured himself roaring

to death in a blaze of tumult and evil splendor.

Soon the restored *Ghost* embraced the waves again, freighted with happiness. Then a trail of smoke on the horizon, a rescue, and the lovers' kiss as the cutter went dancing over the waves on the long road home.

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STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON called himself an idler. He was a natural vagabond who loved to go in old clothes upon his own way through the strange city haunts of the disinherited or out upon the open road. He despised smug society, but talked eagerly with all sorts of men and women. Yet even as a boy he always carried a note-book and a pencil and constantly put into words what he saw and thought and felt. He wrote until his health gave way, again and again, and then he wrote of that.

Between 1873 and 1879 he produced many of the most inspiriting essays of the "Virginibus Puerisque" series. The magazines published "A Lodging for the Night," "Will o' the Mill," the fantastic "New Arabian Nights," and other stories.

In 1879 he made the journey to California in steerage and emigrant-train, determined to "learn for himself the pinch of life as it is felt by the unprivileged and poor." The hardships injured his health, but did not deter him from making the first draft of "The Amateur Emigrant." He recuperated on a goat-ranch near Monterey and managed

to teach some neglected children. In Monterey afterward he planned his romantic comedy, "Prince Otto."

He completed the breakdown of his health by living on starvation rations in a workman's lodging in San Francisco and working feverishly. After a dangerous illness, he married and lived in the mining-camp of "The Silverado Squatters."

Thus did Stevenson the idler dig his material and his power out of life itself.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Condensation by
JAMES B. CONNOLLY

THE Duries of Ballantrae were a strong family in Scotland from the days of David I. Their ups and downs I pass over, to come to that year 1745 when the foundations of this tragedy were laid.

There was my lord, studious, tactful and retired from the world. There was The Master (James in baptism) with his father's love of study; but what was tact in the father changed to black dissimulation in him. Though ever in broils, invariably he left his partners in mischief to pay the piper. The second son, Mr. Henry, was neither able nor bad; an out-of-doors, solid sort, who had had an active hand from a boy in the management of the estate. In

the house also was Miss Alison Graeme, an orphan, comely and self-willed, heiress to a fortune and, because of my lord's necessities, pledged in marriage to The Master.

Then came the uprising for Prince Charlie. Against the wishes of the other three The Master elected to ride with the Prince; which left Mr. Henry to take King George's side, this being a common policy of great houses in that day. So The Master rode to the north. Then came the word of Culloden and The Master's death. After a decent time Mr. Henry, to preserve the estate, married Miss Alison, although he no more than any other doubted her love for The Master's memory.

But The Master was not dead. He had escaped to sea, his escape being not to his credit. At sea he was captured by a pirate ship. By the most ingenious deviltry he secured the treasure of the pirate ship as she was about to fall into the hands of a King's cruiser, and escaped with it to the swamps on the American shore. One man he took to guide him out of the swamp, and dirked him to death after they were safely clear of it. Thence he continued his march to French Canada, although forced

on the way to hide his treasure in the wilderness. This we learned from a Colonel Burke, an Irish soldier of fortune, who came in the night to plead money for the support of The Master, who was then in France.

There was a letter from The Master which threw Mr. Henry in a passion. "He calls me a niggardly dog!" he cried. "But if I ruin the estate I shall stuff him, the blood-sucker! And all this I foresaw when he elected himself and not me to go with Prince Charlie."

The gap made in our accounts by The Master's demands became a sore embarrassment. As steward of the estate I must needs ride to Edinburgh and there raise new loans on hard terms to keep old ones afloat; and this held for seven years, Mr. Henry shaving everything to the last farthing to raise more money, and yet more money, winning for himself thereby no better title than miser with the countryside as well as at home; for never a word of this business did he even tell to the old lord or Mrs. Henry, it being the devilish malice of The Master to require this secrecy and the loyal nature of his brother to comply.

The odium attaching to Mr. Henry, and the knowledge, which came to me, that The Master all this time had also a pension from the Scotch fund in Paris, became too great a burden for me. I took it on myself to tell Mrs. Henry how her husband had already sent seven thousand to The Master. Thereafter no further moneys were sent abroad, and the telling did much to check a widening restraint between Mr. Henry and my lady, a great joy to me.

This action resulted in The Master's return to us, a great curse to the household; for in all matters of contention, though Mr. Henry might be right, The Master had the trick of setting him in the wrong. He still demanded money, and, to satisfy him, the entail was broken and a great piece of land sold; and all the while he ceased not to lay siege to the heart of Mrs. Henry, carrying it on so deftly that I scarce knew if she was aware of it herself, she that I doubt not still loved him.

This brings me to the night when he laid the most unbearable of insults on Mr. Henry. "I never knew a woman," said The Master, "who did not prefer me, nor —I think—who did not continue to prefer

me to you." At which Mr. Henry coldly struck him on the mouth.

"A blow!" cried The Master. "I will not take a blow from God Almighty! I must have blood for this!"

They fought beyond the shrubbery, I bringing the candles for them. From the first Mr. Henry showed himself the stronger, which so surprised and confused The Master that he tried foul play, but got only the length of Mr. Henry's sword through the body. He fell, apparently lifeless.

Mr. Henry shook with sobs. I led him into the house and told the old lord and my lady; but, going back to bring in the body, I found it gone. A good riddance, I thought, whether dead or alive, but the night's work threw Mr. Henry into a fever, and his mind was never again the same clear mind as of old.

The old lord died, and to my lady and Mr. Henry, now my lord, was born a boy, and to that boy my lord became a slave, which had not been so with his first child, Katherine. He would pass by his wife as though she were a dog before the hearth to come at the boy. Without doubt this was in the nature of a judgment on my lady, she who had

been so cold so many years to every mark of his tenderness; but to me it was monstrous, and I was emboldened, much as I loved him, to say so; but my saying so only served to send my lord sick to bed and to earn for me from my lady the word that I was no better than an old maid.

This brings me to that morning in April, 1764, that The Master returned to us again, this time with an Indian servant. With his return my lord and lady, I urging them on, took ship for New York, where my lady had property through her father. This voyage, so I thought, will at one stroke rid them of The Master and weave them closer together.

Twenty days it took The Master to learn where they had gone; whereupon he also sailed for New York, and I on the same ship, praying that she would go down, even with myself with her, if it would but take The Master also. I looked forward with woe to the day he should set foot in New York; but our ship was a slow sailer, and other ships which sailed later arrived before us; so it happened that my lord had word of The Master's coming and prepared for him. There was suspicion of more than

one murder, it seems, to The Master's hand during the earlier stay he made in America, and so now he found it a better business to leave New York and hunt in the wilderness for that treasure which he had buried so many years before.

At this time all the evil The Master had done seemed borne in a flood upon my lord's brain. He became moody and took to drink. There had been talk that he connived with the crew which The Master had hired for his expedition into the wilderness, bribing the leaders to make way with his brother. There is no evidence of that, but it is true that The Master's Indian servant, to save his life, as he said, did bury him alive, with the intent to resurrect and restore him later by the agency of some secret Oriental trick.

My lord and a party, I being of it, followed The Master, and it was when the East Indian was lifting his body from the grave that we came upon them. I thought for a moment that the eyelids fluttered. Others say that the lips strove to speak, that his teeth showed through his beard, which may have been, as I was busy elsewhere, for at the first disclosure of the dead

man's eyes my lord had fallen to the ground. When I raised him he was a corpse.

I buried him there; my lady laid an equal stone to each; and there where they died, side by side, they lie to this day.

COOPER

AT the age of seventeen, James Fenimore Cooper determined to enter upon a naval career in the service of his country. His apprenticeship was begun on a freighter sailing from New York to Cowes. On a stormy passage of forty days, he endured the vigorous hardships of life before the mast. This was followed by an even rougher period of fifty-two days. These adventures furnished vivid material for thrilling episodes in his sea novels.

After this he served in the navy in various capacities, storing up invaluable experience to be relived by thousands in the pages of his books.

At the age of twenty-one he married. This fiery, irritable, and strong-willed man was easily influenced throughout his life by his wife, to whom he was deeply devoted. Through her he abandoned his ambition for a naval career.

Not until he was thirty, however, did he begin to write. His first novel was dull beyond belief. Nevertheless, his friends urged him to try again. This time he laid the scene in his own land and wrote of patriotism, the passion of his own heart.

"The Spy" appeared in 1821 and was soon so popular as to make the largest sales yet won by an American writer.

Cooper had written his first novel to prove that he could invent a more interesting tale than one he had just read. He likewise wrote his first sea story to rival Scott's "The Pirate," and to prove that the author of a sea novel should have lived on shipboard in order to know not only the ocean, but the intimate ways and workings of ships. "The Pilot" was convincing. It met with instantaneous and brilliant success in Europe and America.

THE TWO ADMIRALS

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Condensation by
CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

SOME time since an American publisher invited a group of men, including among others Roosevelt, Barnes, Spears, Connolly, and the writer, to select the greatest six romances of the sea. *The Two Admirals* was the one of Cooper's sea tales included by a unanimous vote.

Well does the book deserve its selection, for it is without question the greatest of all the novels of the sea, all of which I have read and not a few of which I have written.

It has more of the best of Cooper, and less of his worst, than any of his naval or other romances. No writer was ever more at home on a ship's deck than Cooper—not even Marryat. And all his knowledge of the great deep, the way of ships therein,

the habits and customs of sailors, has been utilized in full measure in this immortal story. It rings true alike to seamen and landsmen.

There is a subsidiary story concerning the love-affairs of a gallant young sea officer, Sir Wycherly Wychecombe, and Mildred Dutton-Bluewater, a damsel as lovely, as delicate, and as inane as Cooper at his worst could describe. Whenever she appeared she was either suffused with blushes or bursting into tears. On one occasion she wept steadily for above one half-hour!

The supposed daughter of a drunken, retired officer and a woman of the middle class, Mildred turns out to be the lawful niece of one of the two admirals, just in time to soothe his dying hours, while her husband, a Virginian, turns up in the nick of time with the papers in his hands to prove his succession to the ancient title and lands of Wychecombe. All of which is excessively tiresome.

Fortunately the greater part of the book is taken up with the doings of the two admirals. The puerile, pre-mid-Victorian romance will easily be forgotten, but the remainder will richly repay the reader.

In 1745, when George II reigned in England, the young Pretender, Charles Edward, made that daring and unsuccessful dash for a crown which came to a bloody end at Culloden in the following year. It is that abortive but gallant effort which furnishes the motive for the action of the novel.

Vice-Admiral of the Red, Sir Gervaise Oakes commanded a well-fitted, well-officered, well-manned, homogeneous fleet of ships of the line which had been cruising in the Bay of Biscay. Associated with him was Richard Bluewater, Rear-Admiral of the White, second in command. These two men, both wedded to the service alone, had been shipmates and friends during a naval career of nearly forty years. Oakes was a typical English admiral, a superb sailor, a downright fighter; Bluewater, his complement and opposite, a subtle thinker and a brilliant tactician. The combination was ideal, as was the completeness of a friendship, not to say an affection, as sincere as it was lasting. Nothing had ever broken it; nothing, it was believed, ever would break it.

In but one point did the true friends

differ. Oakes was a Whig, Bluewater a Tory. It did not seem possible, however, for political considerations to interrupt their warm relations. The bold adventure of Charles Edward bade fair to do that very thing, however. For Bluewater, frank, unworldly sailor that he was, cleverly played upon by politicians, began to waver between the House of Hanover, whose commission he held, and the House of Stuart, to which his heart inclined.

To bring matters to a head M. le Vice-Amiral le Comte de Vervillin sailed from Cherbourg with a fleet of such ships as fairly entitled him to challenge the English fleet of Vice-Admiral Oakes for the mastery of the narrow seas.

The latter, more than willing to try out the matter, at once put to sea in a heavy gale of wind, his capital ships weighing anchor in succession, with long intervals between them so as to spread a broad clue to intercept the French. Bluewater with his division brought up the rear. The Rear-Admiral was obsessed with the idea that De Vervillin's course had something to do with the Pretender's effort, and his conscientious scruples threw him into a piteous

state of indecision. The Vice-Admiral was not troubled by any such subtile casuistry. He only saw the enemy whom it was his duty to beat when, where, and how he could.

After a series of the most brilliant tactical maneuvers and a successful minor engagement with the whole French fleet by his division alone—the two divisions had got separated in the mad gale and Bluewater had called his own ships around him—the Vice-Admiral found himself with five ships in the vicinity of the French, who were just double in number. Far away to windward the morning disclosed the five ships of the Rear-Admiral's division slowly standing down toward his superior under easy sail.

Bluewater was still in his state of painful indecision. As soon as within signal distance, by using a private and personal code he sent the following pleading despatch to his considerate superior: "*God sake—make no signal—engage not.*"

This signal plunged Oakes, fully aware of the state of his beloved junior's mind, into the most terrible dilemma. Without the assistance of Bluewater's division he could not hope to engage the enemy with the least chance of success. On the other hand,

should he now withdraw without fighting he would have failed in his duty and would have been professionally ruined—and rightly. His mind was at once made up. Attack he would and must.

Would the friendship between the two admirals stand the test he imposed upon it? Did the younger care more for Oakes and England than for the young prince and France? A short time would determine. Magnanimously refraining from making any embarrassing signal to his friend, which might force his hand untimely, Oakes boldly led down upon the waiting French line and with his five ships brought them to close action. The French were quick to take advantage of the opportunity given them by the hesitations of the English Rear-Admiral. Holding Oakes with five of his ships to leeward, De Vervillin threw the other five, under Des Prez, his contre-amiral, on the windward side of the English, doubling on them, placing them between two fires.

Although Oakes's division was fought with the fury of despair, the end was at hand, when the opportune arrival of Bluewater, who could not stand seeing his friend pounded

to pieces and who threw political considerations to the wind and bore down on the triumphant French under a press of sail, completely changed the issue and wrested victory from defeat. All of which is set forth in a succession of sea pictures of surpassing grandeur.

Bluewater, remorseful over his incertitude, actually carried the French Rear-Admiral's ship by boarding at the head of his men, receiving a mortal wound in the attack by way of expiation.

Space allows me only to mention the masterly descriptions of ship-maneuvering and thrilling sea fighting. I can only refer to some of the well-drawn characters in the story—the two splendid admirals, their captains, the officers and seamen, especially old Galleygo, the admiral's steward, delineated out of a large experience with a sure hand. And the great ships themselves are imbued with personality so dear to a seaman's heart.

The touching scene at the close of the book, in which Oakes, old, infirm, forgetful, praying before the tomb of Bluewater in the great Abbey of Westminster, recalls the last battle the two had fought, and with

all of his former fire and fervor describes again those moments of suspense preceding the glorious victory, fitly rounds out the tale. And then death unites him with the friend he had loved and lost.

I have read the book a score or more of times with ever-increasing joy. I envy any one who takes ship for the first time to sail and fight with these two great masters of the sea.

GABORIAU

ÉMILE GABORIAU was born in Saujon, Charente Inférieure, November 9, 1833. He died in Paris, September 28, 1873.

Gaboriau is an admirable example of a man who arrived by finding out for himself what his real job was. Lawyer's clerk, volunteer in a cavalry regiment, he was writing with modest success pieces from life as it came before his eyes, when, bang! he wrote "L'Affaire Lerouge" in 1866. He suddenly became a European, indeed an international, character as the great master of the detective story. As has been the case with Sherlock Holmes, readers were not content with the printed page, but demanded to see upon the stage the personages who had excited their wild enthusiasm in a career of crime. "Le Dossier No. 113," "Monsieur Lecoq," "La Corde au Cou," "La Dégringolade," "Le Crime d'Orcival," "Les Esclaves de Paris," "L'Argent des Autres," are some of the books which have revealed the mysteries of crime, the procedure of the police courts, the pursuit by ingenious sleuths, and all such processes as give a thrill of delight to that very great body of humanity ranging from grave to gay who take pleasure in a good detective story.

FILE NO. 113

By ÉMILE GABORIAU

Condensation by
ISABEL ANDERSON

"AN exceptionally daring robbery—prominent bank entered—huge sum taken!" were the head-lines in a Paris paper.

In following up this extraordinary case the mystery deepened, unheard-of crimes were unearthed, and thrilling situations occurred which baffled even the celebrated detective, Lecoq. It appeared that upon opening the safe one morning the cashier startled the clerks by crying out, "I have been robbed!" They gathered about, but, strangely enough, upon inspection the safe showed only a scratch, but no sign of having been broken open, although the 350,000 francs were missing that the cashier said he had placed there the day before, in order to pay Count Louis de Clameran, a friend who had been left a legacy by his brother

Gaston. M. Fauvel, the president of the bank, and M. Prosper Bertomy, the cashier, were the only persons who possessed keys to the door and were credited with the knowledge of a word which made up the combination. Although their relations had been like those of father and son, each now accused the other of taking the money.

The clerks were interviewed by the police, and search was made of the apartment over the bank, occupied by the president, his wife, and beautiful niece, Madeleine, whose engagement to the cashier had been mysteriously broken off — it was suspected she preferred Mme. Valentine Fauvel's handsome nephew, Raoul Lagors. The president's record was good, but suspicion was directed toward the cashier, as he had been living extravagantly. His arrest followed, although he protested his innocence. During the inspection of the bank and the apprehending of the cashier he was seen to scribble a line hurriedly and throw it to a clerk. The latter was shadowed to the cashier's apartment and the note procured. It was addressed to Mme. Gypsy, informing her of his arrest and advising her to hide. During the examination at court Prosper

remembered that he had been indiscreet the previous night in saying to Gypsy, when perhaps he might have been overheard by the count and Raoul, that he had reason for constantly thinking of her at his work when she accused him of not thinking of her any longer. The word Gypsy opened the safe. For lack of sufficient evidence Prosper was released and the case filed in No. 113.

On Prosper's return to his apartment, Gypsy had gone, but a note addressed in small printed letters was delivered to him, containing money. The clever Lecoq, now living with Prosper, under the disguise of an old friend of his father's, revealed that the printed letters had been cut from a prayer-book. Surely there was a woman in the case! Later a torn prayer-book was discovered hidden in Madeleine's room. Did she love Prosper and think him innocent and in need of money? Yet soon after that, to the surprise of every one, her engagement was announced to the old Count de Clameran. The reason for this was that Madeleine, by chance, overheard a conversation between the count and her aunt. The old count threatened to tell of the family skeleton

if she did not consent to the marriage. Madeleine appeared and said she would marry him to keep the secret and the honor of the family name. On learning of Madeleine's engagement, Prosper, who really had always loved her, became very angry, and, thinking there must be a sinister motive for Mme. Fauvel's allowing it, wrote an anonymous letter to M. Fauvel, telling him to watch his wife.

Lecoq noticed that the good-looking Raoul still continued his frequent visits to the house. Did it mean that he was perhaps not the nephew, but the lover of Mme. Fauvel? Disguised, the great detective attended a masquerade ball and made insinuating remarks to Mme. Fauvel concerning Raoul which caused her to faint, and when he spoke of money matters Count Louis turned pale. Returning home that night, the detective was followed by two men and stabbed, but, fortunately, not killed. Lecoq, thinking he recognized the count and Raoul, decided that they realized that the police suspected them of robbing the bank, and also that there must be an even greater mystery to unravel that had caused them to become would-be assassins. Records were

looked up and an amazing story came to light.

Lecoq discovered that years ago Mme. Fauvel, then Valentine de Verberie, had been engaged to the count's brother, Gaston. In defending her name at a country inn, Gaston had killed a man and fled to America, although he was thought to have been drowned while escaping. A son was born to Valentine and given away by her mother. Later she had married Fauvel, who was told nothing.

The story was never unearthed until Count Louis had squandered the family money and by mere chance had heard of the child's existence from an old nurse. He made inquiries. Not long after this the count introduced a young man to Mme. Fauvel as her son, to serve his own ends and to extract hush-money. This young man was called her nephew and proved to be Raoul Lagors.

The situation became even more complicated. Gaston returned from America immensely rich, not knowing of the existence of his son, but determined to see his old love Valentine once more. Louis, however, realized that for his own ends Gaston and

Mme. Fauvel must never meet. He joined Gaston in the south of France and got into his good graces. Gaston made a will leaving everything to Louis; then poor Gaston became mysteriously ill and died. Louis returned to Paris rich.

Madeleine seemed to wish to delay her marriage. The count feared she still loved Prosper, so he promised Raoul a large sum if he would in some way ruin the cashier's reputation, thinking thus to hasten his own marriage, as he really was in love with Madeleine. The moment came when Raoul overheard Prosper telling Gypsy he constantly thought of her at the bank. He then went to his mother and said he would shoot himself if he did not have a large sum of money that very night to pay a gambling debt. She got for him the key to the safe. The poor lady had already given him all her money and jewels and had nothing left to bestow. At the last moment she tried to stop him, hence the scratch that was discovered later. When she inquired how he knew the word that made up the combination, Raoul said that Prosper had given it to him and they were to divide the money between themselves.

Owing to the anonymous letter, M. Fauvel intercepted his wife's mail, and one day found a letter from Raoul asking her to go to his villa. M. Fauvel followed, and, on entering and seeing his wife in the arms of the young man, pulled out his pistol to shoot, but fortunately it did not go off, as Gypsy, who had become Madeleine's maid, under Lecoq's instructions, in order to watch the house, had taken out the bullets. At this point the great detective appeared and told the banker the whole story. He then demanded the 350,000 francs which had been stolen and Raoul returned the money; and what was more remarkable still, Lecoq showed them papers that proved Raoul was not Mme. Fauvel's son, after all—her son had died—and the impostor was the son of a jockey hired by the count to play the part so as to secure money from Mme. Fauvel at the time when the count was poor, before Gaston had died.

During the conversation Raoul had made his escape, but no one cared, for the Fauvels naturally wished to keep the story secret, and it ended happily, for M. Fauvel forgave his wife her early indiscretions. Lecoq was just about to arrest the count for his many

crimes when the wicked old man went insane and kept repeating constantly that his brother Gaston was poisoning him. Strange to relate, the great Lecoq married pretty Mme. Gypsy, whom he had known and loved for years. Prosper, of course, married Madeleine, and M. Fauvel retired from the bank. The firm is now called Prosper Bertomy and Company. This amazing record of crime still remains in the police court in Paris and can be found in File No. 113.

DELAND

MARGARETTA WADE CAMPBELL was born at Allegheny, Pennsylvania, February 23, 1857. When only sixteen she went to New York to study drawing and design and later taught them. In 1880 she married Lorin Deland, famous as sometime football strategist against the enemies of Harvard.

In 1886 appeared "The Old Garden," a collection of verse. It is a characteristic title; for many years Mrs. Deland has each winter grown in her own house in Boston great numbers of Dutch bulbs, which she sells at an annual function to her friends and the public, for the benefit of her favorite charities. As she does all the labor herself, it is a singularly personal form of good works.

Only two years later came "John Ward, Preacher," a book which won the author wide recognition. There have been many others between that and "The Awakening of Helena Richie" in 1906, including "Old Chester Tales" in 1898, in which she made famous her childhood home. "The Iron Woman" appeared in 1911.

The people in Mrs. Deland's books are not mere

pegs on which to hang the incidents of a story; they are real human beings engaged with the problems of life as it comes to them—as real as the woman who plies her boat with the red sail of a summer's day at Kennebunkport, of whom the natives say, "There goes Margaret Deland!"

THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE

By MARGARET DELAND

Condensation by
SARA WARE BASSETT

IN 1906 Margaret Deland, after having written several other books, gave to the public the fruit of her maturer skill in *The Awakening of Helena Richie.* The volume is dedicated to Lorin Deland, who has since died, and no wife could have reared a more magnificent monument to honor one dear to her than in this masterpiece which stands, and will stand, for all that is best in creative fiction.

The story is simple.

Stripped of the charm of its setting and the subtle delicacy of its treatment, we have a tale presenting few characters and with no very extended scope for action. It is in its emotional quality that its power lies;

and this emotion centers about the moral conflict of the heroine and her transition from a creature seeking mere happiness to a woman of alert conscience and aroused soul.

The scene of the novel is the same small Pennsylvania town in which Mrs. Deland had placed two previous books, *Old Chester Tales* and *Doctor Lavendar*, and it is with pleasure that we continue in this later work our acquaintance with several of the characters already introduced to us in these earlier writings.

At the opening of the story Mrs. Richie has come to Old Chester and taken up residence in the "Stuffed Animal House," so called because its former owner was a taxidermist. She is little known to the villagers, living an isolated existence and shunning any intimacy with the townfolk; nevertheless, she is universally respected. There is, to be sure, an atmosphere of mystery enshrouding this beautiful stranger who is possessed of a culture and poise that place her a stratum above the simply bred inhabitants of the sleepy little settlement, but since she goes to church, is quiet and decorous, and gives herself no airs, she furnishes no cause for criticism.

Her only visitor is Mr. Lloyd Prior, known to Old Chester as her brother.

As the story proceeds, however, we are made aware that Prior is not her brother, but is a Philadelphia widower with one daughter whom he idolizes, and that he and Mrs. Richie have for thirteen years been living together, awaiting the death of Frederic, Helena's husband, whose demise will leave them free to marry. Frederic has been a dissipated man who, when not himself, has been responsible for the death of the Richie baby; and he is now living a dissolute life in Paris. The tragedy of the baby's death has been the culminating factor in turning his wife's hatred and contempt for him into revulsion, and determining her to desert him and go to Prior. To her lover she gives all the affection which the loss of her child and the destruction of her hopes have turned back into her nature.

Prior, on the other hand, has loved her in the past, but now, after thirteen years of deferred happiness, his passion is burned out. He is tired of her. Alice, his daughter, is growing up, and he realizes the indiscretion of the entanglement; furthermore, his

business demands his time; it is less and less convenient to come to Old Chester; and he is no longer young. He is a selfish, sensual being, with the typical masculine distaste for everything that renders him uncomfortable either in mind or in body. While he is willing, in an indolent sort of way, to continue his relation with Mrs. Richie, is even honorable enough to marry her if he must, it is obvious that he would gladly be rid of the whole affair.

But to Helena Richie this incident is not an "affair." It is her life. She loves Prior with a devotion engendered by her lonely, heart-starved existence, and she looks forward to the moment when Frederic's death shall release her from her present precarious position and allow her to confront the world with a clear name. That an ultimate marriage between them will wipe out the blot on their past she does not question. In the mean time she can only possess her soul of patience and make the best of her enforced seclusion. No one knows her secret. No one can know it. Therefore she feels quite secure—that is, as secure as is possible in the face of the ever-present danger of exposure.

Into this fevered life of hers three important characters project themselves: Doctor Lavendar, the minister of Old Chester; Doctor William King, the village physician; and David, an orphan child whom the rector has befriended and for whom he is desirous of finding a home. Of all Mrs. Deland's creations, none, perhaps, is more beloved than is Doctor Lavendar. Wise, benign, humorous, yet just at all times—a man who is never to be turned aside from a principle by idle sentimentality. Doctor King is not unlike him in this unflinching fealty to duty and to honor.

These two persons put their heads together and decide that, since Mrs. Richie leads such a solitary life and is abundantly able, she is the one to take the homeless David. The conspirators proceed with extreme caution. The child is brought to Doctor Lavendar's house and Mrs. Richie is given the opportunity to see him.

He is a quaint, winsome, appealing little fellow—a decided personality, and one of the most delightful and consistent child portraits in modern fiction. His greatest attraction lies in the fact that one can never be sure what he will say next. Once, when

Doctor Lavendar is telling him a story, he keeps his eyes fixed so intently on the man's face that the old gentleman is much flattered.

"Well, well, you are a great boy for stories, aren't you?" remarks the delighted minister.

"You've talked seven minutes," said David, thoughtfully, "and you haven't moved your upper jaw once."

As can be imagined, the child makes instant conquest of Mrs. Richie, who insists on fitting him out with tiny garments and brings him in triumph to the "Stuffed Animal House."

Day by day the tie that binds her to David strengthens until we see this affection the dominant motive of her life. It even overshadows her love for Prior, although it is some time before she is conscious that it does so.

In the mean while, quite by chance, the security of her miniature world is shaken to its foundations. There lives in Old Chester a youth much Mrs. Richie's junior, Sam Wright, who has drifted into the habit of calling on her and who falls in love with her. It is the blind worship of one who

has never known passion, and in an attempt to break up the boy's infatuation his doting grandfather comes to Mrs. Richie and half in irritation accuses her of not being a good woman. The shot is a random one, but the instant the charge is made the speaker realizes he has hit upon the truth. Helena's anger at his gibes and sarcasm is like the whirlwind.

But the Lord was not in the wind.

It is Sam Wright's suicide that first brings home to her the gravity of defying social responsibility. What she has hitherto regarded as a scorn for convention she now sees to be a crime against humanity. All her being is rocked with self-reproach.

But the Lord was not in the earthquake.

It is not until Doctor King forces her to confess her guilt and tells her she must give up David that we reach the climax of the drama. Then all the wild mother instinct of the woman leaps into being. She is a lioness fighting for her young. She will give up Prior; in fact, she does give him up. But she will not part with David. She begs, bribes, prays; but Willy King's conscience will not permit him to listen to her entreaties. She must send the child back

to Doctor Lavendar, or he must acquaint the good minister with the entire story.

In an effort to forestall this action Mrs. Richie herself goes to the rectory, and before she leaves it she looks into the face of her own soul and pronounces her doom.

"The whirlwind of anger had died out; the shock of responsibility had subsided; the hiss of those flames of shame had ceased. She was in the center of all the tumults, where lies the quiet mind of God."

When Doctor Lavendar asks her if she thinks herself worthy to keep the child she humbly whispers, "No."

And after the fire, the still Small Voice.

At last the woman's conscience is aroused, her repentance is sincere, and we have the true "awakening of Helena Richie."

How wisely Doctor Lavendar meets this crisis in the shattered life, allowing her to taste to the full the dregs of remorse and suffering, and yet how mercifully and gently he leads her upward toward hope and a desire for restitution, constitute the remainder of the story.

The kind old man suggests that she make her future home in a distant city where her past will not follow her and where she

may start anew, and he asks that on the morning of her departure she come to him for a package which he wishes her to take with her on her journey. The reader shares her shock of joyous surprise when David emerges from the corner of the stage-coach, crying, "I'm the package!"

"Doctor Lavendar took both her hands. . . . 'Helena,' he said, 'your Master came into the world as a little child. Receive Him in your heart by faith, with thanksgiving.'"

So ends the novel.

To tear the skeleton of the plot from its exquisite setting is almost a sacrilege. It is like dragging the perfume from a flower. One must read the book to gain a true sense of its exceptional beauty and fineness.

It has been successfully dramatized and the title rôle ably and artistically portrayed by Margaret Anglin; there is also an "Anglin Edition" of the story, attractively illustrated by pictures taken from the play.

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WALLACE

LEWIS WALLACE, generally known by the shorter name Lew, was born in 1827 at Brookville, Indiana, and perhaps was, quite unconsciously, potent in spreading the idea, dear to some, that in that state is located the literary center of this country. He died in 1905.

Like the students of to-day in the great struggle, he left his books for the Mexican War. He served again in the Civil War and rose to be Major-General in the Volunteer army. As after the Mexican episode, he returned again to the law; he was Governor of Utah from 1878 to 1881, and minister to Turkey from 1881 to 1885, when as a good diplomat he won the esteem of the late unlamented Abdul Hamid and could really put through business with that scientifically dilatory tyrant.

He is known by his three books "The Fair God" (1873), "Ben-Hur" (1880), and "The Prince of India" (1893). The first is a very clever reconstruction of the story of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. The reader feels a great sympathy with the highly developed natives who fell helpless before the superior arms of the invaders.

The story, however, is by no means to be put in the same class with "Ben-Hur." The skill, the knowledge, the reverence with which the story of Christ is told (largely through the lives of others) have made "Ben-Hur" one of the books to take a secure hold on the public, both as book and on the stage, where the famous chariot-race has won a classic place.

BEN-HUR: A Tale of the Christ

By LEW WALLACE

Condensation by
PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

"THE workmen put their hands to the cross and carried it, burden and all, to the place of planting. At a word they dropped the tree into the hole; and the body of the Nazarene also dropped heavily and hung by the bleeding hands. Still no cry of pain—only the exclamation divinest of all recorded exclamations, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' The cross, reared now above all other objects, and standing singly out against the sky, was greeted with a burst of delight; and all who could see and read the writing upon the board over the Nazarene's head made haste to decipher it. Soon as read, the legend was adopted by them and communicated, and presently the whole mighty concourse was ringing the salutation from

side to side, and repeating it with laughter and groans:

"'King of the Jews! Hail, King of the Jews!'

"The sun was rising rapidly to noon; the hills bared their brown breasts lovingly to it; the more distant mountains rejoiced in the purple with which it so regally dressed them. In the city the temples, palaces, towers, pinnacles, and all points of beauty and prominence seemed to lift themselves into the unrivaled brilliance, as if they knew the pride they were giving the many who from time to time turned to look at them. Suddenly a dimness began to fill the sky and cover the earth—at first no more than a scarce-perceptible fading of the day; a twilight out of time; an evening gliding in upon the splendors of noon. But it deepened, and directly drew attention, whereat the noise of the shouting and laughter fell off, and men, doubting their senses, gazed at one another curiously; then they looked to the sun again; then at the mountains, getting farther away; at the sky and the near landscape, sinking in shadow; at the hill upon which the tragedy was enacting; and from all these they gazed

at one another again, and turned pale, and held their peace.

"'It is only a mist or passing cloud,' Simonides said, soothingly, to Esther, who was alarmed. 'It will brighten presently.'

"Ben-Hur did not think so.

"'It is not a mist or a cloud,' he said. 'The spirits who live in the air—the prophets and saints—are at work in mercy to themselves and nature. I say to you, O Simonides, truly as God lives, He who hangs yonder is the Son of God.'

"And leaving Simonides lost in wonder at such a speech from him, he went where Balthazar was kneeling near by, and laid his hand upon the good man's shoulder.

"'O wise Egyptian, hearken! Thou alone wert right—the Nazarene is indeed the Son of God.'

"Balthazar drew him down to him and replied, feebly, 'I saw Him a child in the manger where He was first laid; it is not strange that I knew Him sooner than thou: but, oh, that I should live to see this day! Would that I had died with my brethren! Happy Melchior! Happy Gaspar!'

"'Comfort thee!' said Ben-Hur. 'Doubtless they too are here.'"

Within the frame of the story of Christ is told the tale of Ben-Hur, beginning with the appearance of the three Wise Men, Balthazar, Melchior, and Gaspar, and ending with the sublime tragedy on Golgotha. From the days of the scenes at the manger until the culmination of the great story, the figure of Christ appears but once, and that for a moment, but over all that happens in the intervening years hovers the gentle spirit; thrilling as the episodes are in themselves, strongly as the characters are portrayed, they are but a preparation for what is to follow, a mere worldly setting for Him who was too great for all save a few to understand at that time.

Some twenty-one years after the scenes at the manger, a young Jew, Ben-Hur, a prince in Jerusalem, rich, happy, ambitious, was standing by a parapet of his palace, watching the progress of Valerius Gratus, imperial governor of Judea. As the Roman passed beneath the wall amid the jeers and insults of the Jews, the young prince leaned far out to see the new governor, a loose tile was displaced, and, as bitter fate would have it, fell full upon the governor. The accident was not fatal, but it was an oppor-

tunity for exemplary justice, especially as the estates of the Jews were very desirable to the governor and his friend Messala, hitherto almost brother to Ben-Hur though the latter had been. The unhappy Jew was sent as a rower to the galleys, where the limit of life was at most but a year. His mother and sister were immured in a secret cell in the Tower of Antonia, where they were doomed to the fate of lepers. The only act of kindness Ben-Hur could remember during the years that followed was on the day he was dragged to the galleys. "The hand laid kindly upon his shoulder awoke the unfortunate man, and, looking up, he saw a face he never forgot—the face of a boy about his own age, shaded by locks of yellowish bright chestnut hair; a face lighted by dark-blue eyes, at the time so soft, so appealing, so full of love and holy purpose, that they had all the power of command and will." That was in Nazareth.

Now Ben-Hur in time became a rower on the flagship of Arrius, duumvir and admiral; how the flagship was destroyed in a great sea-fight; how Ben-Hur rescued the admiral, became his adopted son and his heir, learned at Rome the manner of

Roman war and Roman sports, returned to the East a Roman officer in the train of a consul setting forth on a great campaign against the Parthians; how he discovered that his father's old steward, Simonides, had succeeded in saving from confiscation the vast intangible wealth of the Hurs and had multiplied it many times, till the young Roman-Jew was the richest private citizen in the world; the discovery that Messala was entered for the highest stake in the great sporting event of the Orient; how Ben-Hur won the affection of Ilderim, the Arab sheik, who had entered his steeds of the desert for the great event—all this leads up to the dramatic encounter of the famous chariot-race. The author drew his description of the race from one written over twenty-three hundred years ago by the tragic poet Sophocles. It is one of the curiosities of literature that the great scene, through the pages of Lew Wallace's novel, has become as famous on our stage as it was so long ago on that of Greece.

By his victory in the arena Ben-Hur exacted ancient Jewish justice on his hated adversary, who was crushed in body and impoverished in fortune—he had wagered

on his success all the wealth he had stolen from his former friend. The victor almost fell prey, however, to the vampire daughter of Egypt who was rival for his love with the gentle Jewish Esther. But henceforth his thoughts were concentrated on Him who was attracting all eyes. Was he Messiah or king? Ben-Hur, in his hatred of Rome, in his pride of race, dreamed only of a king of this world, who should right ancient wrongs and exalt his chosen people. And so he threw himself with all his force, with all his wealth, with all the knowledge gained at Rome, into making secure and strong the way of the king whom he would follow. But it was for one supreme in things spiritual rather than material that the way was being made ready. And Ben-Hur's mother, rescued with her daughter from her long imprisonment by a chance change of jailers, but hopeless lepers both, saw the truth sooner than her son.

"'O Master, Master!' she cried as He passed upon the road, 'Thou seest our need; Thou canst make us clean. Have mercy upon us—mercy!'

"'Believest thou I am able to do this?' He asked.

"'Thou art He of whom the prophets spake—Thou art the Messiah!' she replied. His eyes grew radiant, His manner confident.

"'Woman,' He said, 'great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'"

And so, in the end, Ben-Hur recognized what Balthazar had known from the beginning. "O wise Egyptian, hearken! Thou alone wert right—the Nazarene is indeed the Son of God!"

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THACKERAY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was intensely loved by his friends and as much disliked by his enemies. Such personalities as Tennyson, FitzGerald, and Charlotte Brontë were unswerving in their devotion, but the hangers-on in Grub Street, the lesser fry who envied his social successes, regarded him as an insufferable snob.

He did, indeed, take a quite childlike delight in dining with the socially eminent. He frankly liked to be pointed out as "the great Mr. Thackeray," and as frankly he resented the gross familiarity of Tom, Dick, or Harry who chanced to have known him in Bohemia. But it was rather that he pitilessly discerned and detested the toady and the mean-spirited flunky than that he was a snob.

Thackeray lived at the period when wealth without manners or intellect generated wide-spread desire for social success. At the same time "The Back Kitchen" and "The Cave of Harmony," immortalized by Colonel Newcome, were the most eagerly frequented haunts of the day. Thackeray knew every aspect of this rather vulgar society. He was

as much at ease with the Prime Minister of England as with the proprietor of the "Back Kitchen." With his keen satiric sense and sharp wit, the chronicler of snobs flayed it; with his tender heart and kindly humor the great novelist understood it. In his own way he strove to regenerate it.

These qualities of heart and mind, which live in his books, created the puzzle of his personality.

He was a Cynic! By his life all wrought
Of generous acts, mild words, and gentle ways;
His heart wide open to all kindly thought,
His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise!

HENRY ESMOND

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Condensation by
ANNIE D. HUBBARD

IN the days when the Stuart was playing his losing game for England's crown a sallow-faced, precocious boy was growing up, half loved, half neglected, in Castlewood House, knowing all the secrets of its hidden chambers, where cavalier and priest could hide for a lifetime. Harry was reputed the illegitimate son of Thomas Esmond, Lord Castlewood, whose childless wife, herself an Esmond, had been a beauty and king's favorite once. After Viscount Castlewood had died, fighting for King James at Boyne Water, and King William's men had taken his lady prisoner, hiding in her bed, painted and powdered, resplendent in her brocade gown and gold-clocked red stockings—by her side the japan box holding the papers of the Royalists—another kinsman, Francis

Esmond, had taken possession of the old house.

"O dea certe," little Harry Esmond said in his heart, when Rachel, the new Lady Castlewood, in her lovely girlhood, met him in the yellow gallery and there stirred in him the beginnings of a lifetime's devotion to her, to her beautiful children, Beatrix and Frank, and to his jovial new patron, Francis, Lord Castlewood. As a loved kinsman now, Harry had grown to manhood, when suddenly the smallpox, ravaging the neighborhood, destroyed for a time Lady Castlewood's beauty, and her gay husband's heart turned to lesser loves, though he still cared enough to be wildly jealous when Lord Mohun, a London blood, made love to her. The two men fought, and Francis, foully murdered by Mohun, on his deathbed made a written statement that he had long known from the priest who heard Thomas, Lord Castlewood's, dying confession that Harry Esmond had a right to the name he bore and was head of the house of Castlewood.

This paper, stained with the blood of his dear master, Harry burned, and vowed —thanking Heaven that he had been enabled

to make the righteous decision—that his mistress should never know sorrow through him, and that little Frank should become Lord Castlewood in his father's stead.

Fate dealt hardly just now with Harry Esmond, for as he lay wounded and in prison as a result of his part in the duel, his dear lady, visiting him, chose to believe that he might have prevented her husband's death. Perhaps because she felt in her heart a tenderer love for him than she dared confess, she forbade him her home and even her friendship. The living of the parish church of Castlewood, long since promised him, was given elsewhere, and Esmond would have been penniless and friendless had not the old dowager, his father's widow, who had long cherished pique against the younger and fairer Lady Castlewood, summoned him to her new house at Chelsey. As he kissed her withered hand and saluted her as Marchioness, something in his assured bearing made her guess that he knew he was her husband's true son and chief of the house. Half frightened, she drew from him the story of his renunciation, and when he told her that his father's son would not aggravate the wrong his father had done her,

and asked only for her kindness, her worldly old heart was touched. Henceforth he was "Son Esmond" to her, and when her influence at court had procured him an ensign's commission she was proud of him in his laced scarlet coat.

Esmond served with some distinction under Marlborough abroad and was wounded at Blenheim, but the best thing his campaigning brought him was a chance encounter in St. Gudule's Church at Brussels with Father Holt, the tutor of his boyhood, who told him his mother's story. She had been of that very town, and a most tender, faithful creature. His father had deserted her, married her secretly, and again deserted her, and she had taken her broken heart to that convent. Esmond knelt by her grave, took a flower from the little hillock, and as he listened to the choir chanting from the chapel, realized afresh that love and humility were all that counted in life.

One great happiness had come to Esmond before this—he had seen his dear lady, her face sweet and sad in her widow's hood, in Winchester Cathedral, and when their eyes had met the time of estrangement was passed. Knowing now how her heart had

followed him, he dreamed that they might be happy together, but she saw more clearly. When, in their house at Walcotte, Beatrix, the sixteen-year-old maid of honor, with a scarlet ribbon upon the whitest neck in the world, came to meet him, he forgot her mother. No other woman of her day was like her for beauty and wit, and for ten years he was her slave, kneeling with his heart in his hand for the young lady to take, while she looked far higher than the nameless and fortuneless colonel. "Yes," she said, "I solemnly vow I want a good husband. My face is my fortune. Who'll come? Buy! Buy!" While marquises and lords were coming, eager for her, Esmond bore the torments of a hopeless passion, and his dear mistress suffered with him.

At last a suitor worthy of the prize appeared—the Duke of Hamilton—much Beatrix's senior, wealthy, and second to none in the kingdom. Esmond had to accept his fate. The wedding gift he made her was a splendid string of diamonds his father's widow had given him. As she accepted it with a cry of delight, her bridegroom-elect, with a darkening face, told her he did not choose the Duchess of Hamil-

ton should accept presents from gentlemen who had no right to the names they bore. Her mother, to whom the old dowager on her death-bed had maliciously told Harry's story, answered for her: "Henry Esmond is his father's lawful son and true heir. We are the recipients of his bounty, and he is the head of a house as old as your Grace's own." And Beatrix, from whom it had all been kept a secret, whispered to him, "Why did not I know you before!"

On the eve of marriage the duke died in a duel. Beatrix mourned him honestly, but Esmond dared hope for himself, and planned a bold move to win her love. All the Esmonds were heart and soul for the Stuart cause. Frank, the young viscount, who was fighting abroad, closely resembled the exiled chevalier. The two came together to Lady Castlewood's London house, the prince impersonating the viscount, and Frank, his valet, and were received with great joy. Stuart partisans came to the house by stealth and the plot spread like leaven. The maid of honor contrived an interview between the prince and Queen Anne, his sister, whose health was failing, and all hoped that she would proclaim him

her successor. Then Beatrix's friends began to fear for her, as the prince, who had no respect for women, was infatuated with her and she listened to him. Against her will they sent her to Castlewood. Suddenly the queen was reported dying, and the prince could not be found. Beatrix had found means to tell him her whereabouts. Henry Esmond and Frank rode all night to Castlewood. Entering by the secret window, they found the prince and told him they came to avenge their dishonor. Taking from their old hiding-place the papers proving his birth and title, Esmond burned them before the prince, with the words: "I draw my sword and break it, and renounce you. Had you completed the wrong you designed us, I would have driven it through your heart." Frank, breaking his own sword, echoed him: "I go with my cousin. I'm for the Elector of Hanover. It's your Majesty's fault. You might have been king if you hadn't come dangling after Trix!"

The talk was scarce over when Beatrix entered the room. She turned pale at the sight of her kinsmen, and looked at Esmond as if she could have killed him on the spot.

It did not pain him, for the love of ten years was dead.

As they rode back to London, the herald was proclaiming, "George, by the grace of God, king." Queen Anne had died that night.

The chevalier escaped secretly to France, where Beatrix joined him. Frank married a foreign countess, and Esmond's mistress was left alone. At last, as beautiful in her autumn as maidens in their spring, she listened to him and consented to become his wife. In their Virginia plantation they built a new Castlewood, and found there an Indian summer of serene happiness.

HUGO

IT is doubtful whether any other books of modern times have won such wide-spread and immediate popularity as Victor Hugo's great romances. America and England thrilled to Dickens, but it was not until later that he captured continental audiences. Hugo's "Les Misérables" was published simultaneously in Paris, London, Brussels, Milan, Madrid, Rotterdam, Leipsic, and Budapest. And across the seas, in the darkest moments of our Civil War, soldiers pored over the English translation by their camp-fires and debated about Jean Valjean and the good Bishop Myriel.

Four years later appeared "Toilers of the Sea," that amazing epic of the deeps, and again the world almost halted its daily work to read about a simple sailor and his titanic hazards among monsters of the sea. This tale Swinburne pronounced "unsurpassed even among the works of its author for splendor of imagination and of style, for pathos and sublimity of truth."

Hugo was an exile from his native land when these novels were published. When Napoleon III mounted the throne, the novelist, a fiery republican,

found it wise to turn his back upon Paris. He fled to Brussels, disguised as a laborer, and then settled in the Channel Islands. There he lived for nearly twenty years, although each summer he traveled on the Continent. He did not re-enter France until the downfall of Napoleon following the disaster at Sedan.

What France thought of him was evidenced at his funeral. More than one million people lined the streets of Paris as the procession moved to the Pantheon, where he was buried in that last resting-place of the great men of France.

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA

By VICTOR HUGO

Condensation by
JAMES B. CONNOLLY

ONE Christmas morning, Deruchette, a charming young girl, wrote the name of a man, Gilliatt, in the snow. Gilliatt, seeing the name and knowing who wrote it, never forgot.

Gilliatt was a young man of doubtful birth and unpopular disposition who lived by himself in an old wreck of a house in St. Sampson in the Isle of Guernsey. He was a fisherman; also a carpenter, a wheelwright, a sort of engineer when need be. He was also a dreamer of dreams.

Deruchette lived with her uncle, Mess Lethierry, a man at once good-natured, intolerant, superstitious, and progressive. In his wandering days Lethierry had befriended Rantaine, an adventurer, who repaid

this kindness by running off with 50,000 francs of Lethierry's, the savings of forty years and intended for Deruchette's dowry.

However, Deruchette had still his steamboat, the *Durande*. She at least would not fail him. Other steamboats failed, but not his *Durande*—this because of her wonderful engines. The master of the *Durande* was Sieur Clubin, who had built up a reputation for high respectability. He was a capable, prudent seaman and a wonderful swimmer. Also he was a man who knew how to bide his time.

In one of his trips to the mainland Clubin encountered the thief Rantaine as he was about to leave the country with a fortune of 75,000 francs. At the point of a revolver Clubin took from Rantaine the 75,000 francs, and at once, although it was foggy, set sail in the *Durande* for St. Sampson.

The *Durande* was wrecked on some rocks in the Channel. Clubin disembarked his passengers and crew in the long-boat. For himself, he would go down with his ship. The passengers and crew, arriving safely in St. Sampson, were loud in their praise of the heroic captain.

All Lethierry's hopes for Deruchette had

lain in the *Durande*. He besought men to go out to the wreck to see if there was hope for her or if Clubin remained alive. They went, Gilliatt first of all, and returned to report that no Clubin was there and that the *Durande* was hopelessly wrecked. Only her engines remained intact.

Her engines! The word roused Lethierry from his despair. Her engines! His engines, which he had designed himself! They were the real value of the ship! If he could but recover the engines! But how? What man could devise the means to save them? The superhuman being who could do that, why—he should marry Deruchette.

A man pushed his way through the crowd surrounding Mess Lethierry and his niece. "You would marry him to Deruchette?" said the man. It was Gilliatt.

Mess Lethierry raised a solemn hand. "I pledge myself to it in God's name!"

Next day Gilliatt set sail. With extraordinary skill he maneuvered to the one spot near the wreck where it might be possible to moor his sloop. This nook was four hundred yards from the wreck, too far for the sleeping-place of a man who had not a minute to waste. Yet he could not bunk

on the hull of the *Durande*—a sea might come in the night and sweep him away.

He discovered a little plateau on the top of one of the Douvres pinnacles. He ascended the pinnacle by means of a knotted cord; every time he made his way up or down he risked his life, but there his bed must be, for time was everything. And for weeks he lived on the Douvres rocks at his work—work that demanded the knowledge of a sailor, a carpenter, an engineer, a blacksmith.

Incredible toil! To repair pulley-blocks and construct hoisting-tackle; to reshape broken joists and make old sails into twine; to cut iron bars into files and long spikes; to take apart and stow the paddle-wheels; to resharpen hatchets and renew saw teeth —these were but the beginning of his preparations.

And more than toil. Part of the food which he had brought with him was washed into the sea, and he dared not leave the wreck unguarded to sail to Guernsey for a fresh supply; so he gathered the tiny shellfish from the rocks and hunted the crabs which ran in and out of crevices.

One day he pursued a crab into a cave.

While peering about, up to his waist in water, he felt something rough, cold, slimy coil itself around his right arm. Its pressure was like a tightening cord, its steady persistence like that of a screw. A second cold coil wound itself around his body; a third, a fourth, a fifth lashed themselves around him. He could scarcely breathe.

Suddenly a round slimy mass darted toward him. It was the head of the devil-fish.

Gilliatt had his knife; his left arm was still free. The monster stretched out a sixth tentacle for the free arm, which would mean Gilliatt's sure death; but with one superb circular stroke Gilliatt whipped off the slimy head. The tentacles relaxed, fell away; he was dead.

Gilliatt had still to get his crab. He looked into the deeper recesses of the cave and found the skeleton of a man. Around the ribs was a leather belt. On the belt was a name, Clubin. Attached to the belt was a flat, tightly sealed little iron box. Within the box were three sheets of paper, Bank of England notes of 1,000 each; in all, 75,000 francs.

But the engines were what he had come

for. He toiled on, and one evening he sailed into St. Sampson and tied his sloop, weighted down with the *Durande's* engines, to Lethierry's wharf. He hummed a plaintive air which he had once heard Deruchette play on her piano.

It was five years since Gilliatt had first seen Deruchette. In all that time he had never spoken to her. He knew her as men know the morning star, at a distance. Once, seeing her with her uncle—he had dared to pass quite near. He fancied that she smiled.

He walked noiselessly now toward Lethierry's house. He saw above him the windows of Deruchette's room. In the garden he saw Deruchette herself. A nightingale was singing. The night was inexpressibly silent.

There was some one with Deruchette. It was a man, the young Episcopalian curate whose life, Gilliatt recalled, he had once saved from the high tide of the Gild-Holm-'Ur rock. The curate had offered him a sovereign, which Gilliatt had refused, saying it was no matter. The curate had then pressed upon him a Bible.

The curate had the beauty of a pale head and face of a pictured angel. He spoke a

language which echoed the rhythm of the sacred Psalms. He spoke now. Deruchette spoke. Their speech was of love. They embraced. Gilliatt stole off in the night.

Lethierry was transported at the recovery of his wonderful engines. "I will build a hull around them," he said. "I shall have to borrow, but my credit is good. Only for that villain of a Clubin—see, here is a note from Rantaine. He gave Clubin for me, he says, seventy-five thousand francs, equal to what he stole from me with interest."

"Here," said Gilliatt, "are the seventy-five thousand francs." He handed Lethierry the little iron box with the three 1,000 notes.

Lethierry embraced him. "You more-than-man!" he exclaimed. "You shall marry Deruchette at once!"

"I shall not marry Deruchette."

Lethierry insisted He stormed. Gilliatt was like iron. Lethierry grew redder, Gilliatt paler. Gilliatt had his way. Deruchette and the curate were married. They set sail for England on the packet *Cashmere*.

Gilliatt crossed at low tide on the stones which led to Gild-Holm-'Ur rock to see the *Cashmere* pass. The tide was coming in, but the *Cashmere* was coming out. She

moved slowly in the light breeze. The tide crept up on Gild-Holm-'Ur, but Gilliatt's eyes were for the *Cashmere*. The tide crept higher—to Gilliatt's knees—but in a spot of sunlight on the *Cashmere* were Deruchette and the curate. Her head was on his shoulder, his arm around her waist. There was a silence like the calm of heaven on the sea.

The packet passed on. She was beyond the waters of the harbor. The tide was then to Gilliatt's shoulders, but the packet was still within sight. She became a spot in the haze. The spot dwindled, disappeared. As she vanished the head of Gilliatt was engulfed.

Nothing was visible but the sea.

END OF VOL. I

TARKINGTON

BOOTH TARKINGTON was born at Indianapolis, July 29, 1869. Indiana had not then become so firmly convinced as she is now that the literary center of the United States lies within her borders, so that Booth sought his education at Exeter Academy and Princeton, with a dash of Purdue University in between, with a post-graduate course of a year in the Indiana Legislature.

Showing the pride of all citizens of his state in their heritage, his first book was "The Gentleman from Indiana," in 1899, followed by "Monsieur Beaucaire," in 1900. The latter was dramatized in 1902, winning a high place on the stage under the skilful acting of Richard Mansfield, and setting the precedent for many of Tarkington's books, which have had the double audience of the printed page and the playhouse, as in the case of "Seventeen" during the last season. Few writers have achieved greater success in the portrayal of boys than has Tarkington; a very large audience is ever on the alert for any and every appearance of Penrod and his friends.

The novels of Booth Tarkington show an in-

creasing power; they have been of frequent appearance; perhaps "The Turmoil," 1915, stands out as the one of the most perfect human understanding which he has yet written. He has humor, he has a light and winning touch, and he knows America and Americans as do few of the people who are writing about them. As a novel of American business life, "The Turmoil" holds first rank.

THE TURMOIL

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Condensation by
CLARENCE W. BARRON

THE Sheridan Building was the biggest skyscraper, the Sheridan Trust Company the biggest bank, and Sheridan himself the biggest builder and broker and truster and buster under the smoke of a dirty and wonderful midland city that piled tower on tower and spread itself out over the plain of a fair country.

Bibbs Sheridan was his "odd one," the family failure. He grew up only lengthwise, and at twenty-two was the dry scaffolding of a man. Six months in his father's pump-works made necessary two years in a sanitarium. He returned to the "new house" on the outskirts of the city in time for the housewarming party. To this came Mary Vertrees, whose family next door maintained the highest air of respectability

upon a vanishing fortune. She came under home promptings that led her to dazzle with her wit and beauty both Sheridan and James Sheridan, Jr.

When young Jim had proposed, Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan, his sister-in-law, offered to help Mary in return for help in an affair of her own. Mary saw that in bartering she was to be bartered with. Her soul rebelled and she declined to marry young Jim Sheridan. He never got the letter.

Sheridan demanded of Bibbs if he would quit dreaming of poetry and follow with Roscoe and Jim to make the business and the city bigger. Bibbs could not understand why anybody wanted to make things bigger.

"Damnation!" roared Sheridan. "Did you ever hear the word 'Prosperity'? You ninny! Did you ever hear the word 'Ambition'? Did you ever hear the word 'Progress'? Look at Jim, just completing two more big warehouses at the pump-works in half the time the contractors wanted. Jim took the contract himself, found a fellow with a new cement process, and we begin using them next week. Now I'm goin' to make a man of you. By God! I am!"

And Bibbs was given two months to get his mental attitude right for the pump-works.

Miss Vertrees's note went to the senior Sheridan, as that afternoon one of the new warehouse walls collapsed, sending the inventor and James Sheridan, Jr., to their eternity.

Bibbs had to manage the funeral and ride from the cemetery with Mary Vertrees, but neither spoke. "He's not insane," said Mary to her mother. "He looks dreadfully ill, but has pleasant eyes."

Later Bibbs and Mary met as he was passing her gate. He apologized: "I—I hate a frozen fish myself, and that three miles was too long for you to put up with one. I've never been able to speak quickly, because if I tried I'd stammer. My brother Roscoe whipped me once for stepping on his slate-pencil. It took me so long to tell him it was an accident, he finished before I did."

Instantly Mary saw his nature and suffering. They walked on and she invited him into the church to hear some Handel music. It meant, she said, one thing above all others to her—courage.

Thereafter Bibbs went often to the home of Mary Vertrees. "You see," he confided

to her, "it is all so simple. I am to feed long strips of zinc into steel jaws that bite it into little circles, sixty-eight a minute. I used to flinch and the workmen laughed."

"It sha'n't hurt you," exclaimed Mary. "All day long I'll send my thoughts to you, and you must remember that a friend stands beside you."

Bibbs fed the old zinc-eater, discovered its musical rhythm, and sang his poetry in resonance therewith. At night Bibbs scribbled:

> Manual labor is best. Your heart can sing and your mind can breathe while your hands are working. What a turbulence is love! And lovers are blind. But friendship walks gently and with open eyes.

Trouble grew in the Sheridan household. Roscoe took to drink, then quit. He had enough—a few thousand a year. He had been so busy he had nearly lost his wife. "A woman has to have something in life besides a business man. Now we are going to Japan."

Sheridan sent for Bibbs, his only hope, offered him vice-presidencies, salaries, and shares; but Bibbs preferred happiness and nine dollars a week. "What's the use,"

he said, "of being just bigger, dirtier, and noisier?"

That evening Bibbs and Mary read Maeterlinck together and he told her, "To-morrow I'm one of the hands of the pump-works and going to stay one, unless I am thrown out and decide to study plumbing."

"Why not give Bibbs a chance to live?" said the family doctor. "There's something finer in Bibbs than his physical body. You're half mad with a consuming fury against the very self of law. But you want to beat the law! So Ajax defied the lightning!"

"Yes! And, by God! I will!" cried Sheridan. "Ajax was a jackass. If he'd been half a man he'd 'a' got away with it; hitched it up and made it work for him like a black steer. I'll have my way with that stubborn fool, Bibbs." But Bibbs still said, "No."

Sunday afternoon Bibbs was working over a poem. He might venture it upon an editor and perhaps—

Then paper and pencil dropped as he stood up, paralyzed. Through the half-open door he heard Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan confiding to Mother Sheridan, "The Vertrees' house has been sold on foreclosure; they

are allowed to live there a little longer." "Mr. Vertrees has been trying to get a 'position.'" "They have been doing their own cooking." "Those people were so hard up that Miss Vertrees started after Bibbs before they knew whether he was insane or not." "She had to get him." "If he'd stop to think, he'd known he wasn't the kind of a man any girl would be apt to fall in love with."

Bibbs quickly burned papers and notebooks, descended, and told his father, "I'll take the job you offered me," and went straight to Mary Vertrees and said, "Will you marry me?"

Mary drew it all out of Bibbs; then sank down, kneeling, tears overwhelming her.

"I can't make it plain," said Bibbs. "I never dreamed I could do anything for you! I knew you never thought of me except generously—to give."

"We were poor, and I think I did mean to marry your brother. But something stopped me from such a sacrilege. I posted the letter, but he never got it."

"You kept me alive and I've hurt you like this," said Bibbs. "Could you forgive me, Mary?"

"Oh, a thousand times! But there's nothing to forgive and you mustn't come to see me any more," she cried in a passion of tears. "Never, never, never!"

He returned in time to tell his sister-in-law, in the presence of the family: "I proved what you said of me, and disproved what you said of Miss Vertrees. I asked her to marry me and she refused."

Bibbs went with his father and sat in the porch of the temple with the money-changers; worked and talked of nothing but work.

He delved into the ways of the city and its political influence, and began to buy Intertraction shares, where the Vertrees' fortune had vanished.

Soon the Vertrees were able to pay the butcher, hire a cook, and follow the broker's advice to keep the balance of their stock. Sheridan boasted that his plan for Bibbs was working out all right. Still, there was something wrong, and the doctor and Sheridan agreed that it might be a good thing if Miss Vertrees would permit Bibbs to see her—sometimes.

"I had to make Bibbs go my way," Sheridan explained to Miss Vertrees, "but

there isn't anything in it to him. He gave up everything he wanted and took the job he never would, just for you. There's only one girl he could feel that sorry for. Can't you let him come back?"

When Mary responded, "I can't! He was only sorry for me," the truth was out. "Don't—don't—" she cried. "You mustn't—"

"I won't tell him. I won't tell anybody anything," said Sheridan.

On a crowded down-town thoroughfare Mary saw Sheridan, at the risk of his life, spring before a moving trolley-car and with the whole force of his big body shunt Bibbs from impending danger. The crowd had shrieked warnings, but Bibbs had looked the wrong way.

High up in the Sheridan Building, Bibbs sat down, shaking and sore. He realized that his father held his own life of no account compared with that of his son. Bibbs perceived what he had never perceived before —the shadowing of something enormous, indomitable, lawless, irresistible, and blindly noble.

He looked out into the vast, foggy heart of the smoke. Dizzy traceries were rising

dimly against it, chattering with steel on steel and screeching in steam, while tiny figures of men walked on threads in the dull sky. Bigness was being served and there was only Turmoil. But what for?—the mighty question came to Bibbs with a new despair.

The roar of the city beat upon Bibbs's ear until he began to distinguish a pulsation; the voice of the god, Bigness. "Come and work for me, all men! By your youth and your hope, I summon you! By your age and your despair! By your love of home and woman and children! You shall be blind slaves. For reward you shall gaze only upon my ugliness."

Then the voice came as music struggling to be born of the Turmoil. "It is man who makes me ugly by his worship of me. If man would let me serve him I should be beautiful."

From the vague contortions of smoke and fog Bibbs sculptured a gigantic figure with feet pedestaled upon the great buildings and shoulders disappearing in the clouds, a colossus of steel, wholly blackened with soot. He thought up over the clouds; unseen from below, the giant labored with

his hands in the clean sunshine; and Bibbs imaged what he made there—perhaps for a fellowship of the children of the children that were children now—a noble and joyous city, unbelievably white.

The telephone fiercely summoned him. A startlingly beautiful voice caused him to tremble violently. "Yes, Bibbs, I was near the accident. They said you hadn't been hurt, but I wanted to know."

"Mary — would you — would you have minded?"

There was a long pause and a soft, "Yes."

"Then why, oh, why, won't you let me see you? I've been like a man chained in a cave."

"But, Bibbs dear, you don't understand why."

"Mary," he called, even more tremulous than before, "you can't mean it was because —you care. If you meant that you would let me see you, wouldn't you?"

And now the voice was so low he couldn't be sure it spoke at all, and if it did, the words were, "Yes, Bibbs—dear."

But the voice was not in the instrument; it was so gentle and so light, so almost

nothing, it seemed to be made of air and to fall from heaven.

Slowly and incredulously he turned and looked up—and glory fell upon his shining eyes. Mary stood upon the threshold.

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DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS lived a full life. Acting and editing took much of his time, but even more important were his public readings. These started in a modest way, by reading to intimate friends an unpublished Christmas story. He was a born orator and he spoke often at public meetings in support of radical reforms. Gradually the private readings and the public speakings merged into the public readings.

Year after year he appeared before wildly enthusiastic audiences in England, Ireland, and Scotland, but his most ambitious tour was that which began when he landed in Boston in November, 1866. In New England, New York, and as far south as Washington he was acclaimed as no other author ever has been acclaimed in America.

The money rewards were almost irresistible. He received nearly one hundred thousand dollars above expenses for his American journey; his farewell English appearances brought him forty thousand dollars. But he would not have undertaken them if they had not brought him a keener joy.

He loved to be assured of his readers' affection.

At York a woman who had heard him stopped him on the street and said: "Mr. Dickens, will you let me touch the hand that has filled my house with so many friends?" The "boots" at a Dublin inn asked, "What sort of a house?" "Capital," answered Dickens. "The Lord be praised for the honor of Dublin!" cried the lad.

Tributes such as these meant more to him than money. The excitement and fatigue shortened his life, but he could not resist the joy of standing face to face with the thousands who loved him for the sheer happiness he had brought into their lives.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by
ALFRED S. CLARK

A SINISTER bird of prey seemed Jesse Hexam, crouched in the stern of a dirty row boat, his eyes fixed upon the broad waters of the Thames, his arms bare, his hair matted, his clothes mud-begrimed. Twilight deepened the shadows cast by the huddled buildings of London, but his gaze did not swerve. His daughter, a girl of twenty, rowing in obedience to his nods, regarded him with fascinated dread. Suddenly he stiffened; the bird of prey had sighted the quarry. A few minutes later behind the boat a body bobbed and lunged. Hexam had found another corpse, the pockets of another drowned soul to rifle. It was this grisly livelihood that was reflected in the frightened eyes of Lizzie Hexam.

The story of that find was to be talked

about in drawing-rooms; in dingy homes along the waterside and in the comfortable bar of the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters; in the musty shop of Mr. Venus where skeletons leaped out of corners as the fire brightened; in Boffin's Bower, behind which rose the dust-mounds that had created the Harmon fortune. For the body was identified as that of John Harmon, returning to England to claim a fortune of $500,000, left him by an eccentric father upon condition that he wed a girl whom he had never seen.

John Harmon was decreed dead and the fortune came to Nicodemus Boffin. He remained the same unaffected and lovable man he had been in the past when he was foreman in charge of the dust-heaps. They were singularly happy, were Mr. and Mrs. Boffin. Men and women laughed at their oddities, but never with malice. Commonplace as they were, there was a sterling worth to them.

Eager to atone for his lack of schooling, Mr. Boffin hired Silas Wegg, wooden-legged vender of sweets and ballads, to read aloud Gibbon's story of Rome. His eyes popped with astonishment as Wegg plowed stolidly ahead, making sad havoc of Roman names.

"I didn't think there was half so many Scarers in print," Mr. Boffin muttered, sagely.

He acquired, too, a ward and a secretary. Bella Wilfer had been named in the Harmon will as the son's future bride. Her blighted hopes so troubled Mr. Boffin that he installed her in his home, treating her like a beloved daughter. And soon after John Harmon disappeared there came into London a mysterious John Rokesmith, who obtained the position of secretary. A secretive man was John Rokesmith, unwilling to speak of his past.

Rogue Riderhood, former partner and now sworn enemy to Jesse Hexam, set afoot suspicions that Hexam had murdered John Harmon, and the law trailed the vulture of the Thames. It found Jesse dangling behind his boat, as so many had dangled there before, swept overboard and caught in his rope. Eugene Wrayburn was one of the trailers and again he looked into the clear eyes of Lizzie Hexam.

Lizzie found refuge with Fanny Cleaver, better known as the Dolls' Dressmaker, a fantastic little creature with a tongue as sharp as the needle she so incessantly plied.

Intruding into Lizzie's life came the love of Bradley Headstone, a morose man, and of Eugene Wrayburn, conscious that she was too far below him for marriage, unwilling to do her harm, and yet unable to resist his longing to be near her.

Rejected, Bradley Headstone vowed vengeance upon the man whom he believed responsible. In the Boffin home, too, unhappiness was brooding. Bella Wilfer, her head turned by wealth, remembering poverty at home, set her heart upon wedding a rich man and discouraged John Rokesmith. The secretary had other troubles. He was trying to put together the past. He recalled a voyage, a ship upon which he was known as John Harmon. He remembered coming ashore and going with a mate to the house of Rogue Riderhood. Somewhere was a room where he drank coffee. Then stupefaction, with gleams of memory concerned with a fight, a slide, cold water swirling about him, a rescue, and a decision to test Bella by taking another name. After that the discovery of the mate's body, mistaken for that of John Harmon.

Suddenly Mr. Boffin seemed to lose his amiability. He was gruff with his secretary;

he turned to stories about misers. "The more I save, the more you shall have," he said to Bella, but she did not like the cunning look in his eyes. Nor was Silas Wegg aloof from the lust for money. He cast covetous eyes upon the mounds that had made Mr. Boffin "the Golden Dustman." He explored their lowlands and their summits, poking about for treasure. Perhaps there might be another will. He did find a later Harmon will and cherished it as a weapon wherewith he would bleed his benefactor.

Lizzie Hexam, frightened by her lovers, disappeared. Neither Headstone nor Eugene could trace her. But Headstone fancied that Eugene would find her, and for weeks he trailed his rival. Eugene was aware of this morose figure that was never far behind him and he took an impish delight in roaming after nightfall through all the four quarters of London.

At the same time matters were approaching a climax with the Boffins. Silas Wegg was preparing his trap; Mr. Boffin was daily growing more surly. At last he blazed forth and discharged John Rokesmith for aspiring to the hand of Bella to secure the Harmon fortune. But Bella took the part

of the dismissed secretary and cried bitterly as she recalled the lovable Mr. Boffin, now transformed into this terrible monster of greed. She sought again the poverty of her childhood home. It did not take John Rokesmith long to find her, and the cherubic Mr. Wilfer felt happily faint when he saw his Bella's head find what seemed a natural resting-place upon John's breast.

Meanwhile Eugene had found Lizzie's hiding-place, near Plashwater Weir Mill Lock. Eugene rowed up the river to the hamlet, but he did not notice the interested lockkeeper who swung open the gates for him. Nor did he know that a man dressed like the lockkeeper was near, watching him with baleful eyes. The latter was Bradley Headstone; the gatekeeper was Rogue Riderhood, who was known to hate Eugene. Riderhood puzzled more than a little when he saw Headstone, with murder in his eyes, in clothes precisely like his own.

Eugene walked at nightfall with Lizzie by the banks of the river. Headstone could not know that Lizzie had begged Eugene to go away, but he saw their lips meet. A shadowy figure kept close to Eugene after that until something seemed suddenly to

crash in his head and the stars and moon reeled in his sight. He closed with his assailant; there was a scuffle and a splash. Lizzie, tormented by her talk, had not gone to her room. She heard the splash and rushed to the river-bank. When she saw a face in the river she hurriedly leaped into a boat. No man could have been more skilful with oars. She reached the floating body, caught it by the hair, secured it, and screamed for help. Help did not come before she had bound and kissed that face that was so dear to her.

Scarred and marred as he was, Eugene struggled back from the borderland of death. He did not expect to recover when he asked Lizzie to marry him, but she was as proud of him when she was made his wife as though he had been standing in full strength by her side instead of lying helplessly in bed.

Rogue Riderhood remembered that Headstone had intended him to suffer for the crime. So he announced that he would dog Headstone until he was paid handsomely. Headstone knew that the scoundrel would trail him forever, as he had trailed Eugene. He walked away without a word, with Riderhood at his heels. He stepped out

upon the bridge that held back the Thames and then suddenly caught his tormentor with a grip that could not be shaken. They wrestled back and forth on the brink, steadily nearing the edge. Riderhood tried in vain to draw a knife. He fought, he tried to squirm free from that relentless embrace. At last he went over backward, with Headstone gripping him. They found the bodies locked together.

In the mean time Silas Wegg tightened his screws upon the hapless Boffin. But the dramatic scene that he had planned did not work out, for there was a later will than the one he had found, giving everything to Mr. Boffin. So Mr. Wegg was suddenly swung out of the house and into a passing scavenger's cart. His wooden leg waved a gyrating farewell as he passed out of the Boffin house.

Bella Wilfer had become Bella Rokesmith and there was a wonderful, tiny Bella before she understood Mr. Boffin's strange miserliness. Not till then did she learn that her name was Bella Harmon and that Mr. Boffin had been troubled by her hardness of heart. So he had decided to try her. It was for that reason that he had been so

gruff and miserly. He was glad he had done it, for it had proved Bella's worth and given her to the man who loved her. And now, although the Harmon fortune had been left by the last will to Mr. Boffin, he resolutely refused to take it. He kept only money enough to live comfortably for the rest of his happy days.

The magnificence of the new home where Bella was to live impressed even her impressive mother, and the cherubic father was made John's secretary and released from the numbing life that had been his for many years. But perhaps John and Bella, and the Boffins, too, who were living with them, were made happiest by the long visit that they had from Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Wrayburn. Eugene was slowly winning his way back to health and the old affected cynicism had departed. He was prouder of his wife from the slums than he was of his own distinguished family and the place in society that had been his.

JACKSON ("H. H.")

HELEN FISKE was born at Amherst, Massachusetts, October 18, 1831. She was the daughter of Prof. N. W. Fiske. She was twice married, first to Major Edward B. Hunt of the United States Engineers; he died in 1863; it was while living as a widow at Newport that she made her pen name of "H. H." (Helen Hunt) well known. Years later she married W. S. Jackson, a banker of Colorado Springs.

She was a pen-woman of great industry and success. She first won attention by "Verses by H. H." Her poems were widely read and were praised by Emerson and T. W. Higginson. She wrote for the famous "No Name Stories" two novels, "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" and "Hetty's Strange History." She was author of books of many types, including those for children. She became greatly interested in the Indians. She was appointed a special commissioner to investigate their condition. From this work resulted "A Century of Dishonor," and the novel by which she will be remembered, "Ramona." She died August 12, 1885, in San Francisco. She possessed the affectionate regard of many readers.

RAMONA

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON

Condensation by
MARY BROOKS

"RAMONA! The blessed child!" Father Salvierderra, nearing his journey's end, cried out with joy. Through the golden mustard tangle that overhung his path a dark-haired maiden came swiftly to meet him. At sight of Ramona's angelic face the aged Franciscan forgot his weariness, almost forgot his burden of grief over his beloved missions, despoiled and crumbling. A silent blessing, and he followed her contentedly to the Moreno ranch, where sheep-shearing had been delayed until his visit, that he might confess the shearing band.

Before Mexico's surrender of California, General Moreno's estates were lordly indeed; now huge portions had been lopped away by the United States Land Commission

and the general's widow revenged her losses by denouncing all Americans as "hounds." A marvelous manager, the Señora Moreno, whom her handsome, gentle son Felipe obeyed in everything and knew it not! Yet she never suspected that Felipe's affection for Ramona could be more than brotherly; she had never loved the girl. For Ramona was not of Moreno blood. Her father was a tempestuous Scotchman who, cruelly jilted by the señora's sister, married an Indian woman. To his old love, childless and unhappy, he gave his beautiful blue-eyed baby to rear as her own. At Señora Ortegna's death the child came as a legacy to Señora Moreno, but at nineteen Ramona still waited to learn the mystery of her parentage. The stern, silent señora would not tell.

The Indian sheep-shearers arrived at sunset, just as Ramona hurried to the brook to wash an altar-cloth. Her face aglow, she bent over the stones, all unconscious that Alessandro, captain of the shearing band, beholding her, stood spellbound.

When Father Salvierderra led the household sunrise hymn next morning, a new rich barytone voice thrilled Ramona strangely.

"I never heard anything like it," she told Felipe.

"That is Alessandro, old Pablo's son—a splendid fellow. He plays the violin beautifully, the old San Luis Rey music. His father was bandmaster there."

Sheep-shearing began most unfortunately. Felipe, up too soon from a long illness, suffered a relapse while packing the dusty fleeces. Only Alessandro could soothe his delirium; accordingly, Alessandro was persuaded to remain until the invalid should recover.

As Felipe improved, he lived on the open veranda, lying on a rawhide bed that Alessandro made. The family sat near him. Alessandro, too, "his music a delight, his strength and fidelity a repose, his personal presence always agreeable, was freely welcome." The young Indian watched Ramona with dumb devotion.

"Such eyes," she mused, "like a saint, so solemn, so mild. I am sure he is very good." She ceased to regard him as an Indian. How could she understand this new feeling? Felipe was the only young man she had ever known.

One thought possessed Alessandro after

old Juan Canito, the head shepherd, told him of Ramona's parentage: "The señorita has Indian blood. . . . The señora loves her not." When Ramona wept at the señora's unkindness, he trembled so that Felipe read his secret.

"If only my mother could think it," reflected generous Felipe, "it would be best to have Alessandro stay here as overseer, and then they might be married."

The crisis came when Ramona's eyes dimmed with tears because she feared Alessandro's father would not let him remain permanently on the ranch.

"Señorita," he cried, "tears have come into your eyes. Then you will not be angry if I say that I love you!"

"I know, Alessandro; I am glad of it. I love you!"

"Oh, señorita, do you mean that you will go with me? You cannot mean that!"

"Yes, I will go with you."

And then, as they stood locked in each other's arms, the señora discovered them!

"Shameful creature!" she cried, smiting Ramona's protesting lips. She hustled the girl to her room and locked her in.

Alessandro, watching sadly all that night,

heard two wood-doves calling, "Love?" "Here." "Love?" "Here." "My Ramona is like the gentle wood-dove," thought he. "If she is my wife my people will call her Majel the Wood-Dove."

In vain Felipe tried to persuade his mother. In vain she coaxed and threatened Ramona. The jewels which were to be Ramona's dowry, if she married worthily, were no temptation. When the señora scornfully declared, "Your mother was an Indian, a low, common Indian," the girl was truly glad.

"Why do you object to my marrying Alessandro?" she demanded. "I am of his people. The jewels you can give to the Church. I shall marry Alessandro."

Felipe sent Alessandro home to Temecula until the storm should blow over. But the long-dreaded Americans in their search for more land had just taken possession of that peaceful village. Dragged out of his own house by force, old Pablo died of grief. Alessandro buried him, and then in utter misery came back to bid Ramona farewell.

"Dearest señorita, I have no home," he faltered. "My father is dead; my people

have been driven out of their village. I am only a beggar now."

But Ramona felt no fear of privations. "Take me with you!" she cried. After long pleading she overruled his wiser arguments, and that night they slipped away, with Baba, Ramona's own horse.

No trace of the lovers was found, for those Indians who knew Alessandro's whereabouts purposely misled inquirers; and at San Diego, where they were married, Ramona had given Alessandro's pet name for her, "Majella," to be entered on the register.

Their first home was near Alessandro's cousin in San Pasquale, where the Indians received Ramona gladly. She was very happy in her new life "under the sky." She accepted a tiny brush hut as cheerfully as the comfortable adobe which Alessandro soon built and which she beautified beyond belief. Gleefully she led Baba when he plowed the first furrows in their fields.

But Alessandro's anxiety rarely left him. When he heard that the Mexican pueblo paper of San Pasquale was worthless, that all the village lands belonged to the Americans in Washington, he lost hope. "I think I shall go mad," he said. When American

ranchers appeared, he sold house and crop and moved to Saboba, seeking a place the Americans did not want.

On the way to Saboba they nearly perished in a snowstorm, but were saved by an easy-going Tennesseean family, the Hyers, with whom they became friends. Already Ramona's heart had been wrung at hearing of Father Salvierderra's death. Now came a new grief—she feared for Alessandro's reason. Could he bear another blow? "Eyes-of-the-Sky," their baby girl, never recovered from her exposure to the storm and died on the way to the agency doctor who would not come to her. White men began to encroach and to be insulting.

"We will hide forever," declared Alessandro. Leaving horses and wagon in San Bernardino with the Hyers for the winter, they went to a tiny valley, almost inaccessible, folded high on Mt. San Jacinto's slopes. "Here we are safe!" exulted Ramona.

"'Pears like she'd gone klar out 'er this yer world inter another," mused Aunt Ri Hyer, as she sat weaving carpets and gazing up at the shining mountain in the southern horizon.

When Alessandro saw the brown eyes of

his second daughter he sighed, "It is an ill gift to have the eyes of Alessandro; they look ever on woe."

Now began attacks of mental distress—wild flights from imaginary white pursuers. Sometimes he tried to drive flocks he fancied were his own. One fatal day he galloped home on a strange horse, taken by mistake during one of his "sicknesses."

"Señor, I will explain—" But Farrar, the enraged owner, shot him dead in the midst of his explanations.

Child in arms, Ramona ran for help to the nearest village, Cahuilla. Then came oblivion.

Ten days afterward she opened her eyes. Aunt Ri was beside her and—Felipe! He had recognized Baba in San Bernardino, and from the Hyers had learned the whole sad story.

"I have been searching for you all this time," he whispered. "I am alone, dear. There is no one now but you to take care of me."

In Mexico, Felipe made a new home and there Ramona became his loving, loyal wife. But when the wood-doves called, she heard a voice saying, "Majella!" That was her only secret from her husband.

SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S struggle to pay his debts was as heroic as anything in his most heroic novel. He was fifty-five years old when the printing-firm in which he was a secret partner failed and left him responsible for debts of $650,000. His wife died a few weeks later; he himself faced a probable mental breakdown, as he had had a slight attack of aphasia, an inability to remember the meanings of words. Yet he refused to go through bankruptcy, although he had had no part in incurring this mountainous debt. All that he asked from his creditors was time. This secured, he buckled sternly to his task.

He wrote doggedly and well, if not with the old fire. In two years he had paid off more than $200,000. To make money more quickly he turned from novels to a "Life of Napoleon," which brought him nearly $100,000.

His mind began to fail, but he struggled on. "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous" were written after paralytic shocks. Racked by physical sufferings and with hardly more than half a brain, he so devoted himself to work that

within five years more than half of the great debt had been paid.

His last year was made happy by a merciful hallucination. He conceived the idea that he had paid every creditor in full. About $250,000 actually remained unpaid at his death, but this was reduced by insurance to $150,000. This, too, was paid from copyrights, and fifteen years later the last claim was discharged. No one had helped him. He had paid in full by his own unaided labor.

KENILWORTH

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

Condensation by
REV. DR. R. PERRY BUSH

THERE could be no fitter setting for a story of love and tragedy than that afforded by the court of England during the reign of Elizabeth.

It was the heyday of gorgeous costuming and an age saturated with the occult. Every one patronized the astrologers and the alchemists. The queen coupled with the dignity and strength of the monarch the foibles of the weak. It was her policy to play one favorite against another and thereby secure the working of her own strong will, but she often gave way to furious temper and she was most susceptible to flattery. She was forever undecided between her duty to her subjects and her attachment to Robert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester, whom it was commonly reported that she really intended

to marry, for he was a courtier *par excellence*, and his ambition to share the throne overpowered every other purpose of his life. He had, however, been secretly wedded to Amy Robsart, and so, to further his chances to be king, he consorted with one Richard Varney, and plotted the murder of his wife, which was accomplished at Abingdon Manor.

These threads of fact, with many others of fancy, Scott wove into the fabric of *Kenilworth*. To him who would listen to those who make fulsome compliment and laudation a fine art, to one who would understand the subtle poisoning of the mind by insinuation, to such as are interested in the machinations of men and women anxious to mingle in high society, to all who would be regaled by the conversations of lords and ladies and have unfolded for their edification a phase of history which never appears in the text-books of our schools, at the same time that they are reading a romance of wonderful interest and plot, *Kenilworth* offers a rare and wholesome treat.

The story opens at an inn kept by one Gosling, whose nephew, Michael Lambourne, a swaggering drunkard, returns after years

of absence and finds that Tony Foster, an old crony, who lighted the fires when Latimer and Ridley were burned, is keeping guard over a beautiful woman at Cumnor Mansion. Lambourne gains admission there, accompanied by Tressilian, a knight of peerless character, who is in search of her to whom he has been betrothed and who has been lured away from her father's house. Lambourne becomes an accomplice in crime with Foster, and Tressilian meets the mysterious lady, who proves to be none other than Amy Robsart, for it was she who was his promised bride.

He tries to persuade her to return to her father, but in vain, and in attempting to escape from the premises he meets Richard Varney, master of horse to Leicester, a shrewd, calculating villain, who is a constant spur to the earl's ambition to be king.

Tressilian naturally concludes that Amy is this fellow's mistress, and, drawing his sword, overcomes and would have slain him but for the timely arrival of Lambourne, when he was obliged to flee, and, knowing the queen's interest in such affairs, he resolves to obtain her intervention in Amy's behalf.

And here Scott makes use of a superstitious bent of the age. Tressilian's horse loses a shoe and a blacksmith cannot be found until an imp of a boy leads the way to a mysterious farrier, named Wayland Smith, who is thought by those who know him to be an emissary of Satan and who turns out to be an alchemist with a laboratory underground, and who is persuaded to enter the employ of Tressilian, and with him visits Sir Hugh Robsart, who signs a warrant of attorney to help to secure Leicester's powerful influence in persuading the queen to free Amy from Varney.

Tressilian and Wayland soon after this make a visit to Lord Sussex, and when he, for a seeming discourtesy to the queen's physician, is called to court for explanation, they accompany him.

The depicting of this trip to Greenwich is fascinating. The obeisance to royalty; the first step in Sir Walter Raleigh's career when he submits his elegant cloak for Elizabeth to walk upon; the boat; the river; the discussion of Shakespeare and a hundred touches of genius—it must be read in full to be appreciated.

Sussex, upon examination, is fully exon-

erated, and thereupon calls the queen's attention to the fact that Amy Robsart is cruelly held prisoner, and forthwith Varney and Leicester are summoned into the royal presence. And before the latter has opportunity to speak, Varney affirms that Amy is his wife; and, as every one is cognizant of Leicester's confusion, Varney assures Elizabeth that it is due to the earl's transcendent love for her gracious self. The case is apparently settled, and Varney is ordered to appear at the coming festivities at Kenilworth, and to bring with him the woman who has been the occasion of so much trouble.

Here is a problem! Amy will never consent to be received as Varney's wife. She must somehow be detained at Cumnor!

It resolves into a battle of the alchemists.

Demetrius, in Varney's employ, prepares a drug for Amy, but Wayland, as Tressilian's servant, enters her apartments as a peddler and provides an antidote for the poison. He also apprises her of the enemies by whom she is surrounded and with him she flees from Cumnor.

The time of the great carnival at Kenilworth is near at hand. Multitudes are on their way thither. Every avenue of approach

is crowded. Wayland and Amy attach themselves to a group of strolling players, and after many interesting experiences reach the castle, where she is by chance lodged in a room in Mervyn's Tower, which has been assigned to Tressilian.

Here she writes a letter to Leicester, beseeching him to come to her, and, after tying it with a true-love knot of her hair, intrusts it to Wayland to deliver, but it is stolen from him.

Meanwhile Tressilian has occasion to return to his room, and is dumfounded to find Amy there; but as she expected Leicester would come in answer to her letter, she bound Tressilian not to speak or act in her behalf for the next twenty-four hours, and he departed to witness the coming of the queen. According to history it was a wonderful preparation that Leicester made for the reception of Elizabeth at Kenilworth. Money was lavished without stint, and the details of pomp and pageantry gleam vividly before us when touched by the descriptive genius of Scott. At Warwick there is music, a salvo of smaller arms, a round of artillery, and a roaring welcome by the multitude. The cavalcade is illuminated by

two hundred waxen tapers borne by men on horseback.

The queen is adorned with countless jewels and attended by the ladies of the court and valiant knights magnificently attired, among whom Leicester glitters like a golden image. The procession advances over a bridge built for the occasion, and here the courtiers dismount; a floating island reaches the shore and the "Lady of the Lake" announces that this is the first time she has ever risen to pay homage, but she could not refrain from obeisance to her gracious Majesty. Then, as the queen enters the castle, there is a discharge of fireworks, new and wonderful in that age, and she moves on through pageants of heathen gods and heroes of antiquity to the great hall, which is hung with gorgeous silken tapestry, where she is seated by Leicester upon a royal throne, who after kissing her hand and eulogizing her most profusely, retires and shortly reappears appareled from head to foot in dazzling white.

The queen very shortly after sends for Varney, and asks why his wife presumes to disobey the mandate of her sovereign and absent herself from the festivities, and he

replies that she is indisposed and presents certificates to that purpose. These Tressilian madly asserts are false, but, remembering his promise to Amy to keep silent for twenty-four hours, he halts and stammers and the queen orders Raleigh to place him under restraint.

Then follows the banquet, served upon a most magnificent scale, and at its close Varney seeks Leicester and assures him that the stars promise that he shall marry the queen, and he also notifies him that Tressilian has a mistress in Mervyn's Tower.

From here events hurry to a climax. The next morning Amy escapes from her room and is in hiding near the plaisance, when close at hand Leicester avows his love to Elizabeth and is given great encouragement; but, as they separate, the queen discovers Amy, who declares that she is not the wife of Varney, and that "Leicester knows all."

Accordingly she is hurried to the presence of the earl, where Elizabeth rages violently, but Leicester's marriage remains still unrevealed, and Amy is thought to be insane and she is placed in custody. Moreover, Leicester is angry with Amy for coming to Kenilworth and exposing him to the resent-

ment of the queen, and he resolves to see her and insist that for the present she must consent to be known as Varney's wife.

This proposition is scornfully refused. Amy, no longer a child, but with the strength of injured womanhood, calls upon the earl as a man and as her lawful husband to take her to Elizabeth and acknowledge that she is his wife.

Leicester yields to this masterly plea to his honor and prepares for the ordeal; but Varney, clearly perceiving that this involves his own personal ruin, concludes that "either he or Amy must die," and is not slow in deciding which it shall be. He persuades Leicester that Amy is conniving with Tressilian, and so convinces him of her perfidy that the earl finally consents to her doom.

That evening Leicester and Tressilian meet. The latter still believes that Varney holds Amy in his power, and he begins to plead for her; but his words and motives are misinterpreted. Swords are drawn and they do battle, but are interrupted and meet again on the morrow in a secluded spot, when, just as Leicester is about to prevail, his sword is seized by the young rascal,

Dicky Smudge, who delivers to him Amy's letter, which he had stolen from Wayland. The tangle of affairs is unraveled and Amy is proclaimed as the Countess of Leicester.

At this revelation, Elizabeth is beside herself with rage, declaring that "Leicester's stolen marriage has cost her a husband and England a king."

In the violence of her chagrin and anger she forgets for a while her royal dignity, and recovers command of herself only when Lord Burleigh warns her that "such weakness little becomes a queen." Meanwhile Varney fatally shoots the drunken Lambourne and conducts Amy to Cumnor, where she is confined in Foster's bedchamber, a mysterious room reached by a drawbridge, which she is admonished never to attempt to cross; but when Tressilian and Raleigh come to take her to Kenilworth, and she hears the sound of their horses' hoofs, she thinks it is the earl and rushes from her room, and Varney has so manipulated the drawbridge that she falls to her death. When, however, this villain learns how matters have developed, he commits suicide. His alchemist is found dead in his laboratory and Tony Foster disappears and his skeleton is found long after-

ward in a secret chamber where he hid his gold. Leicester retires from court for a season, but later is again a favorite in waiting upon the queen, and dies at last by taking poison he had designed for another.

DU MAURIER

GEORGE LOUIS PALMELLA BUSSON DU MAURIER was born in Paris in 1834, and died in England in 1896. His father, a naturalized British subject, was the son of emigrés who had left France during the Reign of Terror and settled in London.

In "Peter Ibbetson," the first of the three books which won du **Maurier,** *late in life, a reputation as novelist, almost as great as he had enjoyed as artist and humorist for more than a generation, the author depicts his own singularly happy childhood.*

He was brought to London when three or four years old, but vague memories of this period were suddenly exchanged, one beautiful day in June, for the charming realities of a French garden, and an "old yellow house with green shutters and mansard roofs of slate." Here at Passy, with his "gay and jovial father and his young English mother," the boy spent seven years of sweet, priceless home life.

The year 1856 found him in Paris, in the Latin Quarter, a student at "the core of the art world" of

which in "Trilby" he produced a fascinating idealistic picture, with both pen and pencil.

For many years he was connected with "Punch," "The Cornhill Magazine," and "Once a Week." He spent some years in Antwerp, and it was there, while working in the studio of van Lerius, that the great misfortune of his life came upon him—the gradual loss of sight in his left eye, accompanied by alarming symptoms in the right eye, which, it was thought, might also become affected—but this did not happen; he went on with his work, although his weak sight made it difficult for him to sketch in the open air. Du Maurier's three novels, "Trilby," the story of a tone-deaf artist's model who became a prima donna; "Peter Ibbetson," the story of the dream existence of Peter and the Duchess of Towers; and "The Martian," which tells of Barty Josslin and his guardian angel from Mars—are all equally preposterous, yet plausible and fascinating.

TRILBY

By GEORGE DU MAURIER

Condensation by
ALICE G. GROZIER

A CHARMING studio, in the Latin Quarter of Paris, sheltered "Three Musketeers of the Brush": Talbot Wynne, or Taffy, a big, fair, blue-eyed young Yorkshireman, who had been a soldier, but was at last following his wish to be an artist; then Sandy McAllister, or the Laird, as his friends called him, intended by his parents for a solicitor, but who was in Paris painting toreadors and singing French ballads with a decided Scotch accent.

"The third he was Little Billie," or William Bagot, a pleasing young Englishman from London. To live and work in Paris had been Billie's dream, and at last it was a reality, he and his two friends having taken the studio together. He often looked at these friends, and wondered if any one,

living or dead, ever had two such glorious chums. His absolute belief in all they said and did touched them exceedingly, and they in turn loved him for his affectionate disposition and lively ways; and recognizing his quickness, keenness, and delicacy in all matters of form and color, they had also a great admiration for him.

On a showery April day the three friends were in the studio, each occupied to his taste, Taffy vigorously swinging a pair of Indian clubs, the Laird sitting before his easel, painting; and Billie, kneeling on the broad divan before the great studio window, was gazing out over the roofs of Paris, speculating upon the future of himself and his friends.

These speculations were rudely interrupted by a loud knocking at the door, and two men entered; first a tall, bony individual of any age between thirty and forty-five, of Jewish aspect, well-featured, but sinister. He had bold, brilliant black eyes, with long, heavy lids. He went by the name of Svengali, spoke fluent French, but with a German accent. His companion was a little, swarthy young man, possibly a gipsy; under his arm he carried a fiddle and bow.

Svengali at once suggested that they have some music, and, seating himself at the piano, ran his fingers up and down the keys with the easy power of a master. Then he fell to playing Chopin's Impromptu in A flat so beautifully that Little Billie's heart was nigh to bursting with emotion and delight. He never forgot that Impromptu, which he was destined to hear again one day in very strange circumstances.

Then the two, Svengali and his companion, Gecko, made music together so divinely, indeed, that even Taffy and the Laird were almost as wild in their enthusiasm as Billie, but with an enthusiasm too deep for words.

Suddenly there came another interruption, a loud knuckle-rapping at the outer door, and a voice of great volume, that might belong to any sex, or even an angel, uttered the British milkman's yodel, "Milk below," and before any one could say, "*Entrez*," a strange figure appeared framed in the gloom of the antechamber; the figure of a very tall and fully developed young girl, clad in the gray overcoat of a French infantry soldier; below this there showed a short striped petticoat, and beneath it were vis-

ible her bare white ankles, the toes losing themselves in a huge pair of men's list slippers.

While not strictly beautiful, the girl had great charm; she was really much like a healthy young English boy. Closing the door behind her, she said, wistfully: "Ye're all English, now, aren't ye? I heard the music and thought I'd just come in for a bit and pass the time of day; you don't mind? Trilby, that's my name, Trilby O'Ferrall."

Yes this was Trilby of the studios, artists' model, taking her noonday rest. She sat down upon the model-throne to eat her luncheon and listen to the music.

When Svengali had brought the music to a close, Trilby remarked it was not very gay, and offered to sing a song which she knew, and in English, whereat she sang "Ben Bolt," and finished amid an embarrassing silence, for her hearers did not know whether it was intended seriously or in fun; such a volume of sound ensued that it flooded the studio, but without melody or music of any kind, in fact as if the singer were tone-deaf, as indeed she was.

With her charm and good-fellowship Trilby

won the hearts of the Three Musketeers, Billie's most of all, and it was Billie for whom she felt the deepest affection. She cooked for them at times, mended their clothing, listened to their music and the wonderful talks of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." At other times she criticized their work, in fact was quite "one of them."

A climax came one day when Billie, visiting another studio, discovered Trilby posing for the "altogether." He was so shocked that he was awakened to the fact of his great love for Trilby, and, rushing home to his friends, declared that he was going to Barbizon to paint the forest and that he wanted to be alone.

Trilby, too, saw matters in a different light, and, after much self-examination and struggle, decided that she would pose no more, but would earn her living as a fine laundress, with an old friend who had a laundry and was doing well. Poor Trilby was certainly one of the frail ones, but through ignorance, rather than wrong intent; now she saw her mistake, and with her love for Billie there came a strange new feeling, a dawning self-respect.

Nineteen times Billie asked Trilby to marry him, but she always refused, feeling herself unworthy. Then one Christmas night he asked her the twentieth time: "*Will* you marry me? If not I leave Paris in the morning never to return"; and Trilby, fearing to lose him out of her life, finally answered, "Yes."

Billie's mother, hearing of the intended marriage, journeyed to Paris to make inquiries about Trilby, finally deciding that she was not the wife for her son, all of which she said to Trilby, who in her great love for Billie, and thinking it best for him, promised to go away and not see him again.

Trilby kept her promise and Billie became very ill; when he had sufficiently recovered he went back to England with his mother, his heart, as it seemed, quite dead.

This was a sorrowful time for Taffy and the Laird, as they missed both Trilby and Billie. Nothing was heard of the former for a long time.

Years went by and Billie became a famous painter, with a beautiful home in London and many friends.

Then the Three Musketeers were together again in Paris, where they visited the scenes

of former times, at last going to the old studio, now rented to other tenants, but having still upon its wall Billie's famous drawing of Trilby's foot, protected by a covering of glass; and beneath it some stanzas to "*Pauvre Trilby, la belle et bonne et chere!*"

One night they attended a concert in a large hall on the Rue St.-Honore. The first violin had scarcely taken his seat before they recognized their old friend Gecko. Just as the clock struck, Svengali appeared —the conductor. Then a moment of silence, and two little page-boys each drew a silken rope, the curtains parted, and a tall figure walked slowly down to the front of the stage. The house rose to meet her as she advanced, bowing to right and left—"It was Trilby."

Her eyes on Svengali, at a signal from him she sang without accompaniment, in a voice so immense in its softness, richness, and freshness that it seemed to be pouring itself from all around; and then her dove-like eyes looked past Svengali, straight at Billie, and all his long-lost power of loving came back with a rush.

At last—the final performance of the

evening. Trilby vocalized, without words, Chopin's Impromptu in A flat; astounding, no piano had ever given out such notes as these! Amid the wild applause and enthusiasm of an immense audience, Trilby had made her début in Paris.

Her début in London was a different matter; Svengali, ill, and unable to conduct, had taken his place in a box exactly opposite Trilby, but his presence had no effect upon her. When it came time for her to sing she started "Ben Bolt," but sang only a few bars, when the house was in an uproar of laughter, hoots, and hisses. Trilby had lost the power of "singing true."

She seemed to be awakening from sleep, not knowing where she was. Her old-time friends rescued her and took her home to Billie's mother. Svengali collapsed from shock and died very suddenly.

The friends learned from Gecko that "there were two Trilbys," Svengali had but to say "Dor" and she suddenly became an unconscious Trilby of marble, to do his bidding. So they traveled, giving concerts, Svengali, Gecko, Trilby, attended by Marta, an old servant of Svengali.

The long strain had its effect upon poor

Trilby, and she drooped and died, surrounded by the old-time friends and Billie's mother. Not long after, Little Billie, broken-hearted, followed her.

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MULOCK

DINAH MARIA MULOCK was born at Stoke-upon-Trent on April 20, 1826, the daughter of a minister. She died October 12, 1887.

Miss Mulock picked up a good education despite the unsettled fortunes of her father. When she was but twenty years old she bravely started for London, whither go all English people to try their fortunes, since Dick Whittington has shown the place.

There she was greatly helped by her own personal charm and by the friendship of two men whose names are intimately connected with the book trade, Alexander Macmillan and Charles Edward Mudie. (She later married a member of the firm of Macmillan, G. L. Craik.)

She began her literary ventures with stories for young people, but early won success with "The Ogilvies"; a delightful fairy story, "Alice Learmont," followed soon, as did novels, short stories, and various other forms of expression. But she will always be remembered by one book, though her popularity in her time extended to many others.

"John Halifax, Gentleman," published in 1857, is read to-day as it was then, and will not fade as have the other works of its author.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN

By DINAH MARIA MULOCK

Condensation by
BASIL KING

THOUGH a boy of sixteen, I was too ill and crippled to walk. Owing to the rain, my father pushed my hand carriage under an archway. Taking shelter there we found a handsome boy of thirteen, well built, strong, and looking more than his age.

Fearing to lose time from work in his tannery, my father engaged this boy to push me home when the rain ceased. Arrived at our house, I asked him in for a meal. After his dinner in the kitchen he joined me in the dining-room, telling me something of his history. His name was John Halifax, an orphan, without home, relatives, or money, and so obliged to roam the country looking for work. His one treasure was a Greek Testament, on the fly-leaf of which was written the name of Guy Halifax. In

addition there were the entries of the marriage of Guy Halifax, gentleman, to Muriel Joyce, spinster, in the year 1779; of the birth of John Halifax in 1780; and of the death of Guy Halifax in 1781. Being unable to write, the lad asked me to make the additional entry, "Muriel Halifax, died January 1, 1791."

Never having had a companion, I took to this boy as a friend, inducing my father, Abel Fletcher, to give him work in the tanyard. It was humble work, at a pittance a week, and the boy took such care of himself as he could, sleeping in or on a pile of tanbark, and eating no more than enough to keep him alive. Faithful and industrious, however, he won his master's confidence, being gradually promoted to better posts, though still earning no more than a bare maintenance.

Those were the days of hard times incidental to the Napoleonic wars, with scarcity both of work and food. As I was helpless, it meant much to my father to have growing up under his eye a lad to whom his master's interests were his own. In a measure John Halifax took my place in the tannery, and during the labor riots from

which my father suffered, as did most employers of the time, my friend was always on hand to soothe the workmen and protect my father's property.

In proportion as Abel Fletcher grew old and infirm a greater measure of responsibility fell on the younger man's shoulders. By the time he was twenty-one my father was willing to take him into partnership, promoting him thus from the standing of a waif, which was that which he held in the eyes of our conservative fellow-townsmen in Norton Bury, in Gloucestershire, to that of solid citizen. No young man ever deserved good fortune more. Developing, too, a force of character which could not but be progressive, he more than once found himself at odds with the old Tory elements that had long held our townspeople in submission and contempt.

Chief among the petty tyrants of the aristocratic class were the Earl of Luxmore and his son-in-law, Richard Brithwood, the important landowners of our neighborhood. Hard-drinking, hard-riding, and profligate, they made use to the full of those privileges of birth and position which in those days allowed the nobility to be overbearing to

all whom they regarded as inferiors. Toward this spirit John Halifax bore himself respectfully but manfully, exciting the hatred of his opponents by defeating their ends. A combination of circumstances brought him in the long run into closer connection with both than either he or they cared to recognize.

When I was twenty-three and John Halifax twenty we took our first holiday together, lodging at a farm-house in the neighboring hills, where also some cousins of Richard Brithwood, Mr. March and his daughter, Ursula, were making a temporary residence. The father being an invalid, and growing rapidly worse while we were there, John Halifax was able to perform valuable services for the daughter. By the time the father died John and Miss March were in love. The difficulties to their marriage were of a kind only to be solved by overriding them. John Halifax was poor and a nobody; Ursula March was high-born and an heiress. When he would have retired it was she who, with the instincts of a big and noble heart, took matters into her own hands. She did this the more bravely, owing to the fact that Richard Brithwood, her guardian, had the

power to withhold her income, which he did for years.

Their marriage was therefore in modest conditions, but none the less happy for that. Their first sorrow may be said to have come when their eldest child, Muriel, proved to have been born blind. Almost the last act of my stern old father was to bless the babe and proclaim her the child of peace.

Next to his wife this little blind girl was the object of her father's dearest affections. Three boys, Guy, Edwin, and Walter, were born after her, and lastly another little girl; but to none did the heart of John Halifax go out with the tenderness called forth by the little one who never seemed afflicted, because of her sweet happiness. When at the age of eleven she was taken from them the father's youth forsook him and middle age began to draw on.

I now made my home with them, as a brother to the parents and an uncle to the children. The fullness of affection they showed one another was always shared with me. So, too, I shared in all the subsequent years of mingled prosperity and care.

They were the years, following Waterloo, of England's first great industrial expansion.

John Halifax became one of the new nobility which then began to so large a degree to supplant the old, the nobility of commerce. His progressive mind was always looking for new outlets to his energies, which were also to include new phases of prosperity to the people roundabout, who more and more looked to him as leader. In addition to the business of which my father's death had made him master, he took over the old cloth-mills at Enderley. Here Lord Luxmore was the proprietor, and to ruin the mills, and so ruin John, he deflected the stream on the pretext of needing the water to supply his own fountains. John Halifax was equal to the occasion. He had already been in touch with Arkwright, who first used steam in the mills at Manchester. Steam was therefore introduced at Enderley, the income of the mill-owner doubling and trebling with each year. From the small house in town John and Ursula Halifax moved to a modest estate in the country, moving from that in the course of time to one of the great houses of the county, exerting with each change a widening influence for good which in the Regent's days was rare.

But prosperity brought them no immunity from domestic trouble. Little Muriel's death was the first blow. Other blows followed soon. The boys grew up to be young men. With their love-affairs came the first real discords in the family.

They began with the appearance of a governess for little Maud. She gave her name as Miss Silver. Beautiful, mysterious, and self-contained, she repelled Ursula's motherly sympathies by a coldness not explained till she proved to be Louise d'Argent, the daughter of a notorious French Deputy under the Reign of Terror. But by this time the worst mischief was done, since Guy, the eldest son, was in love with her. To accept her as Guy's future wife cost John and Ursula Halifax a struggle. It was a surprise to them, therefore, that Guy should be refused on the ground that Miss Silver was in love with another man. There was no relief in this, however, since the other man proved to be the second son, Edwin, who was also in love with her. Of this difficult situation the animosity between the two brothers was not the least of the trials the parents had to undergo. In a household where love had been the watch-

word the hatred of brothers was the harder to bear. Before Edwin was married Guy had gone abroad, nominally on business for his father, but really to be away from the sight of Edwin's happiness.

While this change eased the situation, it was also the source of new anxieties. Disquieting reports were brought from Paris by the Earl of Luxmore's son, Lord Ravenel. From boyhood young Ravenel had entertained an admiration for his father's opponent, John Halifax, which had grown with time. The kindness always shown by Mr. and Mrs. Halifax to Lord Ravenel's sister, Lady Caroline Brithwood, whom her husband, Richard Brithwood, had divorced, strengthened the attachment of a young man neglected by his father, to those who could take a stand of their own. Each time he returned to Luxmore Park young Ravenel made a refuge of the Halifax home. From Paris he brought news that Guy had come into the circle of the aged reprobate, Lord Luxmore, with little advantage to himself. Graver news followed that. A letter in Guy's own hand informed his parents that, being drunk in a gambling-house, he had quarreled with Sir Gerard Vermilye,

who years before had induced Lady Caroline to elope with him, had struck the man and possibly killed him. He had now to flee from France. By the time the letter reached his parents he would have sailed for America.

If Muriel's death had ended John's youth, Guy's disgrace did the same for his mother's. I first noticed then that Ursula was beginning to grow old. Up to that time she had been a matron, ripening with serenity. More than maturity came into her beauty now, a sadness, a depression, which she rarely threw off. Though peaceful years came with the news that Guy had settled in Boston, where the business of which he had become the head was prospering, the lightheartedness went out of our home forever. In my case that was the more true, owing to the fact that on the day when Edwin was married I had surprised John, for whom my affection was that of Jonathan for David, "passing the love of women," in an unusual fit of pain. He had been so strong and well throughout the years in which we had lived together as brothers that the thought of his suffering was new and strange to me. It became stranger if

not newer when the paroxysms were repeated. This was only at long intervals, so that we were able to keep the secret to ourselves. Even Ursula did not know, and John bound me to silence till he himself spoke. It was not till Guy had been some years in America, and a little daughter had been born to Edwin and Louise, that John told me the doctor's verdict concerning himself. He might live to an old age, or he might go at any minute. With the knowledge of this possibility my own death seemed to begin.

Nevertheless, more years went by with no greater disturbance to the current of our lives than a sudden perplexity with regard to Maud. It was not only with regard to Maud, but with regard to Lord Ravenel. Why neither John nor Ursula had foreseen what might happen there I never understood, for to me such a possibility had long been evident. Maud was now eighteen; Lord Ravenel a romantic, somewhat Byronic figure of thirty-seven. To her parents the difference in age precluded love; to me love knew no such limitations. When, therefore, Ravenel came to us asking permission to try to win the child her parents refused.

While nothing was said to Maud, the disappearance of her lover—he was almost that—left her wounded and wondering. It was not only the difference in age which had dictated the course of John and Ursula, but lack of confidence in the stability of the young man's character.

That was soon to be tested. Within a short time after he had left us, with the understanding that he was not to return, the earl, his father, died, leaving a large entailed property, but otherwise nothing but debts. To pay these debts, for which the law held the new earl in no way responsible, Ravenel, now Lord Luxmore, renounced his rights of inheritance. He himself was left with the smallest income on which a man of his rank could live. To John and Ursula this unexpected force of character brought mingled satisfaction and regret. The more they rejoiced in the nobility of the act, the more deep their anxiety lest they should have intervened to the injury of two whom they loved.

And still more years went by. Edwin was now relieving his father of some of the cares of business; Walter was preparing to go out into the world; Maud was growing

staid. Already prominent in public affairs, John declined to stand for Parliament because, to some degree, the heart had gone out of him. There was no outward change beyond more gray in the hair and more gravity in the expression, but pain borne in secret was beginning to tell on him. The knowledge that Guy was so far away and Maud not happy had its effect on Ursula. Growing old myself, I was obliged to stand by and watch the two I loved best on earth growing old even more rapidly.

There came a day when there was no more news from Guy. Our fears increased with the weeks. Then we received a letter saying that he and his partner were to sail in a few days' time from Boston. For some reason not explained the letter was already two months old. Had they really taken the ship Guy named they should have been in England some weeks ago. Inquiry at Lloyd's revealed no such ship as having crossed the Atlantic, though a small vessel of that name had foundered in the West Indies. Had Guy and his partner sailed for England by this roundabout route, it was still possible that they had been rescued and might be on the way home.

So for more months we waited in a hope that gradually became no hope. For the first time in my knowledge of her the strong, competent Ursula began to have days of not coming down-stairs. She never complained; she never spoke of Guy; she was only tired. John with his secret and she with hers seemed to withdraw each into a still place where they were alone with God. It was a quiet time, even if a sad time; but to me it was the end.

Then one day a stranger appeared, tall, bearded, tanned. It was Maud who saw him first. Begging him to be seated, she told him she would send her father. "But, Maud, don't you know me? I'm Guy."

He had come back with his partner, who was now known as William Ravenel. For John and Ursula it was the joy which lets the servant depart in peace. Guy having outlived his boyish passion for Louise d'Argent, he and Edwin met as friends. Maud and William Ravenel found each other in that happiness in which a difference of twenty years does not count.

We went one day into the old beech woods at Enderley, where thirty-three years earlier John and Ursula had vowed themselves

to each other. John had come with us; Ursula kept her room. Not even the bliss of Guy's return gave her back her strength. It was a pleasant afternoon with the young people all about us. John lay down upon the grass, his hat pulled over his eyes.

"How cold it has grown," Maud said, toward sunset. "I think we ought to wake father."

But John did not wake. While sleeping he had been called. I went home to tell his wife.

We carried him into the old farm-house where he and Ursula had met. There at ten that night she came to him. How she came I do not know. How she, who had not walked for weeks, had found her way hither, what strength helped her to stand there as she did stand, upright and calm, I do not know. All I can say is that she came, that she talked to her children, bade them never forget their father, and asked them to leave her for a little while alone with him.

We closed the door, sitting on the stairs outside. It might have been for minutes, it might have been for hours. It was Guy who at last went in.

She was still in the same place by the bedside, but half lying on the bed. Her arm was round her husband's neck, her face nestled close to his hair. They might have been asleep. One of her children called her, but she neither stirred nor answered. Guy lifted her up very tenderly—his mother—a widow—

But she was not a widow now.

PORTER

JANE PORTER, British novelist, was born at Durham in 1776. Her life and literary reputation were closely linked with those of her sister, Anna Maria Porter, novelist, and her brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, painter and traveler. After their father's death in 1779 their mother removed to Edinburgh, where the children, as they grew older, had their love of romance stimulated by association with Flora Macdonald and the young Walter Scott. The sister, Anna Maria, published a long series of works during the years between 1797 and 1830; but in the mean time, Jane Porter, "whose intellectual power, though slower of development and in expression, was greater than her sister's," published her first work, "Thaddeus of Warsaw" (1803), which gained for her an immediate popularity. It was translated into several languages, and won for the author the election as canoness of the Teutonic order of St. Joachim.

Some years before the appearance of Scott's "Waverley," Jane Porter attempted the national romance in her "Scottish Chiefs." The story of Wallace had been a great favorite with her since

childhood; and the poem of "Blind Harry" (Henry the Minstrel) was doubtless well known to her. The book lacked historical accuracy and she made the figure of Wallace a rather sentimental conception of the character; yet her picturesque power of narration saved the story from oblivion.

Miss Porter's later works include "The Pastor's Fireside," "Duke Christian of Lunenburg," "Coming Out," and "The Field of Forty Footsteps." She wrote in conjunction with her sister, "Tales 'Round a Winter Hearth." She wrote also some plays and made frequent contributions to current periodicals.

Miss Porter joined her brother in Russia for a time, but at his death she returned to England to reside with her eldest brother at Bristol, where she died on the 24th of May, 1850.

THADDEUS OF WARSAW

By JANE PORTER

Condensation by
SARA WARE BASSETT

WITH the Great War in which Poland has won her freedom still fresh in our memory, we re-read with renewed interest the old-time classic *Thaddeus of Warsaw*.

The story takes place at that grim era of history when the little kingdom of Poland was attacked by Russia and Austria, and, having been defeated under the leadership of Kosciusko, was forced to sign the ignominious treaty of partition that gave her territory to the conquerors and wiped her name from off the roll of free nations. From that date until this Poland, as an independent country, has not existed.

Jane Porter lived when the shadow of this cruel tragedy still darkened the world, and she penned her romance of *Thaddeus* only nine years after Kosciusko had been

taken captive and while he was the idol of the hour.

The noble house of Sobieski was intensely patriotic and its loyalty to the ruling monarch, Stanislaus, led not only the palatine, but his grandson, Thaddeus, into the fray.

It was the young man's first glimpse of war and we see him and his grandfather setting forth to battle in the highest of spirits. Before the boy leaves home his mother, the Countess Therese, presents him with a miniature of his father, whom he had previously supposed to be dead; and a letter from which he learns that his unknown parent was an Englishman named Sackville, who, while a guest at "Villanow," the Sobieski estate, married Therese and afterward deserted her. Since his mysterious disappearance nothing has ever been heard of him. In the mean time Thaddeus has been brought up under the name of Sobieski and has given his word never to assume any other.

The discovery that he is of English parentage is a happy one, for our hero's best friend, Pembroke Somerset, is also an Englishman. While traveling through Russia for a holiday Pembroke, for the mere adventure of

it, has been persuaded to take up arms against Poland; and would have perished miserably when wounded in battle had he not fallen into the hands of young Sobieski, who from an impulse of pity saves his life and takes him back to "Villanow." Here the stranger is welcomed with all kindness, and so winning is his personality that he speedily becomes a second son in the home.

When summoned to return to England he parts from his Polish hosts with keenest regrets, and with the eager plea that when the war is over Thaddeus shall visit him in London.

That Poland will be the winner in the present struggle, and a victorious peace soon be concluded when the friends shall be reunited, neither doubts. But no such fortunate result comes out of the war.

Instead the Polish army is set upon at every point by superior numbers. One stronghold after another falls. Kosciusko is taken prisoner; and at length, in order to prevent the slaughter of an entire people, the king surrenders and agrees to sign a treaty of partition.

It is a terrible day for Thaddeus Sobieski. Wounded, he tries in vain to rally his

followers. It is useless. The Cossacks rush forward in pursuit of the vanquished army, swarming after their prey. Thaddeus is compelled to retire, and as, with his few retainers, he retreats toward "Villanow" he comes upon the dead body of his grandfather, who has been killed in the combat. There is, however, scant time to mourn this overwhelming loss. Hurriedly young Sobieski presses on to his castle where the women of his household are defenseless. Here he finds his mother wasted by illness, and even while he lingers to protect her she dies in his arms. Further delay is certain death. If he is to escape with his life he must flee. As he mounts his horse and gallops away the foe storms the redoubts and puts the buildings to flame. No alternative now remains for him but to say farewell to his native land and, an exile, hasten his flight to England. All his property is gone. The riches the family possessed have been sacrificed to aid in equipping the Polish army. In consequence young Thaddeus leaves home carrying with him nothing but a few trinkets he chances to have upon his person.

One hope, however, cheers him in his loneliness and despair. He will soon be with

Pembroke Somerset, and no longer be friendless and alone. During the turmoil of the past few months he has mislaid Pembroke's address, to be sure; and in addition no letters from England have reached him, but these facts he explains away as a result of the chaos in which he has been living. It never occurs to him to doubt the loyalty or affection of the Englishman.

On reaching London Thaddeus goes at once to a hotel, planning to stay there only until he can discover the whereabouts of his friend, but on finding the charges beyond the scope of his meager purse is forced to take cheaper lodgings with a kindly woman he encounters in the street. Fortunately, this worthy soul proves herself a true Samaritan, for on reaching her house Thaddeus, overcome by the strain through which he had passed, at once falls ill, and but for the care of his faithful nurse would have died. As it is he slowly recovers, and in order to meet the expenses of his sickness is driven to pawn almost every treasure he owns. On the heels of this misfortune the child of Mrs. Robson, his good landlady, dies, and, since she has no money to defray the bills of physician and undertaker, Thaddeus, or Mr.

Constantine as he now styles himself, assumes them. In the mean time the refugee secures the address of Pembroke Somerset and writes him two letters; but, much to his grief, these are returned unanswered. He even meets his former comrade on the street and the Englishman passes him by. What choice has Sobieski but to believe Pembroke a fair-weather friend who scorns his defeat and poverty, and has ceased to cherish any further regard for him?

The discovery is a cruel blow to his faith in humankind.

Life now begins in deadly earnest for our hero.

While he is still without money a beloved old general from the Polish army—a man whom he had pledged the king he would always befriend, comes to him in want and illness. Thaddeus takes him into his lodgings and tries to nurse him back to health. The young nobleman's financial condition is now desperate. He pawns what scanty possessions remain to him. But he must do more. He makes some drawings and sells them. Still he has not money enough to support himself and General Butzou.

It is just when he reaches the end of his

resources that he meets Lady Tinemouth, a rich Londoner, who becomes interested in him and suggests that he teach the languages to a group of her friends.

Thaddeus is only too glad to accept this means of earning a livelihood, but the result of the venture is not altogether fortunate, since two of his pupils at once fall in love with him and do not hesitate to tell him so. One is Lady Sara Ross, who already has a husband; and the other is the foolish and sentimental Euphemia Dundas. The forwardness and patronage of these women of fashion disgusts Mr. Constantine. Nevertheless, he is penniless and cannot afford to cast aside the position. Hence it taxes all his wit to maintain his dignity, and his honor as a gentleman.

Yet his path is not entirely without sunlight, for at the Dundas' residence he has the good fortune to meet Lady Mary Beaufort, a charming heiress who is a cousin of Pembroke Somerset's, and as good as she is rich.

Of course Thaddeus falls deeply in love with her and she with him.

During his acquaintance with these many English people all of them have suspected

that Mr. Constantine is something more than an impecunious teacher of languages and they try to make him reveal his identity. Had he yielded to their wishes he would no longer have been without friends, for England was ringing not only with the fame of Kosciusko, but also with that of the brave and dauntless Sobieski. But Thaddeus is too modest to thus court recognition. He will stand upon his present merits or not at all.

Therefore when General Butzou dies and Mr. Constantine is unable to pay for his burial he is arrested for debt and borne away to Newgate.

Did ever hero endure such a chapter of calamities?

From his dilemma Mary Beaufort rescues him, imploring her cousin Pembroke to go to the jail and release the unfortunate foreigner. Pembroke, however, believes the stranger to be an impostor, and therefore, instead of going himself, sends a messenger with the money. Had he gone he would at last have met Thaddeus face to face.

Nevertheless, such a meeting cannot be avoided indefinitely. Lady Tinemouth is an old friend of the Somerset family, and at

her house the two men finally confront each other. On recognizing his friend Pembroke is filled with joy and immediately reproaches Thaddeus for never having searched him out. It is then that Sobieski tells him of the letters that have been returned to him. Pembroke is puzzled. He admits, however, that his father has always cherished a hatred for Poland and forbidden his son ever to visit that country. Hence Pembroke has never told him of his stay with the Sobieski family.

But having now discovered Thaddeus, the young Englishman confesses everything to his father and begs him to welcome to his home the Polish noble who has saved his life.

Sir Robert Somerset flies into a passion.

He tries by every means in his power to break up the friendship.

Then it develops that years before Sir Robert, under the assumed name of Sackville, went on a journey to Poland and while there met Therese Sobieski, whom he married and basely deserted. What wonder that ever since he has lived in the constant dread of being overtaken by some native of the land of his crime; or that he shrinks from beholding the son who has it in his

power to blazon abroad his shame and denounce the present heir to the Somerset estates as illegitimate?

It is an ugly tangle, but the author touches it lightly and straightens it out with a gentleness Sir Robert Somerset little deserves.

Thaddeus is glad to be the Englishman's son and the brother to Pembroke Somerset. Since, however, he has pledged his word never to forfeit the name of Sobieski, he must retain it; he also prefers to keep his parentage a secret; nor will he put forth any claim to the property that Pembroke is to inherit.

Just why the Polander fails to resent the treatment Sir Robert has accorded his mother is a point Jane Porter glides pleasantly over. The youth is given a fortune by his titled father, marries Lady Mary Beaufort, and becomes an English gentleman.

The book is spirited and interesting, but it is of that sentimental school of old-time novelists who bring us to the realization that standards have shifted very vitally since the days when continual tears, swoons, and faintings were deemed a necessary and desirable accomplishment of heroes and heroines.

BARRIE

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE is one of that great army of Scotchmen who take general charge of England. He was born at Kirriemuir, May 9, 1860. He was educated at Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University. He was created first baronet in 1913, but long before that date by universal suffrage he had acquired the title of Prince of Whimsies and First Lord of All Hearts. Unlike other British titles, these latter are perfectly valid in the United States as well as in Great Britain and the dominions beyond the seas.

After the usual skirmishes of a penman to find himself by way of the newspapers, Barrie published "Better Dead," in 1887. Then at intervals of a year or less came "Auld Licht Idylls," "When a Man's Single," "A Window in Thrums," "My Lady Nicotine," "The Little Minister," followed by "Sentimental Tommy," "Margaret Ogilvy" (the infinitely tender story of his own mother), and the immortal "Peter Pan." He soon found his way to the stage (a way all his own) with "The Professor's Love Story," "The Little Minister," "Quality Street," "The Admirable Crichton,"

"Peter Pan," "What Every Woman Knows," "A Kiss for Cinderella," and "Dear Brutus," and has been most successful with plays, or rather playlets, of the war, such as "The Old Lady Shows her Medals."

His appeal to public imagination was almost instantaneous, and he has continuously held a warm place in the hearts of the whole English-speaking race wherever a tender fancy appeals to loving imagination. Probably more people know more of the works of Barrie than of any other living writer.

THE LITTLE MINISTER

By JAMES M. BARRIE

Condensation by
MARGUERITE E. ALLEY

GAVIN DISHART was barely twenty-one when he and his mother came to Thrums. All Thrums was out in its wyndes and closes—a few of the weavers still in knee-breeches, to look at the new Auld Licht minister. I was there, the dominie of Glen Quharity, four miles from Thrums, and heavy was my heart as I stood afar off so that Gavin's mother might not have the pain of seeing me. I alone of the crowd looked more at her than at her son.

Eighteen years had passed since we parted, and already her hair had lost its brightness, and Margaret was an old woman at only forty-three, and I, who have loved her since I was a hobbledehoy and shall till I die, am the man who made her old.

Many scenes in the little minister's life

come back to me. The first time I ever thought of writing his love-story as an old man's gift to a little maid since grown tall, was one night in the old school-house, when my gate creaked in the wind, and my mind drifted back to another gate creaking, the first time I ever saw Gavin and the Egyptian together.

Gavin was brought up to be a minister from his earliest days, and took to the idea enthusiastically. It had been the dream of the two of a manse, of which Margaret was mistress, and Gavin the minister, and now it was fulfilled.

Gavin became at once popular in Thrums, and, though short of stature, he cast a great shadow. He converted a drunkard, Rob Dow, who adored him and would do anything in the world for him.

On the fateful evening of October 17th Gavin was returning from Rob Dow's, and going home through Caddam Woods, when he heard singing.

The singer came dancing up Windyghoul. Only when she passed him did Gavin see her as a gipsy elf, her bare feet flashing beneath a short green skirt, a twig of rowan berries in her black hair. She was pale with

an angel's loveliness. A diamond on her finger shot a thread of fire over a pool as she danced by.

Undoubtedly she was the devil. Gavin leaped after her, but as she saw him she beckoned mockingly, then kissed her hand, and was gone.

A moment later came the sound of a horn. The minister was on the alert at once, and hurried to the Square. That horn was a signal that soldiers were marching on the village folk to arrest some malefactors among the weavers, who would resent it.

In the Square was an uproar. It was the gipsy who had given the warning. Gavin tried to persuade the people to disperse to save bloodshed, but the Egyptian cried:

"Do not heed this little man! Save yourselves," and they obeyed her. The soldiers came, but caught only a few, the real culprits escaping. The Egyptian was even caught, but escaped the officers first through a clever ruse, and again through impudently pretending she was Gavin's wife!

He was furious, and yet he felt his anger die as he looked at the beautiful girl with the appealing eyes and coaxing, laughing mouth. He even told her to hide in the manse gar-

den in the summer seat, till the soldiers had gone.

Gavin was in two minds after that, angry at himself because of the Egyptian, and yet he constantly thought of her, and wondered. He preached sermons against women, those days—their witching ways were the devil.

One winter day, the Egyptian's timely appearance saved old Nanny Webster from the poorhouse. The gipsy impulsively offered five pounds to support Nanny till her brother came back from jail. Then it was that Gavin first believed in her and said he'd trust her word.

The happy Nanny persuaded the minister to stay for tea. That tea-drinking bewitched the little minister, for the fascinating Babbie teased him—and he liked it.

Babbie brought him the money to Caddam Woods next day, and gave Gavin a holly spray that he secretly treasured. Again and again he was drawn to Nanny's cottage, where Babbie frequently came, and he didn't understand at first that he was in love with the mysterious girl with her many caprices—all of which charmed him. He little knew that Rob Dow had discovered him with Babbie in their trysts, and won-

dered why Rob avoided him and was drinking again. Rob's greatest fear was that the kirk elders should learn of the Egyptian and the minister and stone him out of Thrums.

One night Babbie flashed a lantern in at the manse window to attract Gavin's attention. He waited breathlessly till the manse was quiet in slumber, then stole out to meet Babbie at the summer seat. There in the darkness Gavin kissed her, and Babbie realized for the first time his love for her. She had been playing with him, and felt ashamed. She wanted to run away, and she wanted to stay and have him put his kiss into words. But it was late, and it was that night as Gavin took her back to Nanny's that I saw them together for the first time.

Love dawned in Babbie's heart that night, and all the world looked new to her, and she longed for Gavin to come. Then she met Rob Dow's little son weeping bitterly, who told her of what sorrow the "wooman who'd bewitched the meenister" would bring every one, and Babbie, touched to the heart, went away. Months passed, and the little minister looked in vain for her.

Then came the 4th of August, the eve of Lord Rintoul's marriage, an old earl staying at the Spittal, whose bride was reported as young and bonny.

But nearly all of Thrums were concerned over the long drought that had become a calamity, and that night there was to be a special prayer-meeting for rain.

Then suddenly Babbie came to me in the school-house, saying that Gavin had been killed by a drunken Highland piper. It was not true—a rumor, but I found Gavin, and told him where he would find Babbie, though I felt I was doing wrong.

Babbie told Gavin her story then—that she was to be Lord Rintoul's bride on the morrow. He had found her when a mite, fallen from a gipsy wagon, and for her beauty had reared and educated her. Babbie and Gavin tried to give each other up; then Babbie heard Lord Rintoul's voice, and in terror clung to Gavin, and the two ran off in the darkness to the gipsy camp on the hill to be married over the tongs by the gipsy king.

That terrible night, with the storm coming, the earl seeking his lost bride, the dour elders relentlessly following their errant min-

ister—and drunken Rob madly bound to save his friend.

Then came the flood, when the heavens opened and lochs seemed to fall. Babbie, separated from Gavin after the gipsy marriage, fell into Rob's hands, but mercifully escaped and reached the manse. Gavin wandered all night through the storm after Babbie, and I found him exhausted near my house next morning. He told me all that had passed, and my anxiety for Margaret at the consequences of his rash act led me to attempt to reach Thrums. But before I left it was necessary to tell Gavin my story, that he was my son and Margaret was my wife. Margaret had married Adam Dishart first, and he had gone to sea, and after two years all thought him lost, and she married me. Then when Gavin was three years old Adam suddenly returned, and I passed out of Margaret's life forever.

Gavin sought to learn if Babbie had been carried off by Lord Rintoul, and found the earl on an island in the midst of floods. Gavin jumped to his aid, but nothing could be done, and it was thought both must perish. His congregation, gathered by the precipice, forgot they had meant to expel

him, and, listening with dim eyes to his brave last words, knew only that they loved him. Then Rob Dow threw his life away to save his friend, and the rope with which he sprang into the flood withdrew minister and earl to safety.

So Gavin and Babbie were married, and no one seeing Babbie going demurely to church on Gavin's arm would guess her history. Yet sometimes at night Babbie slips into her gipsy frock, with rowan berries in her hair, and Gavin always kisses her. My little maid knows this story as well as I do. She was named for Margaret, and has been my dearest comfort since my Margaret died; but I have lived to rejoice in the happiness of Gavin and Babbie and their children.

THACKERAY

"IN the creation of living character, Thackeray stands simply alone among novelists," says Saintsbury. Becky Sharp, unscrupulous and fascinating; Colonel Newcome, noble and lovable; Clive and Pendennis, natural young men—all, from Barry Lyndon to Denis Duval, live and have a being of their own. "Once created," says Thackeray, they lead me and I follow where they direct. . . . I have never seen the people I describe nor heard the conversations I put down. . . . I am often astonished myself to read it. . . . It seems as if an occult power was moving the pen."

It was this very quality of a life outside his own mind which made his characters so vivid to himself as well as to his readers. He says: "I know these people utterly—I know the sound of their voices." He even visited, after the publication of "Vanity Fair," the hotel in Brussels where Becky Sharp had stopped. He never grew tired of most of these people who were born out of his imagination. The one who bored him was Esmond and he lived in the only novel of Thackeray's which was completely planned.

Paradoxically enough, while his people thus lived outside of himself, settings and episodes throughout his novels are traceable to his own experience. His school, Charterhouse, appears as Slaughterhouse and Grey Friars; Pendennis at his university relived Thackeray's own life; Grub Street and its inhabitants existed in reality as in "Pendennis." Personalities and scenes, however, which live again in his books, are so transmuted by his genius as to seem absolute creations.

VANITY FAIR

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Condensation by
CAROLYN WELLS

AFTER six years at Miss Pinkerton's school, Amelia Sedley went home, guaranteed a polished and refined young lady. Amelia was a dear little creature, all rosy health and bright good humor, though the silly thing would cry over a dead canary-bird or a mouse the cat had seized upon. She was accompanied by her dear friend, Becky Sharp, who was to make a short visit at the Sedley home before beginning her career of self-support as a governess.

Becky was small, pale, and sandy-haired, with eyes habitually cast down; when they looked up they were large, odd, and attractive. As Miss Sharp's father had been an artist and a drunkard, and her French mother an opera girl, it is not sur-

prising that Rebecca asserted she had never been a girl—she had been a woman since she was eight years old.

At the Sedley home, Becky met Amelia's brother Joseph, a stout, puffy man, who wore buckskins and Hessian boots, several immense neckcloths, a red striped waistcoat, and an apple-green coat. He was lazy, peevish, a glutton, and a hard drinker, but Rebecca decided instantly to set her cap for him and began by whispering to Amelia, rather loud, "He's very handsome!" Rebecca's plans, however, were foiled by George Osborne, an admirer of Amelia, and Miss Sharp took her departure from the Sedley house.

She went to be governess in the home of Sir Pitt Crawley, which place, in her letters to Amelia, she dubbed Humdrum Hall. There were many Crawleys, the most important being Sir Pitt's spinster sister, and his second son, Rawdon Crawley. The old lady possessed seventy thousand pounds, and had almost adopted Rawdon, who was her favorite nephew, while several members of the family fought to supplant him in her favor. Captain Rawdon Crawley was a large young dandy, who spoke with a great

voice and swore a good deal. He remarked of the demure Rebecca, "By Jove, she's a neat little filly!" and both he and his aunt took a decided fancy to the clever and fascinating little governess, though, indeed, she made conquest of pretty much whomsoever she chose.

Now we must flit back to London to see what has become of Miss Amelia. Far less interesting than Becky, and with nothing but her wax-doll face to recommend her, yet all the young men clustered round her chair and battled for a dance with her. She was now engaged to George Osborne, albeit his sisters wondered, "What *could* George find in that creature?" So much did they wonder this, that it affected George, and he concluded he *was* throwing himself away on the chit. But poor little Amelia adored him, and Captain Dobbin, who favored Amelia himself, kept Osborne up to the mark in his attentions. The infatuated girl cared nothing about the Napoleonic war that was raging, the fate of Europe was to her only Lieutenant George Osborne; while he, often away with his regiment, the Horse Guards, read her letters hastily, murmuring, "Poor little Emmy—how fond she is of me!

and gad! what a headache that mixed punch has given me!"

About this time Miss Crawley returned from visiting her brother and brought back with her to her house in Park Lane no less a personage than Miss Rebecca Sharp, who, so well had she played her cards, was now Miss Crawley's much cherished companion. Whereupon Captain Rawdon Crawley became a frequent visitor at his aunt's home. Incidentally, Lady Crawley died—so incidentally that Miss Crawley merely said, pettishly, "I suppose I must put off my party for the third!" Immediately upon the death of his wife, Sir Pitt came to his sister's house and endeavored to retrieve his lost Becky as governess.

"I daren't. I don't think it would be right to be alone—with—you, sir," she replied, seemingly in great agitation.

"Come as Lady Crawley, then! There, will that satisfy you?" and the vulgar, ill-bred old M. P. fell down on his knees and leered at her like a satyr.

Rebecca, in real consternation at her lost chance, wept genuine tears, as she exclaimed, "Oh, Sir Pitt—oh, sir—I—I'm married already!"

When it further transpired that the bridegroom of Becky's secret marriage was the brass-spurred and long-mustachioed Captain Rawdon Crawley, there were two cataclysms, one in which Miss Crawley went from one fit of hysterics into another, and one where the frenzied old Sir Pitt went wild with hatred and insane with baffled desire. But the bridegroom captain remarked to his wife: "You're sure to get us out of the scrape, Beck. I never saw your equal, and I've met with some clippers in my time, too!"

George Osborne, though dependent on his mercenary, low-bred father, despised him, and when the elder Osborne forbade George to marry our little Amelia the young man broke over the traces and married her out of hand. The marriage was egged on and managed by the faithful Dobbin; and, radiant in her straw bonnet with pink ribbons and a white-lace veil, little Emmy went off with her husband to Brighton for the honeymoon.

Here they fell in with the Rawdon Crawleys. Becky, mistress of a fine establishment and surrounded by respectful admirers, was so adroit at wheedling tradesmen and standing off creditors, that she made it

possible for them to maintain a fine social position on nothing a year.

Soon after this, among the brilliant train of camp-followers that hung around the Duke of Wellington's army, our friends were all in Brussels. George, now desperately infatuated with Becky, and neglecting his six weeks' wife shamefully, slipped a note in a bouquet at a ball, begging Becky to elope with him. But before the note was answered came the call to arms, and Lieutenant Osborne, forgetting all love and intrigue, kissed his Amelia and marched away—marched, alas! to his death on the field of Waterloo.

Colonel Rawdon Crawley, promoted for gallantry, returned in triumph, and he and his wife passed the winter of 1815 in Paris in much splendor and gaiety. Becky's *salon* became famous, and great people hobnobbed there. Colonel Crawley's dexterity at cards and billiards became so marked that he constantly won from his guests, and under Becky's tutelage he became a clever and successful gambler, and thus aided in their fortune of nothing a year.

Amelia, now the widow of Osborne, and with a small son, Georgy, was in sad penury,

her father-in-law refusing to see her at all, and her own father and mother dependent upon her. Becky, too, was the mother of a son, but she cared nothing for her child, nor for her husband; indeed, she so far forgot her wifely duty as to be guilty of an intrigue with the rich old Lord Stevne. Colonel Crawley discovered this, thrashed the nobleman, and left his wife. Then Becky, following her own devious ways, became an undisguised adventuress and neglected to care for her reputation. She bobbed about from one city to another, now hounded by creditors; now cared for by some rich admirer.

At last, when poor Becky had fallen very low in funds and in repute, she was found by Joseph Sedley and his sister Amelia. The old acquaintance was renewed, and gentle, generous Amelia took her one-time bosom friend into her heart and home. Major Dobbin strongly disapproved, and denounced Becky for what she was in her very presence. Amelia resented this, and Dobbin then begged Amelia, once again, to marry him—a plea he had often before made. On her refusal, Dobbin went off, vowing never to return, leaving Amelia alone with her fealty

to her dead George. Whereupon, Becky, learning the state of things, told Amelia of George's note to her asking her to elope with him, and contrasting the faithless George most unfavorably with the patient and long-suffering Dobbin. So Amelia recalled Dobbin, married him, and they lived happy ever after.

Mrs. Rawdon Crawley then attached herself to Joseph Sedley, though not by any legal bonds. He was her utter slave and insured his life heavily for her benefit—and benefit she did, for he died soon after.

Rawdon Crawley died, too, and the son Rawdon refused ever to see his mother again.

Rebecca lived at Bath or Cheltenham, where some excellent people considered her a most injured woman. She devoted her life to works of piety and charity, and though when she met Amelia and her husband once they turned quickly away, Becky only cast down her eyes demurely and smiled.

Vanitas vanitatum! Which of us is happy in this world? Let us shut up the box and the puppets—our play is played out.

BRONTË

CHARLOTTE BRONTË, sister of Emily and Anne Brontë, was born April 21, 1816, and died March 31, 1855.

Their father was an Irishman of poor health and eccentric ways. Their mother died when the children were young, and they were left to bring themselves up in a bleak and solitary house, close to the churchyard, their only solace an intense enjoyment of the world of make-believe. Deaths in the family, sorrow and tribulations of all kinds, the struggle to make a way in the world by teaching and serving as governess, the necessity of acting as mother to the family, all were a part of the intense life of Charlotte.

In 1846 the three sisters issued a small volume of poems under the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. The book was hardly noticed at the time. The three sisters each began a novel. Emily's "Wuthering Heights" and Anne's "Agnes Grey" found publishers, but "The Professor" of Charlotte remained unaccepted until she had made her name famous with other work. She threw herself into the composition of "Jane Eyre," which

was published in 1847. It took the reading public by storm; the literary sensation of the day was "Who is Currer Bell?" The answer did not come till "Shirley" had been published in 1849, when the author became a part of the great world of letters. "Villette," her last book, came in 1853. The next year she was married to the Rev. Mr. Nicholls; she died the year after, when success and happiness should have crowned her life.

Beginning with the life by Charlotte's friend, Mrs. Gaskell, the three sisters have been the subject of innumerable books and articles.

JANE EYRE

By CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Condensation by
THURMAN L. HOOD

AT her very birth Jane Eyre was left in the cold lap of Charity. Her aunt-in-law, Mrs. Reed of Gateshead Hall, kept the orphan ten years, during which she was subjected to such hard, fixed hatred that she was glad enough to be packed off to Lowood School, a semi-charitable institution for girls.

Her career there was very honorable: from a pupil she became a teacher. She left it to become governess of Adela Varens, the ward of Mr. Edward Rochester, at Thornfield Manor. There she thoroughly liked her situation: the grand old house; the quiet library; her little chamber; the garden with its huge chestnut-tree; and the great meadow with its array of knotty thorn-trees, strong as oaks.

If Mr. Rochester had been a handsome,

heroic-looking young gentleman, Jane could never have felt at ease with him. But he was a somber, moody man, with broad and jetty eyebrows, decisive nose, and grim, square mouth and jaw; and in his presence the plain little governess felt somehow happy. Yet his character was beyond her penetration; she felt a vague sense of insecurity.

He confided to her that Adela Varens was not his child, but the daughter of a Parisian dancer who had deceived him and deserted the little girl. So much he told her; but of the strange shadows that passed over his happiest moments, of his apparent affection for Jane Eyre along with his withholding from her some secret grief, she could make nothing.

Then there came most mysterious happenings to Thornfield. One night Jane Eyre found the door of Mr. Rochester's room open, and his bed on fire. She managed with great difficulty to quench the flames and rouse him from the stupor into which the smoke had plunged him. He advised her to remain silent as to the affair.

Later a Mr. Mason, from Spanish Town, in Jamaica, arrived at Thornfield while Mr.

Rochester was entertaining a large party. That night Jane was awakened by a cry for help. When she reached the hall the guests were aroused.

Mr. Rochester, candle in hand, was descending the stairs from the third floor. "A servant has had a nightmare," he said.

Thus he persuaded the guests back into their rooms. But all night Jane was obliged to attend Mr. Mason, who lay in a bed on the third floor, badly wounded in the arm and shoulder. From scattered hints Jane gathered that a woman had inflicted the wounds. A doctor was summoned, and before morning Mr. Rochester had spirited the wounded man away in a coach, with the doctor to watch over him.

Then Jane was suddenly summoned to Gateshead, to her aunt, Mrs. Reed, who lay dying. Mrs. Reed gave her a letter. It was from John Eyre, in Madeira, asking that his niece Jane Eyre come to him, that he might adopt her, as he was unmarried and childless. It was dated three years back. Mrs. Reed had never attempted to deliver it to Jane Eyre, because she disliked her too thoroughly to lend a hand in lifting her to prosperity.

When Jane returned to Thornfield, Mr. Rochester proposed to her; and because she loved him and believed in him, she accepted.

A month later, at the wedding, when the clergyman's lips were unclosed to ask, "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" in the gray old house of God, a distinct and near voice spoke in the silence of the empty church:

"The marriage cannot go on. I declare the existence of an impediment."

Asked by the clergyman for the facts, the speaker showed a document to prove that Mr. Rochester had married Bertha Mason, fifteen years before, in Spanish Town, Jamaica, and produced Mr. Mason to witness that the woman was alive and at Thornfield.

Edward Rochester confessed hardily and recklessly that he had married, as the lawyer asserted; that his wife was still living; and that he had kept her secretly at Thornfield for years. She was mad; and she came of a mad family, idiots and maniacs for three generations. He had been inveigled into the marriage by her family, with the connivance of his father and brother,

who had desired him to marry a fortune. He invited the clergyman, the lawyer, and Mr. Mason to come up to Thornfield and see what sort of a being he had been cheated into espousing, and judge whether or not he had a right to break the compact.

At Thornfield he took them to the third story. In a room without a window there burnt a fire, guarded by a high and strong fender, and a lamp suspended from the ceiling by a chain. A trusty maidservant bent over the fire, apparently cooking something. In the deep shade, at the farther end of the room, a figure ran backward and forward. What it was, at first sight, one could not tell; it groveled, seemingly, on all-fours; it snatched and growled like some strange wild animal; but it was covered with clothing; and a quantity of dark, grizzled hair, wild as a mane, hid its head and face.

"That is *my wife*," said Mr. Rochester.

Then all withdrew.

That night Jane stole away from Thornfield. The few shillings that she possessed she gave to the driver of the first coach she saw, to take her as far as he would for the money. Thirty-six hours later he let

her off at a crossroads in the moorlands. Into the heather she walked. That night she ate bilberries, and slept under a crag.

Two days later, famished and drenched, she was taken into Marsh End, the house of the Reverend St. John Rivers, a young and ambitious clergyman in the neighboring village of Morton. His two sisters, Mary and Diana, were more than kind to Jane. They were soon to return to their work as governesses in a large south-of-England city.

St. John secured employment for Jane as mistress of the new girls' school in Morton. His plan was to become a missionary in India. He asked Jane to become his wife and go with him. But something kept her from consenting—he did not really love her; he felt the call to missionary work, but she did not.

Then he discovered for her that her uncle had died, leaving her twenty thousand pounds. This was confirmed by Mr. Briggs, the solicitor in London. She discovered, too, that the mother of St. John and Mary and Diana had been her father's sister, so that they, too, should have been heirs to her uncle in Madeira. She insisted on a division of the legacy with them.

One night St. John was pressing her for her final decision. The one candle was dying out; the room was full of moonlight. She heard a voice from somewhere cry—

"Jane! Jane! Jane!"

Next day she was on her way to Thornfield. In thirty-six hours she arrived at "The Rochester Arms," two miles away. With much misgiving she walked up to Thornfield—to find only a blackened ruin.

Back at the inn she learned that Thornfield Hall had burned down about harvest-time in the previous year. The fire had broken out in the dead of night. Mr. Rochester had tried to rescue his wife. She had climbed on to the roof, where she had stood, waving her arms, and shouting out till they could hear her a mile off. Mr. Rochester had ascended through the skylight. The crowd had heard him call "Bertha!" They had seen him approach her; and then she had yelled, and given a spring, and the next minute she had lain dead on the pavement.

Mr. Rochester had been taken from the ruins alive but sadly hurt; one eye had been knocked out, and one hand so crushed that the surgeon had had to amputate it

directly. The other eye inflamed; he lost the sight of that also.

He was now at Ferndean, a manor-house on a farm he had, about thirty miles off; quite a desolate spot. There Jane found him, sad, helpless, and crippled. She married him. Eventually the sight returned to his eye, so that when his first-born was put into his arms he could see that the boy had inherited his own eyes, as they once were—large, brilliant and black. On that occasion, with a full heart, he acknowledged that God had tempered judgment with mercy.

Diana and Mary Rivers were both married soon after, and alternately, once a year, came to visit Jane and Mr. Rochester. St. John Rivers left for India, to labor until called at length into the joy of his Lord.

BULWER-LYTTON

EDWARD BULWER, Lord Lytton, was brilliantly versatile. As statesman, he was far-sighted and astute; as dramatist, in "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money," he struck and held the popular taste; as novelist, he produced some twenty-odd romances of widely varying type; as poet and political essayest, he was less notable.

During the early years of his marriage Bulwer was goaded to incessant production by the need of making money. Although his wealthy mother's purse was open to him, her disapproval of his marriage and his work was so irritatingly expressed that he finally had to refuse her assistance. The consequent driving necessity accounted somewhat for his facility and his quick sense of what the public was going to like next.

By means of sparkling epigram in his fashionable novel, "Pelham," he early achieved a reputation as a man of the world. He then occupied himself with the crime-novel and the romance of mystery. The satire of Thackeray and others in "Fraser's Magazine" drove him away from the field of burglary and homicide, and he delved into

history for subjects. This produced "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," and "The Last of the Barons." In "The Caxtons" he founded the "true cult of the colonies." This and two more of his best works responded to the popular demand for domestic novels. Tales of terror next attracted the public and Bulwer created a sensation by "The Strange Story," which came to him in a dream, and "The Haunted and the Haunters," one of the most perfect ghost stories in English literature

Finally, he wrote novels and satires of society. His very versatility perhaps prevented his digging deeply into reality.

THE LAST OF THE BARONS

By EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON
(Lord Lytton)

Condensation by
PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

LISTEN to an English nobleman paint a picture of the rise in his country of that trading bourgeoisie which is so much in the talk of to-day. The leaders in the strife are Edward the Fourth, trader-king, and Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick, King-maker and "Last of the Barons." Around them cluster the lives of many others in the great struggle. The scene is set for the battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471, in the Wars of the Roses.

"Raw, cold, and dismal dawned the morning of the fourteenth of April, the Easter Sabbath. In the fortunes of that day were involved those of all the persons who hitherto, in the course of this narrative, may have seemed to move in separate orbits from the fiery star of Warwick. Now, in this crowning hour, the vast and gigantic destiny of

the great earl comprehended all upon which its darkness or its light had fallen: not only the luxurious Edward, the perjured Clarence, the haughty Margaret, her gallant son, the gentle Anne, the remorseful Isabel, the dark guile of Gloucester, the rising fortunes of gifted Hastings—but on the hazard of that day rested the hopes of Hilyard, and the interests of the trader Alwyn, and the permanence of that frank, chivalric, hardy, still half-Norman race, of which Nicholas Alwyn and his Saxon class were the rival antagonistic principle, and Marmaduke Nevil the ordinary type. Dragged inexorably into the whirlpool of that mighty fate were even the very lives of the simple scholar, Adam Warner, of his obscure and devoted child, Sibyll. Here, into this gory ocean, all scattered rivulets and streams had hastened to merge at last.

"But grander and more awful than all individual interests were those assigned to the fortunes of this battle, so memorable in the English annals—the ruin or triumph of a dynasty; the fall of that warlike baronage of which Richard Nevil was the personification, the crowning flower, the greatest representative and the last—associated with

memories of turbulence and excess, it is true, but with the proudest and grandest achievements in our early history; with all such liberty as had been yet achieved since the Norman Conquest; with all such glory as had made the island famous—here with Runnymede, and there with Cressy; the rise of a crafty, plotting, imperious Despotism, based upon the growing sympathy of craftsmen and traders, and ripening on the one hand to the Tudor tyranny, the Republican reaction under the Stuarts, the slavery and the Civil War, but on the other hand to the concentration of all the vigor and life of genius into a single and strong government, the graces, the arts, the letters of a polished court, the freedom, the energy, the resources of a commercial population destined to rise above the tyranny at which it had first connived and give to the emancipated Saxons the markets of the world. Upon the victory of that day these contending interests, this vast alternative in the future, swayed and trembled."

Despite the stilted language of another day and the portly size of the volume, *The Last of the Barons* is read to-day because the characters who play so large a part

in one of the great human struggles toward liberty are all human beings and not mere puppets. The story is one of intrigue and of battle, centering nominally in the Wars of the Roses and the struggles of the two great houses of York and Lancaster; yet the interest is far larger than a mere dynastic one; the rise of the middle class to power at the expense of the baronial, the growth of a national spirit in place of mere individual loyalty to a feudal chieftain, is the important thing in this manifestation of class-consciousness, the plain people uniting with the trading townsmen against the nobles.

The great earl, who had made Edward the Fourth king, found himself for very personal reasons trying to unseat that prince and to put in his place another Edward, of the house of Lancaster, heir to Henry the Sixth, whom Edward of York was holding a prisoner in the Tower. Yet Warwick's path was not an easy one; while his younger daughter was married to Edward of Lancaster, his other daughter, Isabel, was the wife of the king's younger brother Clarence, who was as yet the male heir to the throne. However things might go, a Warwick might some day sit upon the throne of England—

if one did not take thought of the possibilities that lay hidden behind the inscrutable smile of the king's youngest brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. But Warwick was at heart fighting the battle of aristocracy, while the king was with the current which was converting an agricultural into a trading population. With Warwick was his powerful fighting brother, Montagu; with him—or against him, who could tell?—was his other brother, the facile archbishop who aspired to be pope, whose mansion was at once a school for youth, a court for middle life, an asylum for age, whither as to a Medici fled the letters and the arts.

In the end Warwick found himself in open battle against the king he had placed upon the throne. The impetuous and fiery temperament of Edward the Fourth was rendered yet more fearful by the indulgence of every intemperance. His very virtues strengthened his vices; his courage stifled every whisper. It almost seemed as if he loved to provoke a danger for the pleasure it gave his brain to baffle or his hand to crush it. And yet he had a shrewd policy which perhaps drew him knowingly into the quarrel with Warwick, which merely his

evil passions seemed to provoke. "I wish to raise a fresh nobility," he said, "to counteract the pride of the old; only upon new nobles can a new dynasty rely." This was the Yorkist principle of humbling the baronial and raising the middle class. It was easy of execution at a period when a martial aristocracy was beginning to merge into a voluptuous court.

Warwick was defending freedom for the barons. Robin Hilyard was struggling to win freedom for the people as against king and nobles. Yet the earl and Robin found themselves fighting in the same army. "Neither White Rose nor Red shall be on my banner," cried Hilyard, "but our standard shall be the gory head of the first oppressor we can place upon a pole. We are taxed, ground, pillaged, plundered—sheep, maintained to be sheared for your peace or butchered for your war." Through the cause of the gentle Henry in the Tower Robin saw greater freedom for the people.

War is not the only theme of the book, however. The intrigues of the queen's family, the patient diplomacy of the bitter and revengeful Margaret of Anjou, queen of the king in the Tower, the love of the

gentle Anne Nevil for Margaret's son Edward, the influence of royal marriages on the fate of nations, the struggles of the Lollards, predecessors of the Puritans who caused Charles the First so much trouble; the fine Italian hand of Richard, Duke of Gloucester; the long and patient toil of Adam Warner, scholar, who dreamed of harnessing steam to his machine, Eureka, to do the work of the world long before the world was ready to have its work done by any such magical means; the chicanery of Friar Bungey, adept in all the secret arts of the time, who thought to steal poor Adam's secret from him; but above all else the troubled tale of love of the beautiful daughter of the scholar, Sibyll, and the great and powerful Lord Hastings, with fate ever playing cruel turns against the girl as well as against the father—all these are part of this fascinating historical romance which author and public united in calling one of the best that came from the prolific pen of Bulwer-Lytton.

Warwick lost and Edward won. And with the earl perished Hilyard, but as he bravely met his death Robin cried, "The People are never beaten!"

GOLDSMITH

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, English poet, playwright, novelist, and man of letters, was born in 1728. There has been some question as to the place of his birth, but recent investigators have claimed that it was at Smith-Hill House, Elphin, Roscommon, Ireland. While Oliver was still a child the family moved to the county of West Meath. He was sent to the village school when only seven, where the master, while teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic, managed to also fill the minds of his pupils with stories of fairies, ghosts, banshees.

Goldsmith left this school at the age of nine, and went to several grammar-schools, and acquired some knowledge of the ancient languages. He was not a brilliant scholar; in fact was considered rather backward. He was small of stature, with features harsh to ugliness, and was the butt of the other boys and the masters.

After many and varied attempts to fit himself for a profession, and repeated failures, he took to writing. As his name gradually became known, his circle of acquaintances widened. He was

introduced to Johnson, then considered the first of English writers, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the famous English painter, and others.

Before the "Vicar of Wakefield" appeared in 1766, came the great crisis of Goldsmith's life. In Christmas week, 1764, he published a poem entitled "The Traveller." It was the first work to which he had put his name, and it raised him at once to the rank of a legitimate English classic.

After "The Traveller" appeared "The Vicar of Wakefield," and it rapidly obtained a popularity which has lasted down to our own times. "The earlier chapters show all the sweetness of pastoral poetry, together with all the vivacity of comedy." It is claimed that the latter part of the tale is not worthy of the beginning.

The success which he won with this story encouraged Goldsmith to try his hand as a dramatist, and he wrote the "Good Natur'd Man." The play, however, which is best known to later times is "She Stoops to Conquer." It was brought out at the Covent Garden Theater, and "pit, boxes, and galleries were in a constant roar of laughter."

Goldsmith died on April 4, 1774, in his forty sixth year. He was laid in the churchyard of the Temple, but the spot was not marked by any inscription and is now forgotten.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Condensation by
CAROLYN WELLS

I CHOSE my wife for such qualities as would wear well. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. We were ever unstinting of our hospitality, and our gooseberry wine had great reputation, so that our cousins, even to the fortieth remove, remembered their affinity without any help from the heralds' office, and came very frequently to see us.

My children were well formed and healthy. Two daughters, who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome: Olivia, of luxuriant beauty, and Sophia, soft, modest, and alluring. My eldest son, George, was bred at Oxford, while Moses, my second boy, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home.

But, alas! by a sudden stroke of ill-luck,

my entire fortune was swept away, and out of fourteen thousand pounds I had but four hundred remaining. This caused my neighbor, Mr. Wilmot, to break off the engagement existing between my son George and his daughter Arabella. Mr. Wilmot had one virtue in perfection, which was prudence, too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.

We were now poor, and wisdom bade me conform to our humble situation. I gave George five pounds and sent him to London to do the best he might for himself and for us. I found a small cure of fifteen pounds a year in a distant neighborhood, and thither we at once repaired.

On our journey we fell in with one Mr. Burchell, a pleasing and instructive companion, who told me much of Squire Thornhill, our new landlord, who, it seemed, was the pleasure-loving nephew of the great and worthy Sir William Thornhill. Mr. Burchell had the great kindness to rescue my daughter Sophia, who had the mischance to fall into a rapid stream, and who, but for his timely assistance, must have been drowned. On this, my wife immediately built a future romance for the two young people. I could not but smile, to hear her, but I am never dis-

pleased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

Our landlord, Squire Thornhill, became a frequent visitor at our little habitation, lured, perhaps, by my wife's venison pasty—or perhaps by the charms of my pretty daughters. Mr. Burchell, too, came often, so we were not at loss for merry company. My wife, ambitious to hold our heads a little higher in the world, desired that I sell our colt at a neighboring fair, and buy, instead, a horse that would make better appearance at church or upon a visit.

She sent Moses, who was a most discreet bargainer, and whom his sisters fitted out bravely for the fair. They trimmed his locks, brushed his buckles, and cocked his hat with pins. He wore a thunder-and-lightning coat and a gosling-green waistcoat; but, alas! at the fair he was imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, after Moses had well bargained away the colt, managed to get the purchase money from him in return for a gross of green spectacles in shagreen cases! and so, as usual, unforeseen disaster frustrated our attempts to be fine.

My daughters planned a pleasure expedition to town, and this Mr. Burchell so

strongly disapproved of that a quarrel ensued between him and my wife, and the gentleman left our house in a fit of anger, nor could Sophia's pleading looks stay him.

The town trip being still in prospect, my wife decreed that I go to the fair myself and sell our one remaining horse. But when one would-be purchaser examined the animal and declared him blind of one eye, another observed he had a spavin, a third perceived he had a windgall, a fourth said he had the botts, and so on, I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor beast myself, for I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right, and St. Gregory himself is of the same opinion. However, I at last sold my horse, but had the misfortune to receive in payment a forged and worthless draft, the same being, indeed, the wicked work of the very man who had sold Moses the spectacles.

Mr. Burchell being absent from our fireside, only Sophia missed him, for the rest of us were greatly pleased by the visits of our landlord, who now came often. It must be owned that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him as a husband for Olivia, and used every art to magnify the merits of her

daughter. The results, however, being small, my wife sought to rouse Mr. Thornhill's jealousy by hinting of Olivia's marriage with Farmer Williams, a most worthy though humble neighbor. This failing to egg on the backward Thornhill, the wedding-day was set for Olivia and Farmer Williams. But four days before the day I learned to my distraction that my Olivia had gone off secretly in a post-chaise with a gentleman who, as I was told by an onlooker, kissed her and said he would die for her. Well did I know the villain who had thus robbed me of my sweet, innocent child; it was none other than the wicked Thornhill. My wife fell to loud berating of him, and Olivia as well, but I declared my house and heart should ever be open to the returning repentant sinner. I set out to find her—but my first efforts persuaded me that it was Mr. Burchell, and not Squire Thornhill, who had seduced my darling. This, though, was not the truth. 'Twas but part of the villain's plan. After long search I found my darling girl, in a hiding-place whither she had fled from the dreadful Thornhill who, under pretense of marriage, had ruined her. It seems they were married by a black scoundrel who had

before married the squire to six or eight other wives!

I took my poor darling home, only to be met with the astounding news that my little home was utterly destroyed by fire. With what cheerfulness we might, we made shift to live in one of our farm outbuildings, and endeavored to enjoy our former serenity.

But this was not to be. The despicable Thornhill, about to marry Miss Wilmot—yes, the same to whom my son George was once betrothed—made proposal that we marry my Olivia to another, yet let her still be a friend of his own. My righteous denunciation of this resulted in the squire's threats of retribution, and this came in the form of a demand for my annual rent, the which I was all unable to pay. I was thereupon thrown into a debtor's prison, but even here I endeavored to preserve my calm, and after my usual meditations, and having praised my Heavenly Corrector, I slept with the utmost tranquillity.

Man frequently calls in the consolations of philosophy, which, I have found, are amusing, but often fallacious. In the prison, though I attempted a much-needed reform movement, and though I lectured and ad-

vised with all my powers, I suffered many and various sorrows and disappointments. I was informed of the death of my daughter, Olivia—an untrue report, thank Heaven! I was told of the forcible abduction of Sophia by desperate villains.

From this danger, however, dear Sophia was rescued by Mr. Burchell, to whom I willingly gave my treasure for a wife. And, we then learned that our friend Mr. Burchell was in reality the great Sir William Thornhill, and my daughter would be a fine lady. And, another joy, I learned that my daughter Olivia was the lawful wife of Squire Thornhill, his previous marriages all having been so performed by the wicked clergyman that they were not legal.

Whereupon, my son George having reappeared, Miss Wilmot, his one-time love, accepted anew his offers, and those two were happy together. As a cap-sheaf to my harvest of good fortune, the rascal who did me out of my fortune so long ago was arrested and forced to give up his effects. My wrongs being set right, I, of course, was freed of the prison, and it now remained only that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

SCOTT

WALTER SCOTT'S education as a romance-writer began while he was a child. It can be traced even to his cradle, for he was sung to sleep not with lullabies, but with the lilting songs of the exiled Stuarts. As soon as he could understand stories, his grandmother and aunt poured into his eager ears tales of border warfare and old Scottish ballads.

He was a sickly child, and this resulted in a permanent lameness. But as a boy he so far overcame this handicap that he was always in the thick of school-boy fights, and none of his comrades could climb better than he the steep slopes of the Castle-rock.

As soon as he was old enough to read, he literally devoured books. He would not read love-stories or tales of family life. He wanted always yarns of adventure or books of history. As a boy, he was so steeped in chronicles of feudal times, in histories of bygone days, or in accounts of Scottish life, that he was already equipped with his background for "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman," "Kenilworth" and "Quentin Durward," "The Heart of Midlothian" and "Waverley."

He loved Scotland with a passionate devotion that has seldom been equaled. He told Washington Irving that he thought he should die if he could not see the heather at least once a year. He wrote straight out of his heart the lines:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!

IVANHOE

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

Condensation by
PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

"AND I must lie here like a bedridden monk!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hands of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage Rebecca again took post at the lattice.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to daze mine eyes and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but

little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! He blenches not!" said Rebecca. "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! It is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the

archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again; there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed: "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek and exclaimed, "He is down—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with eagerness: "But no—but no! The name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! He is on foot again and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm! His sword is broken; he snatches an ax from a yeoman; he pushes Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman. He falls—he falls! . . . . The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge ax—the thundering blows which he deals—you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the

battle. Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion; he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre!" said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

Ivanhoe was right; the Black Knight of the Fetterlock was Richard Plantaganet of the Lion Heart, King of England, only just returned to his kingdom from the Holy Land, though but few knew of his arrival as yet. In his absence England had been under the selfish rule of the king's younger brother John, who was planning to usurp the kingdom.

The great story-teller gathers his characters together at the tournament of Ashby. There come for the sports of chivalry Rowena, heiress of Saxon rulers now dispossessed by the Normans, accompanied by her sturdy uncle Cedric; Rebecca, beautiful Jewish maiden, whose fate is constantly joined with that of Ivanhoe, disinherited son of Cedric, a father who will have naught to do with a Saxon son who is willing to accept the Nor-

mans and their ways, and even to be a devout follower of Richard the king; Isaac of York, Rebecca's father, wandering Jew of vast wealth, who is constantly the prey of the ruthless Norman nobles who would wring his riches from him by torture and imprisonment; Robin Hood and his merry men of the forest glades, not forgetting the redoubtable Friar Tuck, equally adept in the ways of the clerk, the yeoman, or the roisterer. To them are added of Norman stock the redoubtable Front-de-Bœuf, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, the Prior of Jorvaulx, and Prince John; Athelstane, Saxon lord, destined by Cedric for the hand of Rowena; Gurth the swineherd and Wamba the jester; and the mysterious Black Prince, who, like Ivanhoe, makes his appearance incognito till he shall discover how things have gone in his absence.

Sir Walter prided himself on his mastery of what he called "the big bow-wow" style; no other of the Waverley Novels illustrates this power better than *Ivanhoe*. One stately and stirring event follows another, all holding the reader rapt in thrills, but none quite so much as the siege of the castle of Front-de-Bœuf by Richard and his Saxon friends. Rebecca, from the lattice recounting to the

wounded Ivanhoe the fortunes of the battle, stands out in the memory of many a reader as Sir Walter's greatest success in the grand style. And despite the heroic mold in which the characters are cast, they yet surpass in the hold they gain upon the reader. Few have closed the book without a sigh of regret that the hero had to make a choice between Rebecca and Rowena; and in our own day and country few can fail to see the likeness in many respects between Richard of the Lion Heart and the President so lately gone.

> The knights are dust,
> And their good swords are rust,
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

In the passage at arms at Ashby appears the Mysterious Knight, whom the reader knows to be Ivanhoe, fresh from the Crusade in the Holy Land; in the contests of chivalry he valiantly defeats the Norman champions and bestows the prize of Queen of Beauty upon his youthful love, Rowena; the reader gets but a glimpse of a still more mysterious knight, whom he can only suspect to be the king. From the jousts all journey on their several ways, but in the forest the Normans

plan a lawless ambuscade and carry off to the castle of Front-de-Bœuf, for motives of revenge, or passion, or greed, Ivanhoe, who had been wounded at Ashby, Rebecca, Rowena, and Isaac of York. The mysterious Knight of the Fetterlock appears as the timely leader of the merry men of the greenwood, who besiege the castle, to the great disaster of the lordly brigands. After the rescue of the prisoners, all save Rebecca, there follows the joyous celebration of the forest outlaws, a happy interlude between the scenes of derring-do.

The strenuous king departed for still more strenuous struggles in winning back his kingdom; Rowena and Cedric sought their home; Ivanhoe followed his chief; Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Templar though he was and pledged to holy practices, bore off his unhappy prisoner, Rebecca. But he was discovered in his wicked designs by the austere head of his order. In an assembly of the Templars, however, Rebecca was condemned to death as a sorceress who has seduced from the paths of virtue an unwilling knight! Her only chance for life lies in the ordeal by battle. Her one champion is Ivanhoe, far away though he is, whom she has cured of the

wound received at Ashby. Brian de Bois-Guilbert, by the irony of chivalry, is the champion of his order and of virtue in distress. At the last possible moment Ivanhoe comes spurring into the lists, to a victory which all the laws of fiction foreordain. Hot after him comes clattering Richard and his train, to unfurl the royal standard as undisputed King of England. And all live happy ever after? Save only Rebecca! If Ivanhoe must wed Rowena, every masculine reader feels that he would gladly offer himself to her rival. For as Prince John cried when first he saw her, "By the bald scalp of Abraham, yonder Jewess must be the very model of perfection whose charms drove frantic the wisest king that ever lived!"

IBANEZ

VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ was born in Valencia, Spain, in January, 1867, the son of a proprietor of a dry-goods shop. He attended the University of Valencia and received a degree in law. He was against the established order from his college days. As a result he received the first of a series of imprisonments when he was eighteen —for a sonnet against the government. He has passed periods of exile at Paris and in Italy, alternating with stays in prison. One of his protests was against the measures pursued by the government in suppressing the Cuban insurrection. He founded a republican newspaper, of which he was editor, reporter, and reviewer. He established a publishing-house to introduce to Spain the great works of European literature at popular prices; this was but one of the attempts he has made, sometimes at the risk of his life, to bring his country into the current of modern thought. He was elected to the Cortes, and became the leader of his party. He devotes his time at present entirely to literature.

In his novels he began in the usual Spanish

way with pictures of local provincial life with the types and the pictures of which he was familiar. But he deals not merely with pictures; his stories all have an object in which their strenuous author is greatly interested. He lacks restraint, his passion for independence is without bounds, he carries his admiration for the realism of Zola to limits which shock our more restrained habit of mind, but despite the opposition which he has encountered at home and abroad, the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is rapidly becoming one of the most widely read of living writers.

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

By VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ

Condensation by
ALICE G. HIGGINS

IN 1870 Marcelo Desnoyers was a lonely lad of nineteen years, living in Marseilles. A popular manifestation in favor of peace, at the first news of war with Prussia, influenced him to leave the country and he made an unforgetable trip to South America, where, after many failures and a laborious existence, he became an employee of Madariaga, the centaur.

Don Madariaga's fortune was enormous. He had gained his first money as a fearless trader, and with his earnings had bought vast tracts of land, devoting them to the raising of cattle. Though he had a capricious and despotic character, he nevertheless felt a certain fondness for his new French overseer. One morning Desnoyers saved his life.

"Thanks, Frenchy," said the ranchman, much touched. "You are an all-round man and I am going to reward you. From this day I shall speak to you as I do to my family."

Desnoyers soon married Luisa, Madariaga's elder daughter, while a young German, Karl Hartrott, a recent arrival at the ranch, married Elena, her younger sister. Seated under the awning on summer nights, the ranchman surveyed his family around him with a sort of patriarchal ecstasy.

"Just think of it, Frenchy," he said, "I am Spanish; you, French; Karl, German; my daughters, Argentinians; the cook, Russian; his assistant, Greek; the stable boy, English; the kitchen servants, natives, Galicians, or Italians; and among the peons are many castes and laws. . . . And yet all live in peace. In Europe, we would have probably been in a grand fight by this time, but here we are all friends."

Julio, the son of Desnoyers, was the favorite grandchild of Madariaga. "Ah, the fine cowboy! What a pretty fellow you are!" he would say. "Have a good time, for grandpa is always here with his money."

One evening the Patron's horse came slowly home without its rider. The old man

had fallen on the highway, and when they found him he was dead.

The Hartrotts moved to Berlin at once and the Desnoyers went to Paris, each household in possession of an enormous fortune. Besides establishing his family in an ostentatious house in Paris, Desnoyers bought a castle, Villeblanche-sur-Marne, a mixture of palace and fortress, where he could put his rapidly accumulating purchases of paintings, furniture, statues—all those things which he carried away from the auctions which it had now become his habit to frequent.

The only disappointment in Desnoyers's new life came from his children—his daughter Chichi because of her independence, and Julio because of his aimless existence. Julio has had to make a trip to South America in order to realize on a bequest from his grandfather, so that he might marry the fascinating and frivolous Marguerite Laurier, with whom he had become infatuated.

Suddenly the cloud of war cast its shadow over this family. The self-sufficient Dr. Julius von Hartrott said to his cousin, "War will be declared to-morrow or the day after. Nothing can prevent it now. It is necessary for the welfare of humanity."

On the eve of mobilization Tchernoff, a friend of Julio's, had a vision in which he saw the Apocalyptic Beast rising out of the sea. Four terrible horsemen preceded the appearance of the monster, and these scourges of the earth, Conquest, War, Famine, and Death, were beginning their mad, desolating course over the heads of terrified humanity.

Julio, being an Argentinian, was exempt from military service and had hoped to continue his life as though nothing were happening. His inamorata, however, from a woman infatuated with dress was gradually transformed by her desire to serve. The war had made her ponder much on the values of life, and her sense of duty to the husband whom she so greatly wronged sent her back to his side when she heard that he had been severely wounded. To Julio she said, "You must leave me. . . . Life is not what we have thought it. Had it not been for the war we might, perhaps, have realized our dream, but now! . . . For the remainder of my life, I shall carry the heaviest burden, and yet at the same time it will be sweet, since the more it weighs me down the greater will my atonement be."

The vanquished lover said good-by to Love

and Happiness, but this repulse gave him a new impetus to fill the vacuum of his empty existence.

When Paris was threatened and refugees told of the wholesale sackings of their homes, Don Marcelo began to fear for his castle, and went to Villeblanche, arriving in time to witness the discouraged exhaustion of the French army's retreat. Closely following were the invading Germans shouting joyously, "Nach Paris!"

Villeblanche became the camping-ground for a regiment and its bewildered proprietor was subjected to innumerable indignities, saw his most choice possessions looted, and was the powerless witness to the murder of prominent civilians of the village. A young officer arrived who introduced himself as Captain Otto von Hartrott. He explained with true German callousness the ruin and plunder of his uncle's castle by saying to him, "It is war. . . . We have to be very ruthless that it may not last long. True kindness consists in being cruel, because then the terror-stricken enemy gives in sooner, and so the world suffers less."

For four days Don Marcelo lived through a period of stupefaction slashed by the most

horrible visions. The village was reduced to a mass of ruins before his eyes, and his household suffered unspeakably from the bestiality of the carousing officers. A war hospital was established on the estate, but moved on under the stress of battle, though the banner of the Red Cross remained to deceive the French about the artillery which was installed in the park. When a French aeroplane discovered this piece of treachery, Don Marcelo found himself in the heart of a furious battle. The cannonading of the Germans and the bursting of French shells terrified him until at last he saw at the foot of the highway near his castle several of the attacking columns which had crossed the Marne. They rushed forward unmoved by the deadly fire of the Germans, and he realized his beloved French were driving back the Teuton horde.

Only ruins of his once beautiful estate were now left him and he said farewell forever to Villeblanche. After his return to Paris a young soldier of the infantry called to see him. It was his son Julio, never so distinguished-looking as in this rough, ready-made uniform. Their reconciliation was complete.

With his son on the battle-field Don Mar-

celo lived through months of anxious suspense. Through the influence of a friend he was able to go to see the young hero. It was a tortuous journey through the zigzags and curves of the trenches, while bullets buzzed like horseflies through the air, and on through dark galleries and subterranean fortifications until he reached the outer intrenchment line.

Desnoyers hardly recognized his son on account of his changed appearance, but in spite of his hard life Julio had found content in comradeships such as he had never known. For the first time in his life he was tasting the delight of knowing that he was a useful being. As his father left him, hope sang in his ears: "No one will kill him. My heart, which never deceives me, tells me so."

Julio became a sergeant, then a sub-lieutenant, and for his exceptional bravery received the Croix de Guerre, the military medal, and finally was among those proposed for the Légion d'Honneur. One afternoon during the Champagne offensive, Desnoyers, still cherishing the fond illusions of hope, returned to his home in gay spirits to find the dreadful news awaiting him. Julio, his son, lay dead on the field of honor.

When he went to the burial-fields to find

his son's last resting-place he recalled Tchernoff, the dreamer, and the four terrible horsemen riding ruthlessly over his fellow-creatures whom he saw in his vision, and the prophecy which he then made:

"No, the Beast does not die. It is the eternal companion of man. It hides, spouting the blood forty . . . sixty . . . a hundred years, but eventually it reappears. All that we can hope is that its wound may be long and deep, that it may remain hidden so long that the generation that now remembers it may never see it again."

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SWIFT

THE great Dean of St. Patrick's, who ranks among the mighty satirists of all ages and all lands, was born in Hoey's Court, Dublin, November 30, 1667. He died October 19, 1745.

This most brilliant wit, genius, hater of rascality, master of irony and invective, and true Irish patriot, was born to poverty and dependence; he started life embittered and he ended "dying of rage like a poisoned rat in a hole," to use his own expression. His life was a failure, though he played a mighty part. "Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" he said when he later reread the "Tale of a Tub," and the world has agreed with him. Yet failure ever tracked him. He never received the preferment in the Church which his ability would have brought another; by his political pamphlets he largely formed the public opinion of his time, yet that was the end of it for him; he had the strongest attachments for two women, Stella, to whom the famous "Journal" was written, and Vanessa, but little happiness came to him. "To think of him," said Thackeray, "is like thinking of the ruins of a great empire."

"Gulliver's Travels" (1726), though a satire on courts and statesmen, has survived its temporary and local purpose, and, especially in the first two parts, is considered to be one of the great possessions of literature.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

By DEAN SWIFT

Condensation by
JAMES B. CONNOLLY

I WAS of a Nottinghamshire family and educated at Cambridge. Likewise was I educated in medicine, and, preferring a ship's surgeoncy to any preferment ashore, it came about that after several deep-sea voyages I found myself surgeon of that ship, the *Antelope*, which was wrecked in a violent storm on a coast northwest of Van Diemen's Land.

Of all the ship's company I alone escaped to the land, where, in utter exhaustion, I lay down and fell asleep. I awakened to find myself bound hand and foot and surrounded by swarms of the tiniest human creatures. They brought me food and drink and conveyed me to their capital, where the king, of a majesty a full half-inch taller than any of his subjects, came with his court to view me.

In time I learned that I was in the kingdom

of the Lilliputians. By them I was kept a long time in captivity. Being ultimately satisfied of the harmlessness of my intent, I also adding my word of honor to do them no injury, they released me, and set aside six professors of education to teach me their language. For my bodily sustenance they allowed me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for 1724 of their own people; for so, being exact in their mathematics, they estimated the proportions of my bulk to theirs. Three hundred cooks and 120 waiters were named to dress my meals, 200 seamstresses were apportioned to make my linen, and 300 tailors for my outer clothing.

With my wants thus attended to, I was desirous to be of service to them. My first service was not to damage their people or their property as I walked abroad, a most likely danger when the men were of such size that I could secrete two or three of them in one of my coat pockets. In walking the streets, were I to step heavily, there was danger of my shaking down large buildings; or, by not having an eye below me, I could easily tread to death half a dozen of their cattle.

One day the king, who was most friendly

to me, came to me in great trouble. The Emperor of the neighboring kingdom of Blefuscu had threatened to lay waste the kingdom of Lilliputia. The Blefuscuan navy, consisting of fifty great ships of war, was even then about to set sail; but I, by wading and swimming, reached their chief harbor where they were yet at anchor. With my pocket-knife I cut the cables of their fifty ships of war, and then, tying each ship to a piece of twine, I drew them after me to dry land, and so compelled the capitulation of Blefuscu.

While this deed redounded to my glory, it also raised me up powerful enemies, one being the high admiral of the Lilliputian navy. Had I wished, I could have crushed them and their entire kingdom under my boots, but there was my pledged word not to harm them. So when by secret intrigue they had me tried and condemned to the loss of my eyes, there was nothing left me but escape. I went to Blefuscu, where I was given a great reception and where they would have me stay; but I was weary of kings and princes, and told them that I desired nothing except that they would provision for me a boat, which I had found drifting on the shore, and allow me to go my way.

They stored the boat with the carcasses of 100 oxen, 300 sheep, with cows, bulls, and as much ready-dressed meat as 400 cooks could provide. Being thus protected against famine, I set sail on the third day and was picked up by an English merchant captain, who deemed me crazy when I told him my story. Not until I had taken several head of cattle from my pockets would he believe me. To my great grief, one of the ship's rats carried off one of my sheep on the way home.

On reaching home I learned that my uncle John had died and left me his estate near Epping, and the same being sufficient to keep my family from want, and the lust to wander being still quick within me, I set off to sea once more, this time in the *Adventure*, bound for Surat.

On this voyage, after a great tempest, we put into a strange bay for water. Rambling on the shore, I became separated from my companions and fell into the hands of some natives of Brobdingnag, colossal men, of whom hardly one was under sixty English feet in height.

I was here put on exhibition, and, my fame reaching the ears of the king and queen, they commanded my presence at court; and

thither I was brought, in the charge of the daughter of one of my captors, a little girl named Glumdalclitch, nine years of age and small for her years, being not above thirty feet in height.

In the train of their Majesties, I traveled all over the kingdom, which was 6,000 miles in length by 3,000 to 5,000 in breadth. The capital city was 54 miles in length by 45 in breadth, a wonderful city where the king's palace was 7 miles around and the chief room therein 240 feet high, and broad and long in proportion. The king's stable was also a goodly building, housing 500 horses, noble creatures of a height of from 54 to 60 feet.

Of the Lilliputians, I used to say that they were people without a blemish in their persons, and the Brobdingnagians coarse beyond description; but later reflection induces me to think that the Lilliputians had blemishes proportionate to their size, the same being too tiny for me to estimate; and that possibly the Brobdingnagians appeared more vulgar than they truly were, their colossal proportions magnifying every defect. In some matters these large people were at least larger-minded. Thus, in the matter of whether it

was proper to break an egg on the little or big end—which had almost split the Lilliputian kingdom in twain—as to that matter the Brobdingnagians would have lost little sleep. I judge this from a comment by the Brobdingnagian king on a political matter which I spoke of in connection with my own country—England. "It is tyranny," he said, "for a government to require those who hold differing opinions to change or not to change them."

His Majesty was much interested to hear of England; whereat I related at length her history, which astonished him. He protested that it seemed no more than a sequence of conspiracies, murders, revolutions, banishments, the worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, hatred, lust, malice, and ambition could produce. "What a pernicious race of odious vermin to be allowed to crawl upon the earth!" he said; which injurious judgment of my noble and beloved country pained me exceedingly.

Now, while I had become a favorite of a great nation, it was upon such a footing as ill became the dignity of humankind. I wished to be once more with people of my own mind; also I longed for a whiff of that sea which

looked toward my own land. In response to my entreaties, I was taken to the seacoast. My little nurse Glumdalclitch being ill, I was put in charge of a page, who left me alone on the shore while he sought for birds' eggs. While thus alone, the traveling-cabinet in which I lay was seized by a great bird who took it far out to sea and then let it drop, almost at the exact moment that an English ship happened by to pick me up. Thus was I singularly rescued and brought once more safely to England.

I made other voyages and had divers adventures, a most singular one being that of my rescue from a desert continent by the people of an island which flew in the air, the same being made to rise and fall by means of an immense loadstone. The people of the flying island held themselves as a superior race, for no greater reason that I could see than that they had one eye turned inward and one turned upward.

A later voyage took me to the country of the Yahoos and the Houyhnhnms. These Yahoos, being servile attendants to the Houyhnhnms, were of disgusting habits, and so much resembled human beings that the wise and virtuous Houyhnhnms took me also

for a Yahoo even to the end of my stay with them, a judgment which grieved me much.

The Houyhnhnms, who had the forms of horses, had the most sensible laws of any creature that I ever lived with. Their abhorrence of many of our human habits was so deep that I came in time to have a contempt for my own species and wished that I, too, were a Houyhnhnm and be allowed to remain with them; but they banished me from their kingdom as one who might set up for a leader of the Yahoos and so some time give them trouble. They allowed me to build and provision a boat, and so I paddled off and in time reached England, where my wife and children were very glad to see me.

THACKERAY

UNLESS one knows the rollicking humor of Thackeray as it lives in his burlesque and ballads, his whole genius can scarcely be appreciated. His early successes, signed by Titmarsh and Yellowplush, sparkling through the pages of "Punch," with pungent satire and abounding buffoonery, contained many germs of his great novels. Parodies of famous contemporaries—Disraeli, Bulwer, and others—made merriment for Londoners in "Punch's Prize Novelists."

"The Legend of the Rhine" burlesques a novel of Dumas's, but his masterpiece in this field is "Rowena and Rebecca," the brilliant and matchless burlesque of Scott's "Ivanhoe." It not only ripples along with broad, roaring fun, but it is touched as well with pathos and genuine humor. Scattered through it are some of the best songs of their kind in English literature.

Thackeray's ease in rhyming was incomparable. While he possessed true poetic feeling, he particularly excelled in rollicking verse and in ballad-making. In this his characteristic pathos, his indignation at wrongs, and his distinctive sallies

of fun especially shine. "The Willow Tree," "The White Squall," "The Mahogany Tree," and "The Sorrows of Werther" will always be dear to many. All true Bohemians will relish the "Ballad of Bouillabaisse." No doubt many of our boys "over there" have tasted the famous dish itself as well as the joys of fellowship and the pangs for comrades "gone west," so sympathetically sung in this ballad.

THE NEWCOMES

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Condensation by
CHARLES K. BOLTON

COL. THOMAS NEWCOME, the hero of Argom, and of Bhartpour, had loved the beautiful Leonore de Blois, but, having incurred the wrath of his stepmother, he fled to India to carve out his career. There he married the widow, Mrs. Casey, and a few years later sent their son Clive to England. He regaled the ladies of the regiment with Clive's letters; sporting young men would give or take odds that the colonel would mention Clive's name once before five minutes, or three times in ten minutes. But those who laughed at Clive's father laughed very kindly.

At last the happy time came for which the colonel had been longing, and he took leave of his regiment. In England, he had in his family circle two half-brothers, Sir Brian,

who had married Lady Ann, daughter of the Earl of Kew, and Hobson Newcome.

One morning at breakfast while Sir Brian chumped his dry toast, Barnes, the son, said to his sister Ethel: "My uncle, the colonel of sepoys, and his amiable son have been paying a visit to Newcome."

"You are always sneering about our uncle," broke in Ethel, "and saying unkind things about Clive. Our uncle is a dear, good, kind man, and I love him."

At Hobson Newcome's and elsewhere the family party often assembled—the colonel; his friend Mr. Binnie and Binnie's sister Mrs. Mackenzie, with her daughter Rosey; Sir Brian and Lady Ann; and Clive, who had become a painter. From one of these parties Clive and I, his friend Arthur Pendennis, walked with the usual Havana to light us home. "I can't help thinking," said the astute Clive, "that they fancied I was in love with Ethel. Now, I suppose, they think I am engaged to Rosey. She is as good a little creature as can be, and never out of temper, though I fancy Mrs. Mackenzie tries her."

Time passed and our Mr. Clive went to Baden, where he found old Lady Kew with her granddaughter Ethel. "You have no

taste for pictures, only for painters, I suppose," said Lady Kew one day to Ethel.

"I was not looking at the picture," said Ethel, "but at the little green ticket in the corner. I think, grandmamma," she said, "we young ladies in the world ought to have little green tickets pinned on our backs, with 'sold' written on them."

Barnes Newcome, too, was at Baden, for he was to marry pretty little Lady Clara Pulleyn, free at last from that undesirable Jack Belsize, Lord Highgate's son. Lady Kew had plans which Clive's growing regard for his cousin Ethel put in jeopardy.

"My good young man, I think it is time you were off," Lady Kew said to Clive with great good humor. "I have been to see that poor little creature to whom Captain Belsize behaved so cruelly. She does not care a fig for him—not one fig. She is engaged, as you know, to my grandson Barnes, in all respects a most eligible union; and Ethel's engagement to my grandson, Lord Kew, has long been settled. When we saw you in London, we heard that you, too, were engaged, to a young lady in your own rank of life—Miss Mackenzie."

Clive's departure led to more flirtations by

Ethel than old Lady Kew could countenance, but Ethel had found out how undesirable a man Lord Kew was, and broke the engagement so dear to her grandmother's heart.

When Clive heard that the engagement was over between Kew and Ethel he set out in haste for London. I was installed as confidant, and to me Clive said: "Mrs. Mackenzie bothers me so I hardly know where to turn, and poor little Rosey is made to write me a note about something twice a day. Oh, Pen! I'm up another tree now!"

Clive met his cousin Ethel at a party or two in the ensuing weeks of the season, and at one of their meetings Ethel told him that her grandmother would not receive him. It was then that Clive thought Ethel worldly, although much of her attitude was due to the keen and unrelenting Lady Kew. The colonel and James Binnie during all this time put their two fond heads together, and Mrs. Mackenzie flattered both of them, and Clive as well.

Meanwhile the Lady Clara was not happy with her Barnes. All the life and spirit had been crushed out of the girl, consigned to cruel usage, loneliness, and to bitter recollections of the past. Jack Belsize, now Lord

Highgate, could stand the strain no longer, and took Lady Clara away from her bullying but cowardly husband. The elopement of Clara opened Ethel's eyes to the misery of loveless marriages, and the mamma of her new love, the Marquis of Farintosh, already distressed over the unpleasant notoriety of the proposed Newcome alliance, received a letter from Ethel which set her son free.

Ethel then turned to the lonely, motherless children of her brother Barnes, and found comfort in devoting herself to them. Clive married his Rosey, and his father determined to become a member of Parliament in place of Sir Barnes. One night the colonel, returning from his electioneering, met Clive, candle in hand. As each saw the other's face, it was so very sad and worn and pale, that Colonel Newcome, with quite the tenderness of old days, cried: "God bless me! my boy, how ill you look! Come and warm yourself, Clivy!"

"I have seen a ghost, father," Clive said, "the ghost of my youth, father, the ghost of my happiness, and the best days of my life. I saw Ethel to-day."

"Nay, my boy, you mustn't talk to me so. You have the dearest little wife at home, a dear little wife and child."

"You had a wife; but that doesn't prevent other—other thoughts. Do you know you never spoke twice in your life about my mother? You didn't care for her."

"I—I did my duty by her," interposed the colonel.

"I know, but your heart was with the other. So is mine. It's fatal, it runs in the family, father."

The shares of the Bundelcund Banking Company in which the colonel had made his fortune now declined steadily, and at last the crash came, wiping out all the colonel's money and with it all Rosey's fortune. The impoverished Newcomes settled down first at Boulogne, and then in London, the colonel weary, feeble, white-haired, Mrs. Mackenzie a perfect termagant, Rosey pale and ailing, and little Tommy, the baby, a comfort and a care to the hard-worked Clive.

The colonel, no longer able to live under the same roof with Mrs. Mackenzie, found a home with the Grey Friars, and here I saw him. His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the hospital of Grey Friars.

When the colonel's misfortunes were at their worst, Ethel, in reading an old book,

found a letter from the colonel's stepmother between the covers. It was a memorandum of a proposed bequest to Clive. Ethel at once determined to carry out this intended bequest, and so she and I hastened to Clive's home; but not even good news could soften Mrs. Mackenzie's evil temper. That was a sad and wretched night, in which Mrs. Mackenzie stormed until the poor, delicate Rosey fell into the fever to which she owed her death. We soon repaired to the Grey Friars, where we found that the colonel was in his last illness. He talked loudly, he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, crying, "*Toujours! Toujours!*" Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him. The old man talked on rapidly for a while; then again he would sigh and be still; once more I heard him say, hurriedly, "Take care of him when I'm in India"; and then with a heart-rending voice he called for the love of his youth, "Leonore! Leonore!" The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "*Adsum*," and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and, lo! he whose heart was as that of a little child had answered to his name and stood in the presence of The Master.

VERNE

JULES VERNE was born at Nantes, February 8, 1828. Though he had gone to Paris to study for the bar, he followed in the footsteps of the legion who have found the idle moments of the law a pleasant occasion for the wandering imagination. The opera and the stage attracted him, but it was not long before he discovered a field which he made his own, that of imaginary voyages to any impossible place to which his whimsy might direct him, for which, however, he had prepared a time-table and made all sorts of scientific preparation in the most minute way. Such imaginary trips have been made by writers from Homer's days to those of H. G. Wells, and the guides have included such personages as Virgil, Dante, Cyrano de Bergerac, Dean Swift, and Daniel Defoe. But none have been more matter of fact or more brilliant in carrying off the matter, and the marvels of science in the present war have brought Jules Verne and his delightful day-dreams to the minds of all.

Perhaps the most famous trips were those to the "Center of the Earth," "From the Earth to the Moon," "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the

Sea," and "Around the World in Eighty Days." All the languages of the world know the tales, and most theaters know the last named, as well as "Michael Strogoff."

He died at Amiens, where his home has long been pointed out, March 24, 1905.

TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

By JULES VERNE

Condensation by
JAMES B. CONNOLLY

I WAS leaning forward on the starboard bulwark, my servant Conseil beside me, when the voice of Ned Land, the big harpooner, broke the silence. "Look! There is the thing we are looking for!" he cried.

We all saw the sea monster, or whatever it was, which we had been hunting for months. It made off as we charged. We gave chase. Throughout all that night and next day we pursued. We stopped. It stopped. Once it allowed us to creep close to it; and as we crept it rammed us.

The shock of collision threw me into the sea. I would have drowned but for my faithful Conseil. He supported me to the hard metallic back of the monster. Here we were joined by Ned Land. As we were rest-

ing there, eight masked men came through a hatch and drew us down into the bowels of what we now saw was not a monster, but a strange kind of sea-craft. Thus began the strange voyage with that remarkable character who called himself Captain Nemo, and in that strange wonderful ship which he called the *Nautilus*.

The *Nautilus* was a cigar-shaped steel ship of 232 feet in length, 26 feet beam, and 1,500 tons dead weight. There were two hulls, one inside the other, joined by T-shaped irons, which rendered them of almost uncrushable strength. She was driven by electric engines of tremendous power. Tanks which could be filled or emptied at will enabled her to cruise on the surface or under the water as she pleased.

She was fitted with all kinds of working and lounging quarters. In a library were books on the sciences, morals, and literature of almost every language. There was a drawing-room with a luminous ceiling which served also as a museum and into which an intelligent hand had gathered submarine treasures of the world—the rarest shells, pearls of all colors and beyond price, every variety of undersea vegetation; also paintings

of the masters, admirable statues in marble and bronze, a great organ piano.

From the inside of her a staircase led to a platform or deck from which rose two cages, partly inclosed by thick glasses. One cage was for the helmsman, the other contained an electric search-light to light the course of the ship in dark waters. On this platform also was a place wherein was stored a long-boat.

Captain Nemo was tall and robustly built, with pale skin, lofty brow, and the fine taper hands of a highly nervous temperament. He spoke French, English, German, Latin, all equally well. He may have been thirty-five, he may have been fifty years of age.

It was on November 6, 1866, with the coast of Japan in view, that this strange captain told us we were prisoners for him to do with as he pleased. "And now," he added, "our course is E.N.E. and our cruising depth twenty-six fathoms. I leave you to the resources of these quarters and your own reflections."

We remained mute, not knowing what surprise awaited us. Suddenly a dazzling light broke in on us. We saw that only glass panels separated us from a sea which was illuminated far to either side by the powerful

electric gleams from the ship. What a spectacle! An army of undersea creatures escorted us. They were various and beautiful in the clear water, many known, but hundreds unknown, to us.

We heard and saw nothing of the captain for several days; then came a note inviting us to a hunt on the bottom of the sea. We donned diving-suits, then fastened on a sort of knapsack which furnished us not only with air to breathe, but with the light to see our way. We carried air-guns which fired glass bullets heavily charged with electricity, which had only to touch the most powerful animal to kill him. A connecting compartment filled with water let us into the sea. And thus equipped, wading on the bottom of the clear ocean, we killed our game with ease and without danger.

That hunt was but the first of the wonders of the cruise. Onward we rushed, sometimes on the surface, sometimes under the sea. There was our fight with the immense devil-fish which once in a huge school enmeshed the *Nautilus*. There was the visit to a wonderful pearl-fishery, where Captain Nemo showed us a mollusc within whose jaws was a pearl weighing perhaps 500 pounds. Some

day he would return and pluck that treasure, but not yet—every year was adding to its value. We visited the skeletons of long-sunken ships, the corpses of the drowned crew still clinging to the hulls of some. We hunted in the Papuan Islands, where the *Nautilus* was attacked by the native savages. An electric current turned them back shocked and howling ere they could climb aboard.

When one of the crew died Captain Nemo had him buried in a coral glade in the South Pacific, where was a cross of red coral that looked like petrified blood. It was a wonderful, solemn sight to see the pall-bearers with the dead body on their shoulders, and all treading so reverentially the way from the ship to the coral cemetery, where at the foot of the cross the body was interred and covered up. All knelt in prayer. Captain Nemo was the last to leave.

"Your dead sleep quietly out of the reach of sharks," I said, when we were back on the *Nautilus*.

"Of sharks and men," he replied.

We voyaged under colossal icebergs to the South Pole and all but perished there, escaping from an icy tomb only as our last breath of storage air was exhausted. Wonderful

was our passage from the Red Sea into the Mediterranean by means of a subterranean tunnel under the isthmus. (This was before the digging of the Suez canal.) There we witnessed the transfer of a million dollars' worth of gold ingots from the *Nautilus* to the vessel of a Greek diver.

Whence came this store of gold? Later we learned.

In Vigo Bay on the Spanish coast the *Nautilus* came to rest on bottom. Here in 1702 a fleet of Spanish galleons were sunk, and here from this sunken treasure more than a century and a half later this ruler of the underseas came and helped himself whenever it pleased him. "Five hundred millions were there," said Captain Nemo, "but not now. Do you see now how with these and the other treasures of my domain I could pay the national debt of France and not feel it?"

We had now been six months aboard the *Nautilus*. For me, the scientist, it was a voyage of ceaseless interest; but not so for Conseil and Ned Land. At their request I pleaded with Captain Nemo for our liberty.

"You came to my ship without invitation. You will now remain here," was his grim answer.

We had left the southern hemisphere and were in the waters off France and the British Islands when we were pursued by an armed war-ship. Flying no colors, she attacked at once. Her cannon shot rebounded from our iron hull.

Captain Nemo, pointing to her, said: "I am the oppressed, and there is my oppressor. Through him I have lost country, wife, children, father and mother. Why should I withhold my vengeance?"

He called out his orders. The *Nautilus* sank below the sea. We felt her rushing forward, felt the shock of her steel ram piercing the hull of the enemy. Through the glass panels we saw her doomed crew crowding the ratlines, clinging to the rails, struggling in the sea. The *Nautilus* passed on.

I saw Captain Nemo go to his room and kneel before the portrait of a woman and two little children. "How long, O Lord, how long!" he cried out.

We steamed north, to that part of the Norwegian coast where lies that dreaded maelstrom which draws into itself all floating things. The *Nautilus*—was it an accident? —was drawn into the whirlpool. Around and around she whirled. Even her steel hull

felt the strain; we could hear bolts being pulled out from her girders. The long-boat was torn from its place on deck and hurled like a stone into the whirlpool. I lost consciousness.

When I came to myself I was in a Loffoden fisherman's hut, and Conseil and Ned Land were chafing my hands.

So ended our voyage of 20,000 leagues under the sea. What became of Captain Nemo and his strange craft I do not know. I hope his powerful ship conquered the maelstrom, even as I hope, if he lived, that his philosophy and powerful will finally conquered his desire for vengeance.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT was born in 1832 and died in 1888. She was the daughter of A. Bronson Alcott, the "Sage of Concord." Her early surroundings were of a highly intellectual and literary character, and she naturally took to writing while still very young.

In her sketch "Transcendental Oats" she describes in an amusing way the experience of a year at Fruitlands, where an attempt was made to establish an ideal community.

Miss Alcott was obliged to be a wage-earner to help out the family income, and so taught school, served as a governess and at times worked as a seamstress. Wearying of this, she wrote for the papers stories of a sensational nature, which were remunerative financially, but unsatisfactory to her as a literary pursuit, and she abandoned this style of writing.

In a Washington hospital she served as a nurse for a time, but the work was so hard that she failed in health, and when she recovered she had to find new fields of work; then she traveled as attendant to an invalid, and with her visited Europe.

After several attempts at literature, Miss Alcott wrote "Little Women," which was an immediate success, reaching a sale of 87,000 copies in three years. She wrote from the heart, and wove into the story incidents from the lives of herself and her three sisters at Concord. She afterward wrote "An Old-fashioned Girl," "Little Men," "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag," "The Eight Cousins," and "Rose in Bloom," besides other stories and sketches.

Miss Alcott had ambition and ability for a high grade of literary work; she made her success as a writer of children's stories. While her receipts from some later work were large for those times, she declared that she was more proud of the first thirty-two dollars she received than of the larger amounts later.

One generation after another of young readers finds pleasure in Miss Alcott's cheery, healthful stories, and their vitality is indicated by their appearance on the movie screen.

LITTLE WOMEN

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT

Condensation by
CAROLYN WELLS

IN their old-fashioned New England home the little women lived with Mrs. March, their brisk and cheery mother, who always had a "can-I-help-you" look about her, and whom her four girls lovingly called "Marmee."

Pretty Meg, the oldest, was sixteen, and already showed domestic tastes and talents, though she detested the drudgery of household work; and, a little vain of her white hands, longed at heart to be a fine lady. Jo, fifteen, was tall, thin, and coltish, and gloried in an unconcealed scorn of polite conventions. Beth, thirteen, was a lovable little thing, shy, fond of her dolls and devoted to music, which she tried hopefully to produce from the old, jingling tin pan of a piano. Amy, twelve, considered herself the

flower of the family. An adorable blonde, she admitted that the trial of her life was her nose. For, when she was a baby, Jo had accidentally dropped her into the coal-hod and permanently flattened that feature, and though poor Amy slept with a patent clothes-pin pinching it, she couldn't attain the Grecian effect she so much desired.

Father March was an army chaplain in the Civil War, and in his absence Jo declared herself to be the man of the family. To add to their slender income, she went every day to read to Aunt March, a peppery old lady; and Meg, too, earned a small salary as daily nursery governess to a neighbor's children.

In the big house next door to the Marches lived a rich old gentleman, Mr. Laurence, and his grandson, a jolly, chummy boy called Laurie. Though awe-inspiring at first, Mr. Laurence proved both kindly and generous, and even timid Beth mustered up courage to go over to the "Palace Beautiful" at twilight and play softly on the grand piano there. But, as she confessed to her mother, when she began she was so frightened her feet chattered on the floor!

The night Laurie took the two older girls to the theater, Amy, though not invited, in-

sisted on going too. Jo crossly declared she wouldn't go if Amy did, and, furiously scolding her little sister, she slammed the door and went off, as Amy called out: "You'll be sorry for this, Jo March! See if you ain't!" The child made good her threat by burning up the manuscript of a precious book which Jo had written and on which she had spent three years of hard work. There was a terrible fracas, and, though at her mother's bidding Amy made contrite apology, Jo refused to be pacified. It was only when poor little Amy was nearly drowned by falling through the ice that conscience-stricken Jo forgave her sister and learned a much-needed lesson of self-control.

Meg, too, learned a salutary lesson when she went to visit some fashionable friends and had her first taste of "Vanity Fair." Her sisters gladly lent her all their best things, and, as she said to Jo: "You're a dear to lend me your gloves! I feel *so* rich and elegant with two new pairs and the old ones cleaned up for common!" Yet she soon saw that her wardrobe was sadly inadequate to the environment in which she found herself. Whereupon the rich friends lent her some of their own finery; and, after

laughingly applying paint and powder, they laced her into a sky-blue silk dress, so low that modest Meg blushed at herself in the mirror, and Laurie, who was at the party, openly expressed his surprised disapproval. Chagrin and remorse followed, and it was not until after full confession to Marmee that Meg realized the trumpery value of fashionable rivalry and the real worth of simplicity and contentment.

All four of the girls had leanings toward a life of luxury and ease, and when Mrs. March smilingly proposed that they try a whole week of "all play and no work," they agreed eagerly. But the experiment was a miserable failure; and after mortifying scenes at a company luncheon, a canary-bird dead from neglect, several slight illnesses and lost tempers, the girls decided that lounging and larking didn't pay.

Now John Brooke, the tutor of Laurie, was a secret admirer of pretty Meg. Discovering this, the mischievous boy wrote Meg a passionate love-letter, purporting to be from Brooke. This prank caused a terrible upset in both houses, but later on Brooke put the momentous question, and Meg meekly whispered, "Yes, John," and hid her face on his

waistcoat. Jo, blundering in, was transfixed with astonishment and dismay, and exclaimed, "Oh, *do* somebody come quick! John Brooke is acting dreadfully, and Meg *likes* it!"

At Christmas, Father March came home from the war, and great celebration was made. The neighbors from the Laurence house were invited, and there never *was* such a Christmas dinner as they had that day!

Later came the first break in their restored home circle. The Dovecote was the name of the little brown house that John Brooke had prepared for his bride, and it *was* a tiny affair with a lawn in front about as big as a pocket handkerchief! The wedding, beneath the June roses, was a simple, homey one, and the bridal journey was only the walk from the March home to the dear little new house. "I'm too happy to care what any one says—I'm going to have my wedding just as I want it!" Meg had declared; and so, leaning on her husband's arm, her hands full of flowers, she went away, saying: "Thank you all for my happy wedding-day. Good-by, good-by!"

Jo developed into a writer of sensational stories. This, however, was because she found a profitable market for such work and

she wanted the money for herself and the others. For little Beth was ailing, and a summer stay at the seashore might, they all hoped, bring back the roses to her cheeks. But it didn't, and after a time the dark days came when gentle Beth, like a tired but trustful child, clung to the hands that had led her all through life, as her father and mother guided her tenderly through the Valley of the Shadow and gave her up to God.

Then came a day when Laurie was invited to the Dovecote to see Meg's new baby. Jo appeared, a proud aunt, bearing a bundle on a pillow. "Shut your eyes and hold out your arms," she ordered, and Laurie, obeying, opened his eyes again, to see—two babies! "Twins, by Jupiter!" he cried; "take 'em, quick, somebody! I'm going to laugh, and I shall drop 'em!"

Laurie had loved Jo for years, but Jo, though truly sorry, couldn't respond. As she said, "It's impossible for people to make themselves love other people if they don't!" And so, after a time, Laurie decided that Amy was the only woman in the world who could fill Jo's place and make him happy. And the two *were* very happy together, Amy taking great pride in her handsome husband.

"Don't laugh," she said to him, "but your nose is *such* a comfort to me!" and she caressed the well-cut feature with artistic satisfaction.

Jo found her fate in an elderly professor, wise and kind, but too poor to think of marriage. For a year the pair worked and waited and hoped and loved, and then Aunt March died and left Jo her fine old country place. Here Jo and her professor set up their home, and established a boys' school which became a great success. Jo lived a very happy life, and, as the years went on, two little lads of her own came to increase her happiness. Amy, too, had a dear child named Beth, but she was a frail little creature and the dread of losing her was the shadow over Amy's sunshine.

But the little women and all their dear ones formed a happy, united family, of whom Jo truly wrote:

> Lives whose brave music long shall ring
> Like a spirit-stirring strain.

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CHURCHILL

WINSTON CHURCHILL, whom we perhaps should call Americanus, to distinguish him from the lively son of Lord Randolph Churchill, who bears the same name of Winston, was born in St. Louis, November 10, 1871, though his father was of Portland, Maine. He was educated at Smith Academy, St. Louis, and graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1894. The same year found him an editor of the "Army and Navy Journal"; the next year he was managing editor of the "Cosmopolitan Magazine"; in 1903 and 1905 he was a member of the New Hampshire Legislature, and in 1906 he was running for Governor of that state as the candidate of the Lincoln Republican Club on a reform platform, fighting a valiant battle to down the political practices which had grown to be time-honored, if nothing else, in that state. Some of the leaders of the Democratic party fully recognized the good he was attempting to accomplish in this early progressive movement, but the fact that he was not a native of the state, was a new-comer in politics, and was striving for ideas which were novel and thoroughly distressing

to politicians of long experience, prevented his success with the Republicans. Politics, however, have not been entirely the same in the state since; and as an education for a writer on political subjects his experiences could be called laboratory courses.

RICHARD CARVEL

By WINSTON CHURCHILL

Condensation by
HON. DAVID I. WALSH

I TAKE no shame in the pride with which I write of my grandfather, Lionel Carvel, Esq., of Carvel Hall, in his lordship's province of Maryland, albeit he favored his Majesty. He was no palavering turncoat like my uncle Grafton, whom I knew for a great rascal who had been banished to his estate in Kent County for saying in my grandfather's presence that my mother had not been fit to marry a Carvel. But if Grafton was a shadow on my boyhood, there was also a great light, and this was Mistress Dorothy Manners, my constant playmate.

Dorothy bloomed early, and too soon became a great beauty, with all our Annapolis macaronis at her feet. Thanks to her foppish father, Mr. Marmaduke Manners, she gave me to know that none but an English earl could serve her for husband.

My boyhood was passed in stirring times. 'Twas in the summer of 1765, made memorable by the Stamp Act, that I first came into touch with the deep-set feelings of the period, although I had already learned from my friend Mr. Henry Swain, a lawyer and a man of note among our patriots, the doctrines that were kindling righteous revolt. My friendship with Patty Swain, his daughter, had begun early, and it was she who gave me heart to hope that Dorothy, for all her fine airs, still thought sometimes of her childhood sweetheart.

Not until my uncle Grafton poisoned his ear against me did my grandfather learn how strong was the republican spirit that stirred me. "A Carvel against the king" was all he said. But I saw that Grafton had triumphed; and to tell truth it was no pleasant thing for me to set my face against the king for whom my father had died.

About this time Dorothy's wish was fulfilled and she went to London. Soon Lord Comyn arrived at Annapolis with news that every macaroni in London, including himself, was in love with her and that the Duke of Chartersea, a great rake, appeared to lead the race. There was sadness in the pride this

gave me; nevertheless, I was drawn to Lord Comyn, who was a true man.

My grandfather falling seriously ill, my uncle effected a reconciliation. Soon I realized that Grafton was plotting to cheat me of my birthright and make himself heir to Carvel Hall.

Even murder was tried. One night I was drawn into a duel with Lord Comyn on a pretext. Comyn, as loath to fight as I, wounded me, but the fight only made us closer friends. Soon after Comyn had sailed for England a second attempt to kill me changed the course of my life. I was kidnapped by pirates, and only that I had the makings of a fighting sailor I should have been slain. From the pirate I was rescued by a British brigantine, captained by one John Paul, who, for the discipline he maintained, might have been a naval commander. He recognized me as a gentleman and told me how he was returning to Scotland to say good-by to his mother, for, he said, Scotland had not treated him well. After that he proposed to go to London. I jumped at this, for was not Dorothy there? So, Paul's sad errand done, to London we went, choosing always the best coaching inns, Paul being for

playing the gentleman. At London we put on a bold front and went to the Star and Garter in Pall Mall. I at once set out to find Mr. Manners, and caught him at his door, but he feigned not to see me, whereupon Mr. Dix, my grandfather's agent, declared I was an impostor and had us both thrown into jail.

After three weeks rescue came from an unexpected quarter—from Jack Comyn, who brought Dorothy to meet us at the prison gates. I was overwhelmed. Dorothy greeted me so warmly that I almost believed Comyn and Patty to have been right when they vowed that Dolly loved only me. Paul declared he was "an American, the compatriot of the beautiful Miss Manners."

I was minded to go back to America at once and reward Paul, but Comyn would not hear to this, declaring that I alone could save Dolly from Chartersea. I knew that Comyn, in telling Dorothy that I loved her, had sacrificed himself. When I met Mr. Manners he declared that he had not seen me on the former occasion, but I knew he lied. As for Paul, when he saw how the land lay, he gave us the slip and sailed for America as captain of the *Betsy* bark.

In the betting books of White's and Brooks'

is the record of much of my life in London, for I traveled in fast company. My friendship with Charles James Fox is a story in itself. He admired highly my defense of the Colonies, although he did not then openly espouse our cause. Fox warned me that Chartersea was plotting against me, and proof came when the duke wagered that I could not ride Baltimore's horse Pollux, for Pollux was a man-killer. Nevertheless, I rode the beast, and when Chartersea tried to follow me Pollux threw him into the Serpentine. Thus foiled, Chartersea waylaid me at Vauxhall, and I knew that Manners had helped to trap me. Comyn came to my rescue and was wounded, but I was unhurt.

Manners showed his hand when he brought me news that my grandfather was dead and Grafton was master of Carvel Hall. I struck him. Mr. Dix was quick to tell me that I was penniless, but Comyn insisted on offering his security for me.

Then back I went to Annapolis, to learn that my uncle had intercepted my letters so that my grandfather had believed me dead. Henry Swain had been successful in business and he made me factor of his new estate. There I stayed until the dreary summer of

1774, when liberty lost a friend by the death of Mr. Swain. His last wish was that I should marry Patty, but when I asked her to marry me she saw what was in my heart and asked me whether I loved her. And for that there was no answer. But when I rode away to fight for my country she told me she would pray for me—and for Dorothy.

At Annapolis, on my way north, I received a great surprise. Learning that one Jones had spoken of me, I went to see him and found that it was John Paul himself, who had an estate in Virginia and was bound for Philadelphia to lay before Congress his plan for an American navy. How he succeeded is known. I sailed with him and was with him in many of his great sea-fights, the last being that of his *Bon Homme Richard* against the *Serapis*, in the North Sea. This was the hottest battle of all, and my last memory of it is the sight of a naked seaman rushing at me, pike in hand.

I awoke. Where was I? What room was this? Who was this coming to tend me? Who but Mammy Lucy, Dorothy's old nurse, to tell me that I was in London, in Mr. Manners's house? Where was Dolly? I was to see her soon, if the doctor permitted. She

came! The little room was heaven, though I was stretched on a bed of pain. Mrs. Manners answered my questions. Jones had contrived to let Dolly know I was wounded and in hospital in Holland, and Comyn had brought me to England. I learned also that my uncle had been deprived of his estate for treachery and that Carvel Hall was mine. And now I was to be smuggled out of England again. This time Fox played smuggler, and soon Dolly to be my wife. But did I not love Patty? she asked me. I told her the truth.

"Dear Richard," Dolly said, "I believe I have loved you all my life." We were married on the 15th of June, and Patty dressed the bride. Poor Patty. You have heard your mother speak of Aunt Patty, my dears.

Ere I had regained my health the war for Independence was won. "I pray God that time may soften the bitterness it caused, and heal the breach in that noble race whose motto is Freedom. That the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack may one day float together to cleanse the world of tyranny!"

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DOYLE

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE is known everywhere and to everybody as the creator of Sherlock Holmes. He has naturally been pleased with this world-wide fame, but it has not been an unmixed pleasure. He once said that he wished America might have taken a little less eagerly to the detective tales and evidenced an equal enthusiasm for his historical romances, which he regards as his best work. He remarked that he had spent two years of hard work and had consulted more than two hundred books in composing "The White Company."

The numerous Sherlock Holmes tales and the historical romances show but two sides to the author's unusual versatility. He has always kept up his keen interest in medicine, his first profession. In "The Crime of the Congo" he wrote about the cruelties of King Leopold's administration of the Congo rubber traffic. In South Africa, and more recently in France, he has studied and written about modern war. Long before the great war overwhelmed Europe he saw the storm-cloud gathering and in short stories he forecast some of the terrors

and marvels of war as it might be and as it proved to be. In "Great Britain and the Next War," in 1913, he exposed the specious arguments of General Bernhardi.

For thirty years he has been investigating spiritualism, starting as a convinced unbeliever. More and more he has been won over to complete faith in communications from the spirit world, and in numerous articles and "The New Revelation" (1918) he has set down the story of his progress from skepticism to belief, and is now playing a prominent part in the great spiritualistic movement which is sweeping over England.

THE WHITE COMPANY

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Condensation by
A. J. STAFFORD

THE Abbot of Beaulieu sat in a lofty room, before him his thirty monks. All were labor-stained and weary, for the abbot was a hard man. A big, red-haired youth, the black sheep of the fold, stood awaiting punishment. His sins were many, the worst being that he had "conversed with a maiden . . . and did carry her across a stream, to the infinite relish of the devil."

The abbot rose in wrath. "John of Hordle!" he thundered, "thou shalt be cast into the outer world! Seize him and scourge him from the precincts!"

But the culprit had different plans. Lifting the big oaken desk, he hurled it at his accusers, sprang through the open door, and escaped.

"He is possessed of a devil!" they shouted.

Far different was the leave-taking of Alleyne Edricson, a slender, yellow-haired youth, favorite of all.

"Twenty years ago," said the abbot, "your father, the Franklin of Minstead, died, leaving to the abbey three hides of land, and you, his infant son, for us to rear until you reached man's estate; and now you must return into the world."

Alleyne was a learned clerk, skilled in music, writing, painting, and other attainments. His reading was scant and he had only a vague idea of Europe, beyond which were "Jerusalem, the Holy Land, and the great river which hath its source in the Garden of Eden." The abbot now told him of strange nations, including that of the fair but evil women who slay with beholding, like the basilisk. After many prayers, blessings, and warnings from the abbot against sin and the snares of women, Alleyne left the peaceful abbey and went out into the world. And he found it a fearful place.

His only relative was a brother, now Socman of Minstead, who had earned an evil name. Alleyne decided to go to his brother and try to reform him. On the way he was set upon by robbers and would have been

killed had not the bailiff appeared. He was then made sick by seeing one robber shot and the other decapitated. Night found him with a boisterous crowd at the Pied Merlin, kept by Dame Eliza. His clerkly ways got him into trouble, but big Hordle John protected him. Samkin Alyward, a bowman of the White Company, came in with rich booty from France. He induced John to enlist for the wars, and in the morning they started for Castle Twynham, held by the famous knight, Sir Nigel Loring, who was to command the White Company.

Alleyne set out to find his brother. In a forest he came upon the most beautiful creature he had ever beheld. Such he had pictured the angels. She was being held against her will by a big yellow-haired man. Alleyne came to the girl's assistance and found that the man was his brother.

"Young cub of Beaulieu! My dogs shall be set upon you!" cried the Socman. But he was unarmed, and Alleyne, raising his iron-shod staff, compelled him to free the girl. He ran for weapons and dogs, but the other two escaped through the woods. The girl's page came with horses, and when the young clerk told her that he intended to join two

friends at Castle Twynham she laughed and rode away without telling her name. Long he stood, hoping she might return. Then he turned away, no longer a light-hearted boy.

At Twynham Castle Alleyne met his angel again. She was the Lorings' only child. He became squire to Sir Nigel, while Lady Loring engaged him to teach the wayward Maude and two other girls. Maude was no easy pupil, given to strange moods. In spite of the abbot's warning, teaching three girls was to Alleyne a joyous experience.

Time came for him to follow Sir Nigel to the wars. Maude was far above him in station, yet he told her of his love and begged her for some word of hope.

"Win my father's love and all may follow," she told him.

Sir Nigel was a small man with a lisping voice, but when he said, "let us debate the matter further," it meant a fight. He spoke of his "small deeds," and he called a deadly hand-to-hand fight a "small bickering." With Alleyne, John Aylward, and one hundred and fifty archers and men-at-arms he set sail for France. They fought a bloody battle with two pirate craft. Alleyne had his first taste of war and fought bravely.

Sir Nigel's sword flashed everywhere at once. Aylward led the archers and John took the big Norman captain prisoner by sheer strength. They lost nearly all their men, but captured both pirate ships. In a fast-sinking ship they landed at Bordeaux, where King Edward was mustering his forces to carry the war into Spain. Here Alleyne fought a duel and came out a hero. Five English knights held the list against all comers. The English won two bouts, their opponents two, and Sir Nigel won the fifth. Then an unknown knight came forth from the East and challenged the victors. Four knights went down before him in short order, but Sir Nigel broke even.

The White Company was at Dax and he set out to take command. With him were Aylward and John and his two squires, Alleyne and Ford. In the brushwood they saw many strange lean people who fled before them. Some were too weak with hunger to move. Their feudal lord had taken the last fruits of their toil. At a hotel they found the strange champion of the tournament. He was Du Guesclin, a French knight, known to Sir Nigel. His wife, Lady Tiphaine, was with him. They all went for the night to a

château. Here they found several other knights and squires. They had a great feast and made merry, unmindful of the starving peasants.

Lady Tiphaine went into a trance, which she called the blessed hour of sight. She saw the English driven out of France, but the power of England spread to many lands. She saw Sir Nigel's castle besieged by a mob led by a big yellow-haired man. Lady Loring and Maude stood on the wall, directing the defenders. The big leader was slain and his followers dispersed. She told her husband that he also was in great danger, but he laughed at the idea.

When all were asleep the enraged peasants stole into the château and murdered all but eight. Sir Nigel, Alleyne, Aylward, John, Du Guesclin and his wife, and two others fought their way to the keep. In a narrow passage at the head of the stairs they held the mob off. The peasants set fire to the buildings. The stairs fell away and they were about to be enveloped in flames when the White Company arrived and rescued them.

Sir Nigel and the White Company, four hundred strong, joined Edward's army and

marched into Spain. Sent ahead to reconnoiter, they stole up near a Spanish camp and did some small deeds. Hordle John captured a Spanish knight by the foot and held him for a ransom. Later they were surprised by a large force of cavalry. On a rocky hill they made their last stand.

"To your arms, men!" roared Sir Nigel. "Shoot while you may, and then out swords and let us live or die together."

Sir Nigel sent Alleyne for help. Sorely wounded, he lashed himself to his horse, broke through the Spanish lines, and, nearly dead, reached the English. When the rescue party arrived and drove away the Spaniards the flag still waved, with only John and six archers around it. All the rest were either killed or taken prisoner.

The fame of the White Company traveled far. Alleyne was knighted, John got five thousand crowns ransom, and the two hurried back to England. Maude Loring, hearing that every one of the company had been killed, had entered a nunnery, but Alleyne took her home and they were married.

Sir Nigel and Aylward were taken prisoners, but escaped, seized a small coaster, and came home with a rich cargo. Aylward

wed the dame Eliza, John became Alleyne's squire, and they all lived many years filled with honor and happiness and laden with every blessing.

Sir Nigel rode no more to the wars, but he found his way to every jousting within thirty miles. Twice again Sir Alleyne Edricson fought in France, and came back each time laden with honors.

DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS lived in many houses and some of them were ugly. But to him they were all homes. He was happiest perhaps in Devonshire Terrace, London, and at Gadshill Place in Kent, where he worked and entertained with a furious energy.

He had to force himself to begin a novel, for the work of starting was a veritable torment to him. But once the first chapter was finished he wrote with sheer delight. He would sit at his desk for hours, living with his characters as his pen went back and forth across the white paper. After these arduous confinements he found relaxation in walking, prowling for hours through London streets or beating his way against the lashing winds along the Kentish coast.

He loved his homes and he loved England, but he also loved to travel. He found out-of-the-way and quaint villages in England where he settled for weeks at a time, but he often ran across the Channel to the Continent and sometimes made long stays in Paris, Switzerland, and Italy. Twice he journeyed far in the United States, in days when luxury in

travel was hardly known and when only those who really loved new scenes undertook such hardships.

Much as he enjoyed these restless flittings to other lands and his prolonged lingerings in such favored places as Genoa or Lausanne, he was ever eager to be back in England, either in grimy, pulsating London or in the hedge-bordered lanes of Kent. It was amid these scenes that his brain worked best. Episode after episode in his greatest novels flashed vividly into his mind as he tramped by night through London or by day through rural Kent.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by
SARA A. HAMLIN

ON a cold November night, in the year 1775, the English mail-coach, on its way from London to Dover, was carrying among its passengers a Mr. Jarvis Lorry, a London banker of the well-known firm of Tellson & Co. As the coach stumbled along in the darkness, there arose before him the vision of an emaciated figure with hair prematurely white. All night between him and the specter the same words repeated themselves again and again:

"Buried how long?"

"Almost eighteen years."

"I hope you care to live?"

"I can't say."

About eighteen years before the story opens, Doctor Manette, a prominent young physician of Paris, had suddenly disappeared.

Everything was done to discover some trace of him, but in vain. The loss of her husband caused his wife such anguish that she resolved to bring up her little daughter in ignorance of her father's fate; and when in two years she died she left little Lucie under the guardianship of Tellson & Co., to whose care Doctor Manette for many years had intrusted his financial affairs.

Strange tidings concerning the doctor had just come from Paris, and Mr. Lorry was on his way to meet his ward and explain to her the facts of her early life. This was a duty from which the kind-hearted banker shrank, and when he saw the slight, golden-haired girl who came to meet him his heart almost failed him; but his task was accomplished at last.

"And now," concluded Mr. Lorry, "your father has been found. He is alive, greatly changed, but alive. He has been taken to the house of a former servant in Paris, and we are going there. I, to identify him, you to restoré him to life and love."

The servant that sheltered Doctor Manette was a man by the name of Defarge who, with his wife, kept a wine-shop in the obscure district of St.-Antoine. The banker and Lucie

were taken to an attic, where a haggard, white-haired man sat on a low bench, making shoes, a wreck of a man oblivious of all around him.

Again was the Channel crossed, and again the old inquiry whispered in the ear of Jarvis Lorry:

"I hope you care to be recalled to life?"

"I can't say."

Five years later, in the court-room of the Old Bailey in London, a young Frenchman was on trial for his life. Near him sat an untidy looking individual by the name of Sydney Carton. With his eyes fixed on the ceiling, he was unobservant, apparently, of all that passed around him; but it was he, who first noticing the extraordinary resemblance between the prisoner and himself, rescued Charles Darnay from the web of deceit which had been spun around him.

Between these two young men the striking resemblance was in outward appearance only. Charles Darnay was of noble birth; but his ancestors had for many years so cruelly oppressed the French peasantry that the name of Evremonde was hated and despised. Wholly unlike them in character, this last descendant of his race had given up

his name and estate and had come to England as a private gentleman, eager to begin life anew.

Sydney Carton was a young English lawyer, brilliant in intellect, but steadily deteriorating through his life of dissipation, able to advise others, but unable to guide himself, "conscious of the blight on him and resigning himself to let it eat him away."

He and Darnay soon became frequent visitors at the small house in Soho Square, the home of Doctor Manette and his daughter. Through Lucie's care and devotion, the doctor had almost wholly recovered from the effects of his long imprisonment, and it was only in times of strong excitement that any trace of his past insanity could be detected. The sweet face of Lucie Manette soon won the hearts of both the young men, but it was Darnay to whom she gave her love.

And so that interview between Lucie and Sydney Carton has a pathos that wrings our hearts. He knew that even if his love could have been returned, it would have added only to his bitterness and sorrow, for he felt it would have been powerless to lift him from the Slough of Selfishness and Sensuality that had engulfed him. But he could not resist

this last sad confession of his love; and when she weeps at the sorrow of which she had been the innocent cause, he implores: "Do not weep, dear Miss Manette, the life I lead renders me unworthy of your pure love. My last supplication is this, think now and then that there is a man who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you."

But dark days were to come. In the year 1789 the downtrodden French peasantry turned upon their oppressors. The streets of Paris were filled with crowds of people whose eager cry was for "blood." Madame Defarge no longer sat behind the counter of her small wine-shop, silently knitting into her work the names of her hated enemies, but, ax in hand and knife at her belt, headed a frenzied mob of women on to the Bastile. The French Revolution had actually begun.

Madame Defarge was one of the leading spirits of the Revolution. Early in life she had seen her family fall victims to the tyranny and lust of the cruel nobility, and from that time her life had been devoted to revenge.

Three years of crime and bloodshed passed, and in 1792 Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Charles Darnay landed in Paris, the former to pro-

tect the French branch of Tellson & Co. and the latter to befriend an old family servant who had besought his help. Not until they had set foot in Paris did they realize into what a caldron of fury they had plunged. Mr. Lorry, on account of his business relations, was allowed his freedom, but Darnay was hurried at once to the prison of La Force, there to await his trial. The reason given for this outrage was the new law for the arrest of all returning French emigrants, but the true cause was that he had been recognized as Charles Evremonde.

These tidings soon reached London, and Doctor Manette, with his daughter Lucie, hastened to Paris, for he felt sure that his long confinement in the Bastile would win for him the sympathy of the French people and thus enable him to save his son-in-law. Days and months passed; and although the doctor succeeded in gaining a promise that Darnay's life should be spared, the latter was not allowed to leave his prison.

At last came the dreadful year of the Reign of Terror. The sympathy which at first had been given to Doctor Manette had become weakened through the influence of the bloodthirsty Madame Defarge. Also, there

had been found in the ruins of the Bastile a paper which contained Doctor Manette's account of his own abduction and imprisonment, and pronouncing a solemn curse upon the House of Evremonde and their descendants, who were declared to be the authors of his eighteen years of misery. Charles Darnay's doom was sealed. "Back to the Conciergerie and death within twenty-four hours."

To Sydney Carton, who had followed his friends to Paris, came an inspiration. Did he not promise Lucie that he would die to save a life she loved? By bribery he gains admittance to the prison; Darnay is removed unconscious from the cell, and Carton sits down to await his fate.

Along the Paris streets six tumbrels are carrying the day's wine to La Guillotine. In the third car sits a young man with his hands bound. As the cries from the street arise against him, they only move him to a quiet smile as he shakes more loosely his hair about his face.

Crash! A head is held up, and the knitting women who are ranged about the scaffold count "One."

The third cart comes up, and the supposed

Evremonde descends. His lips move, forming the words, "a life you love."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, then all flashes away.

"Twenty-three!"

"'I am the resurrection and the life,' saith the Lord; 'he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'"

CHARLES KINGSLEY

CHARLES KINGSLEY was born on the 12th of June, 1819, at Holne Vicarage, under the brow of Dartmoor, in Devonshire, England. He left Holne when six weeks old, and never saw his birthplace until he was a man of thirty; yet Devonshire scenes and associations had always a mysterious charm for him.

Kingsley was said to have been an instance of the truth of Darwin's theory, "that genius which implies a wonderfully complex combination of high faculties tends to be inherited." His love of art, his sporting tastes, his fighting blood, he inherited from his father's side, the men of whose family were soldiers for generations.

From his mother's side came not only his love of travel, science, and literature, but the romance of his nature and his sense of humor.

When Charles was still a young child his father, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, moved to Barnock Rectory. It was at Barnock that the boy's earliest sporting tastes and love of natural history developed; as soon as he was old enough he was

mounted on his father's horse in front of the keeper, to bring back the game-bag.

The glorious sunsets over the Fens had great charm for him all his life; the pictures of the Fens and the life there were stamped on his mind and inspired him, in after years, in writing the story of "Hereward the Wake."

Later his father moved to Clovelly; the new elements in life here, the unique scenery and the impressionable character of the people, their courage and the wild life of the men, threw a charm of romance about the place, which colored his life. This is shown in "Westward Ho!" and in the song of "Three Fishers," which was not an imaginary picture, but a true delineation of what he saw again and again at Clovelly.

As a preacher, Kingsley was vivid, eager, and earnest. He was keenly interested in the movement known as Christian Socialism.

As a novelist, his chief power lay in his descriptive faculties. Besides sermons, poems, and addresses, he wrote the "Saint's Tragedy," a drama, and among others the following novels: "Alton Locke," "Yeast," "Westward Ho!" and "Hypatia." Many of his writings in "The Christian Socialist" and "Politics for the People" were signed by the pseudonym "Parson Lot."

He died at Eversley, January 23, 1875.

WESTWARD HO!

By CHARLES KINGSLEY

Condensation by
JAMES B. CONNOLLY

With a hey bonny-boat and a ho bonny-boat
Sail westward-ho and away!

WITH wonderful speech of Spanish gold and the vast, rich countries lying to the west, Capt. John Oxenham was home again; and not a promise he made but was increased tenfold by his swearing henchman, Salvation Yeo.

Amyas Leigh, a stout Devon youth, was afire to take the sea with Captain John as he listened; but his godfather, Sir Richard Grenvil, said he was yet too young. Later, it might be. And later he went, his first voyage being with the famous Sir Francis Drake around the world.

Following that voyage came fighting in Ireland in the company of Sir Walter Raleigh,

and the poet Spenser; and then an expedition with Sir Humphrey Gilbert wherein, because of mutinies, disease, ill-found ships, and great storms, Sir Humphrey met his death; and Amyas came home in sadness.

At this time Amyas, with a score of other Devon gallants, was in love with Mistress Rose Salterne; but she was for no Devon cavalier. A Spanish captain of bravery and charm was dwelling in Devon till his ransom should be coming, and it was he who captured the fancy of the lovely but capricious Rose, and carried her off to Caracas, whereof he had been appointed governor.

Whether Rose went as Don Guzman's wife or leman, no one could say. Mr. Salterne, father to Rose, and rich merchant of the port, gave a ship and five hundred pounds toward the fitting out, the same to be commanded by Amyas, by now experienced in seamanship and the handling of rough men; and so he sailed on his first venture on the good ship *Rose*, of two hundred tons burthen and one hundred men, with beef, pork, and good ale in abundance, and culverins, swivels, muskets, calivers, long-bows, pikes, and cutlasses aplenty. He was to discover the whereabouts and condition of Rose if he could, but

surely to damage to his utmost what Spaniards he should fall afoul of. A commission to his liking, for it was an article of faith with Amyas, as with most young English rovers of that day, that all Spaniards were cruel and cowardly, even as his own great Queen Elizabeth was all white purity. With Amyas went Frank his brother scholar and courtier, and mad likewise for love of Rose Salterne; also Salvation Yeo, his own Captain Oxenham being long dead.

Westward they sailed to tropic shores; to low wooded hills, spangled by fireflies; westward through wondrous seas where islands and capes hung suspended in air. In a wooden bight they spied a caravel, which they captured, and in her they found a store of brown pearls; also a cargo of salt hides, which smelt evilly as they burned.

Amyas sailed on to La Guayra in Caracas, finding Don Guzman not at home, but having sight of Rose Salterne, she being truly Don Guzman's wife, in a garden of the governor's palace. In the fight with Don Guzman's men Frank Leigh was wounded and captured. Amyas was knocked unconscious, but taken safely away by his men.

Leaving fatal La Guayra far behind, the

Rose thrashed through rolling seas and overhauled a long caravel, too long indeed to maneuver with the nimble *Rose*. Two galleys were also with her. Victory fell to Amyas, but a victory which left his ship so battered and his crew so decimated that he ran into a little bay for repairs and recuperation. Here, with their culverins and swivels behind a stockade, Don Guzman came upon them, in force too strong for their shattered numbers; so, first burning the *Rose*, they turned their backs to the sea and marched inland.

And now came hope of glory for their Queen and for themselves great treasure in quest of the Golden City in the Kingdom of Manoa, whereof friendly Indians told them. Through untrodden hills and forests they marched, past the falls of the Orinoco and the upper waters of the great Amazon, from low swamps to high plateaus, wherefrom they viewed the eternal snows of Chimborazo towering above the thunder-cloud and the fiery cone of Cotopaxi flaming against the stars; a region eight hundred miles in length by four hundred miles in width they traversed. Three years of fever and cold and famine they spent on that trail, and once

a gold pack-train loosely guarded fell to their hands; but of the Golden City never a trace.

They came upon a white maiden, Ayanacora, golden-haired, tall, and beautiful, treated as a princess by the Indians with whom she dwelt. Amyas was for leaving her, having witnessed on former voyages the evil influence of women among lonely men; but she by signs made it clear she would not be left. He packed her off. She came back, and, she being by then far from her habitation, he had not the heart to cast her adrift in the vast wilderness. So every man solemnly pledged to treat her with honor. She came to be with them in the adventure where Amyas, his crew much worn and wasted and he desirous of heartening them up, set upon a great galleon in the harbor of Cartagena. Silently, in two canoes, they made the harbor, and, it being night, boarded the galleon secretly by her stern gallery; and after a short, fierce fight the galleon, with much treasure aboard, fell into their hands. It was here in this fight that Amyas would have been run through by the Spanish captain but for Ayanacora, who came leaping from behind and knifed the Spaniard ere he could drive home the long blade.

But forty of their one hundred remained; notwithstanding which they sailed with much content in the great galleon to England. Ayanacora, sailing with them, did one day burst into singing of sea-songs which only English sailors knew; which caused Salvation Yeo to ask questions, to which, as she acquired the English tongue, she made answer; which answers recalled to Yeo that fair Spanish lady of Panama who had run off with Captain Oxenham, and to whom was born the baby girl which was later made off with. Captain Oxenham had suffered death at the hands of the Spanish husband and Yeo himself had escaped only with many cruel scars, but the scarred old rover had spent days enough with the lovely little girl not to know now, as in a dozen ways he proved, that this was the daughter of Captain Oxenham and his Spanish lady, the little girl to whom he had taught the English sea-songs before she was taken from them.

Homeward the great galleon ran before the southwest breeze, and proudly into Plymouth Sound she sailed one day without veiling topsails or lowering the flag of Spain, for which they had like to get a solid shot from the admiral of the port.

And so Amyas came home in honor and glory, but with the lovely and loving Ayanacora he would have nothing to do, she having in her too much of that Spanish blood which he hated. However, his gentle mother, understanding better the worth of loyal virtue, took the girl to her bosom.

Once more Amyas took the sea, now as an admiral under Lord Howard, who had gathered all of England's stout ships and seamen to fight Spain's Armada. Amyas won his share of glory in that fight, and he might have come home in safety; but there was Don Guzman, who had left Rose to be put to death, even as he had his brother Frank, the one for a traitor and the other for a heretic.

Amyas must have his vengeance of Don Guzman, who was commanding a ship of the Armada, and so he strove to hold close to him; but the tempest, which seemed to bear hate for the Spanish fleet, now cast Don Guzman's tall caravel to her death on the sands of Flanders. The vengeance of Amyas was sated, as was Yeo's; but almost on the instant, from the heart of the tempest flew a white bolt of lightning to strike down both him and Yeo, Yeo to his death and Amyas to the blindness of both eyes.

So Amyas came home from his last cruise, a great, helpless hulk, as he bitterly said; but so mayhap only as such could one of his nature have ever come to understand the heart of a lovely, virtuous woman.

It was the patience of Ayanacora, the wisdom of his mother, which taught him. "Fear not, Amyas," he heard his mother's voice saying—"fear not to take that dear girl to your heart; for it is your mother who lays her there."

And so at last Amyas came to understand.

SAND

LUCILE-AURORE DUPIN, as she was born in Berry in 1804, was the great-great-granddaughter of the famous Marshal Saxe. She had in her veins the blood of peasant and aristocrat, which brought to her that understanding of both which played so great a part in her future books.

Married to a Monsieur Dudevant, who had no understanding of her intensely romantic and imaginative temperament, she early separated from him, and in 1831 made her way to Paris to make a living for herself and her two children in whatever humble way she could. Fortunately for the world and for herself, all failed till she discovered that she could write. She quickly made her pseudonym of George Sand famous. There followed a life of prodigious industry with the pen. The French edition of her works contains 107 volumes. She died in 1876.

George Sand was a most extraordinary human being. Possessed of a great fund of common sense, she had the heart of a gamin. She introduced the French peasant to literature with a rare understanding, yet she was famous in Paris for her adventure

with Alfred de Musset, her cigars, and her masculine attire. She was the high priestess of the great romantic movement, yet she has painted the simple life of rural France as no other writer has done.

"Indiana," "Lélia," "Consuelo," "La Mare au Diable," "La Petite Fadette," "François le Champi," "Le Marquis de Villemer," are but a few of the books of a woman of genius.

CONSUELO, THE GYPSY SINGER

By GEORGE SAND

Condensation by
IRVING BACHELLER

ANZOLETO was a street gamin of Venice. He had learned how to sing in Professor Porpora's school. He was handsome. He had imagination which colored his fine voice when he sang. Consuelo, a scrawny, dark-skinned Spanish peasant girl, was another of Porpora's pupils. She was plain, but had a beautiful voice and spirit.

She and Anzoleto were good friends, nothing more, but he—an errant philanderer—was always falling in love and coming to Consuelo for sympathy and advice. He was a rascal and an ingrate.

Consuelo made her first public appearance in the simple dress of a peasant girl, and her voice—filled with the fire of her soul—took

the city. Every one was at her feet. Young suitors sought her hand and among them was Anzoleto. It was the romantic period in Venetian history, about 1650. Consuelo engaged herself to her fellow-pupil, but repulsed the others. Her genius had won admiration; her dignity and modesty had won respect.

The Count Justinian not only engaged her for his theater, but fell in love with her and tried to win her from Anzoleto. She would not be led away and made it a part of her contract that her betrothed should also be engaged to sing. Her sweetness and fidelity the more deeply enslaved the count.

Consuelo's rival, a singer named Corilla, was bitterly incensed by the action of the count. Anzoleto played on her jealousy and pretended to be her lover. Of this perfidy Consuelo knew nothing.

At the first public performance Consuelo achieved renewed success, but Anzoleto was almost overlooked.

Her teacher warned her not to marry Anzoleto, and to prove his case forced her to visit the home of Corilla. They found Anzoleto there and Consuelo was convinced of his perfidy. She repulsed Anzoleto, refused

the love of the count, and fled to Vienna on the advice of Porpora.

A little later Porpora sent her to his friend, Count Christian of Bohemia, to serve as companion to his niece, the Baroness Amelia, just come from a convent school at Prague. Consuelo, who arrived at the castle on a stormy night, was in awe of the count and his surroundings, but Amelia, a lovely girl, reassured her and won her instant affection. That night, as Consuelo came, an ancient tree on the estate, known as the tree of misfortune, fell in the storm.

News of its fall threw the count's household into confusion and terror. "Some evil is abroad," the countess said, and soon after Count Albert, the son, entered, a handsome, pale, and sad young man, who announced that a strange peace was about to settle over the house. He smiled at Consuelo, touched her hand, and withdrew, leaving her deeply mystified.

Albert, she soon learned, was a gentle and admirable soul, but a man of morbid moods which were in effect trances, and was only mildly interested in Amelia, who was intended to be his wife.

Amelia told Consuelo that Albert was not

only a medium, but a seer as well as a scholar, and that she found him unattractive.

Consuelo, on the contrary, was charmed with Albert, who seemed much benefited by her presence. He accepted her as the consolation promised by an inner voice. Her singing called him from his trances, transported and strengthened him. She became his physician as well as his confessor.

She found herself surrounded by mysteries. Secret doors, inexplicable flames, gliding phantoms, stirred her curiosity and allured her to exploration. Once when Albert had been missing for a time they led her to a well. She descended it and found a secret passage. This she traversed and beyond it found her lover deranged and ill, in the care of an imbecile servant. She nursed him back to health.

Consuelo's exposure and excitement in this midnight expedition produced a violent fever and Albert's love and care deepened. For a time it seemed as though he might win her hand, but between these devoted young people the dissolute Anzoleto thrust himself.

Although at first she gave way before him, Consuelo regained her self-control and put him aside. The good Count Christian, find-

ing her nobly frank about her early life, not only expressed his admiration, but requested her to marry his son, whose reason she had restored.

To this she answered, "The honor is very great, but I am a singer; I must return to my art."

To avoid Anzoleto she fled by night toward Vienna in order to rejoin Porpora, her teacher. Consuelo reached there only to find old Porpora a master without a school or a pupil.

In her attempts to secure a position at the Court Theater she failed, by reason of the opposition of the Empress Maria and the enmity of Corilla, her bitter rival. The corruption, the savage hatreds which marked the atmosphere of the court and the theater, led her to dream of Albert and the marriage he had offered.

At last she wrote to Albert, expressing her love for him.

Porpora, to whom she gave her letter to post, burned it and wrote one of his own to Count Christian. He was jealous of her art and desired to profit by it.

Six weeks passed. Consuelo heard nothing from Albert, and as a sudden chance to

sing in opera came to her she accepted it. Her goodness and generosity had won even Corilla, who yielded her part to her.

One day, while rehearsing for Zenobia, her first great part, Consuelo thought she saw Count Albert in the dark spaces of the theater, a silent, flitting, mysterious figure.

At about this time Baron Trenck, the notorious pandoor and freebooter, coming to the city, chanced to see Consuelo, and instantly fell in love with her, as did all men. She was terrified by his fierce manner and his disfigured countenance.

One night he forced his way into her dressing-room and pleaded for her love. He cast magnificent jewels at her feet, and then, in a transport of fury, seized her in his arms as if to carry her away.

A disguised, powerful man darted through the open door, seized the bandit, and threw him down the iron stairway.

Although her rescuer's face was covered, Consuelo believed him to be Count Albert. She called, she ran toward him, but he was gone. As she stood looking down the dark stairway the prompter announced the second act of the play and she went on the stage as

Zenobia, adding to her triumphs. She sang now for Albert, believing that he was somewhere in the audience.

Her conviction was confirmed when, amid the flowers which fell around her, flung by the Empress and the people of the court, she picked up a small green sprig of cypress, which was to her a sign of grief and despair. It was like a symbol of death.

In the midst of her uncertainty a letter came from the director of the Royal Theater in Leipsic, offering her a fine engagement. An agent brought the papers with him. Consuelo desired to leave for Vienna, for the Empress was determined that she should marry one of her favorites.

As Porpora had destroyed her letter to Count Albert, so now he pretended to have had a reply in which Count Albert renounced all claim upon her.

With unshaken faith in her old teacher, Consuelo sorrowfully accepted the new engagement, signed the contract, and started for Germania.

It happened that the King of Prussia, Frederick the Great, traveling incognito, met her and was so pleased with her that he gave orders for her entertainment in his capital,

but commanded that Porpora should be sent back to Vienna.

All these plans, however, failed, for Baron Rudolstadt, uncle of Count Albert, brought word that the young man was dying and greatly longed to see Consuelo before he passed away. Without a moment's hesitation she hastened to the castle.

Filled with exalted love and pity, Consuelo kissed the dying man, realizing that he was even then hardly more than a spirit. He desired her to marry him, in order that his fortune and his title might pass to her, and so firm and insistent was his demand that Consuelo consented.

Count Albert lived only a few hours after the ceremony, leaving Consuelo sorrowful, but, after all, at peace. Then she turned her face toward the temple of her art.

BLACKMORE

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE was born at Longworth, Berkshire, England, June 7, 1825. He was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, and at Exeter College, Oxford, where he obtained a scholarship. His first publication was a volume of poems which showed no particular promise, nor did a later volume; but he was, nevertheless, ambitious to succeed, and enthusiastic in his pursuit of literature. A complete breakdown in health rendered it necessary for him to leave city life in London, and he determined to combine a literary life in the country with a business career as a market-gardener.

He settled down in Teddington, and set earnestly to work. Several publications followed, the first novel being "Clara Vaughan," the merits of which were promptly recognized. But it was in 1869 that he suddenly sprang into fame with "Lorna Doone." This story was one of the first in the revival of the romantic novel, and appearing, as it did, at a time when the reading public was waiting and ready for a work of this type, it was a great success, and pro-

nounced a novel of "singular charm, vigor, and imagination."

Though Blackmore wrote many other stories, none has reached the popular heart like "Lorna Doone"; and he will be remembered chiefly as the author of this charming story, which is a classic of the west country. Many pilgrimages are made annually to the Doone Valley, although the actual characteristics of the scene of the story differ greatly from the descriptions inspired by the lively imagination of the author.

"Lorna Doone" is a truly outdoor story; at times it is very dramatic and picturesque and threaded with adventure.

Blackmore kept to his quiet country life to the last, and passed away at Teddington on January 20, 1900.

LORNA DOONE

By R. D. BLACKMORE

Condensation by
KATHARINE R. MARKWARD

IN Exmoor, in the county of Somerset, in the year of grace 1661, dwelt the outlawed Doones, who, huge and brutal, defied king and common, committed brazen robberies with impunity, and took refuge after every outrage in the well-nigh impregnable Glen Doone. On the near-by farm of Plover's Barrows dwelt John Ridd, a great-limbed lad who had been summoned home from boarding-school in his teens to learn that his father, a wealthy farmer, had been slain in a night raid by the Doones. John, blunt and honest, was kind to his mother and his two sisters, did his share of the farm-work, and, as he grew to manhood, learned to ride a horse and shoot a blunderbuss with unfailing skill.

One day, while yet a boy, his fishing excursions in Bagworthy Water led him to discover

an entrance to Glen Doone, so secret, so remote that the robber band stationed no guard there, never dreaming that living soul would discover it. Following a little cascade, John emerged at last into a dell blooming with primroses, and beheld with amazement a beautiful child of eight with hair like a black shower and eyes full of pity and wonder. Her name (pretty, like herself) was Lorna Doone, and John often had her in his thoughts through the six years which followed. He was twenty then and Lorna fourteen, and already John Ridd knew that he loved her, that fate had decreed it so and that all the world was naught when weighed against this girl.

To be found in Doone Valley spelled death for any man, but the thought of Lorna, "light and white, nimble, smooth, and elegant," filled John with yearning and lured him to the hazard. Again and again he sought the maid in the primrose bower above the cascade, and then one afternoon in the splendor of an April sunset John once more threw down the gauntlet which love ever casts at danger. To Lorna's tremulous, "You are mad to come; they will kill you if they find you here," John smiled and thought

her fairer than the primroses amid which she stood. She lived in constant fear, she confessed, for the gigantic and passionate Carver Doone openly paid her homage and glowered with jealous eyes at any man who durst cast a glance at her.

"I care naught for him or his jealousy," cried John Ridd. "I have loved you long, as child, as comely girl, and now as full-grown maiden. I love you more than tongue can tell or heart can hold in silence." Lorna raised her glorious eyes and, flinging her arms about his neck, cried, with her heart on his: "Darling, I shall never be my own again. I am yours forever and forever." But before he went she was in tears. "How dare I dream of love? Something in my heart tells me it can never be."

That fear of his beloved's spurred John to penetrate into Glen Doone one night at the risk of his life for word of Lorna. Once a guard leveled his gun at him, but went off cringing at the thought that, after all, so huge a form could be only that of Carver Doone.

It was a real danger which threatened Lorna, for old Sir Ensor Doone, head of the robber crew, lay dying, and he alone had been her protector against the brutal Carver.

For John to play a desperate game and carry Lorna off would but incite the Doones to wreak revenge upon the countryside with fire and sword. At times he swore to smoke out this nest of rascals, but the timid farmers, overawed by their savagery, would promise no support.

Meanwhile an unparalleled winter had set in. Day after day the snow fell steadily and, blown by the wind, almost smothered the low-eaved cottages. Desperate for some word of Lorna, John made his way on snowshoes into the very heart of Glen Doone, unobserved in that feathery fog. John found Lorna's hamlet, stifled her exclamations of surprise with kisses, and felt his heart swell with anger on learning that she and her maid, Gwenny Carfax, were kept in confinement and deprived of food by order of Carver Doone until Lorna should consent to be his wife. Not for naught was John Ridd a giant—and in love. Throwing discretion to the winds, he carried Lorna and Gwenny away upon his sledge that very night to the warm refuge of his mother's fireside.

The Doones, though so openly set at defiance, bided their time. With spring the roads were open, and one moonlight night,

with an arrogance worthy of Carver, they attacked Plover's Barrows in force. John Ridd, nothing daunted, defended his fireside and loved ones with spirit, meeting the attackers squarely with a handful of men and putting them to speedy flight. A murderous attack by the Doones was bad business enough, but to John's honest soul a worse trouble followed.

His Lorna was discovered to be no true Doone, but the niece of the great Lord Dugal, kidnapped as a child. To London and the protection of her noble uncle she was summoned, her heart as well as her lover's torn by the separation. The thought that he might never again behold his Lorna plunged him into misery.

"After all," he asked himself, "who am I but a simple farmer who dares lift his eyes to the niece of an earl?"

But this was no time for repining, for the ill-starred rebellion of Monmouth flamed out, catching John Ridd, innocent though he was, in its toils. But all came to a happy issue when John, summoned to London, frustrated the intended murder of Lord Dugal, captured the attackers, and turned them over for punishment to the terrible Lord Jeffreys.

Events moved swiftly: his exploit made London ring, he was knighted by King James, and when the Earl of Dugal died soon after, a well-directed bribe secured Jeffreys's permission to let Lorna, his ward in Chancery, wed the redoubtable Sir John Ridd.

Back to Exmoor and Plover's Barrows went John Ridd, knight, to lead the farmers of the countryside, who, infuriated by a new outrage committed by the Doones, took the law into their own hands and swept the robber stronghold clean with fire and sword. Only the scheming old "Counselor" and his son, the brutal Carver, escaped a bloody death.

Now at last the great day dawned for John and Lorna, and they made their way to the little country church to be wed, while all the neighboring farmers came to applaud the event. Scarcely were the sacred words pronounced when a shot rang through the church and Lorna, her dark eyes drooping, her wedding-gown stained with blood, sank into her husband's arms. John Ridd never forgot the agony of that moment and yet he seemed strangely calm. Only Carver Doone could have done this dastardly deed, and as John dashed off in hot pursuit he swore that the

world was too narrow a place to harbor him and his enemy another day. For Carver on his jaded horse there was no escape. His pistol missed fire, and at last in a narrow defile flanked by a wood and a stretch of bog the two men came to grips. They spoke little and that grim duel was fought with neither knife nor pistol, but body to body as became two giants.

John felt a lower rib crack beneath Carver's terrible embrace, but his iron hand ripped the muscles of his assailant's arm from the bone like an orange pulp and he flung him, crushed and bleeding, upon the ground. In an instant the black lips of the bog fastened upon Carver's huge limbs, swiftly, silently, and John Ridd had scarce time to get his own feet upon firm soil before his enemy was sucked down into those grim depths, his face distorted with agony, but his quivering lips uttering no sound.

Love's true course does not always run awry and both John and Lorna recovered, he to worship her and she to assure him through the serene years with eyes and lips all eloquent, "I love you, John Ridd."

DICKENS

NO biographical sketch about Charles Dickens that neglects his interest in acting would be complete. He never saw a play that he did not envy one of the players. Indeed, he almost became an actor instead of a novelist. Before he began reporting, he applied for a position at Covent Garden, and only an illness, a very fortunate illness, prevented his following up this ambition.

His love for amateur theatricals gave this passion full play. He played Boabdil, the braggart, so successfully in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humor" that Leigh Hunt thought him superior to professional actors. The drama pleased so many that it was repeated, under Dickens's direction, in the largest theaters in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other large cities.

In appearance Dickens impressed his friends as being under rather than over the average height and weight. His eyes were the first of his features to attract attention. They were bright and piercing, like the eyes of birds in their darting animation. They gave to his face a quality of steellike hardness that Mrs. Carlyle and others noticed.

Most Englishmen of his time preferred being correct to being themselves. They strove to look like every one else. Dickens had in him little of this. He wore velvet coats and waistcoats that were, as Chesterton remarks, "like incredible sunsets." He liked, too, "large hats of an unnecessary and startling whiteness." He wore dressing-gowns in violent colors. If he exaggerated his likes and dislikes, it was because he felt them so strongly.

LITTLE DORRIT

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by
CHARLES E. L. WINGATE

"AFFERY, what girl was that in my mother's room just now?"

"Oh, she? Little Dorrit? She's nothing; she's a whim of—hers."

And thus Mrs. Flintwinch, wife of the crafty, crablike walking footman of the household, introduced to Arthur Clennam the name of the poor little seamstress of the paralytic Mrs. Clennam.

He had noted her pale, transparent face, quick in expression though not beautiful in feature, excepting for its soft hazel eyes. A delicately bent head, a tiny form, a shabby dress—it must needs have been very shabby to look at all so, being so neat—were Little Dorrit as she sat at work.

A strange presentiment came into Arthur's mind that, in some way, this gentle maiden was connected with his history.

For twenty years young Clennam had lived in China with his father, only to return now, puzzled over a mysterious watch which that father, in the very last moments of his life, had given to his son, murmuring faintly and indistinctly at the time, "Your mother." Naturally Arthur had assumed that it was intended for Mrs. Clennam, whom he and the world supposed to be his mother.

Inside the watch-casing was an old silk paper with the initials D N F worked into it in beads. It was a message—but the young man could not fathom it and the old woman would not enlighten him. Was Little Dorrit, to whom the stony Mrs. Clennam paid such strange, unusual kindness, connected with the mystery?

They grew to see more of each other—the girl and the young man—and Arthur learned that the generous little Amy Dorrit was supporting not only her poor old father, who had been condemned to a debtors' prison, but also her pretty, frivolous sister Fanny, and her wild, lazy brother Tip. Under the then existing English laws they were all allowed to live with their father in that dreary prison.

Little wonder that Clennam often spoke kindly to her and that he helped the family.

But love had not yet come to him—though it had to Little Dorrit. He heard the thrill in her voice, he saw the quickened bosom, and yet the remotest suspicion of the truth never dawned upon his mind.

It must be added here that Little Dorrit had innocently won the love of another man, the sentimental son of the prison turnkey, small of stature, with rather weak legs and very weak eyes, gentle, but great of soul, poetical, faithful. If one were to doubt his devotion he need only read the inscription for his own tombstone, which the romantic youth had composed when Little Dorrit said "No" to him. It ran thus:

Here Lie the Mortal Remains of
JOHN CHIVERY
Never Anything Worth Mentioning
Who Died of a Broken Heart Requesting With
His Last Breath That the Word
AMY
Might Be Inscribed Over His Ashes
Which Was Done by His Afflicted Parents.

But at last the tables turned for our little heroine. A queer, kind-hearted rent-collector, Pancks—a panting little steam-tug of

a man, with his puffing and his pauses—had learned to value the friendship of the motherless girl, and so, having accidentally discovered that her father was the probable heir to an enormous estate, had run down the clues until finally the great wealth was turned over to old Mr. Dorrit.

Then away from the dreary prison hurried the entire family.

Yet riches brought slight pleasure to Little Dorrit. The much-changed father became ashamed of his debtor life, and, with the now richly dressed sister and the gambling brother, put on many airs. The father even employed a chaperon named Mrs. General to teach Little Dorrit society manners.

"Don't say 'Father,'" declared this lady. "'Papa' is a preferable word; it gives a pretty form to the lips. 'Father' is rather vulgar, my dear. You will find it serviceable in the formation of a demeanor if you say to yourself, on entering a room filled with company, 'Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism.'"

At this juncture the wealthy Mr. Merdle took an active part in the Dorrits' lives. The chuckle-headed son of the Merdles fell in love with Fanny, and after their marriage

Mr. Dorrit put all his wealth into Mr. Merdle's schemes—for had not this wonderful Merdle, through various mysterious investments, made tremendous fortunes for himself and others?

By a strange fatality Arthur, too, was led to invest his firm's money in the famous Mr. Merdle's schemes.

And then the bubble broke. Merdle committed suicide. Investigations showed that he had fleeced everybody. The Dorrits' money was gone. Arthur's firm was ruined and Arthur himself was thrown into prison—the same poor debtors' prison that had, for so long, been the home of Little Dorrit.

The days dragged wearily on.

At last Arthur, despondent and crushed, haggard from brooding and stricken with fever, one day saw, as in a vision, kneeling before him the figure of dear Little Dorrit. She had hastened to make happier the lot of the man who had helped her family in the same gloomy surroundings and whom she loved. She nursed him in his sickness. She offered him all her money to help him overcome his distress. And then, as he refused the money, he realized, for the first time, that she loved him—and that he, too, loved her.

A feeling of peace comes over his mind. The clouds begin to break.

And strange to say it is a rascally adventurer, Rigaud, a murderous jailbird with drooping nose and ascending mustache, who opens the rift still farther for the sunshine. He has discovered Mrs. Clennam's secret, having stolen the strong-box that Flintwinch had smuggled into Holland and in which lay a page of the will of Arthur's uncle, a page which Mrs. Clennam had concealed for years. Rigaud visits the strange old lady. Leaning over the sofa, poised on two legs of his chair and his left elbow, coarse, insolent, rapacious, cruel, he reveals to her his knowledge.

Then, torn by the explosion of her passion, the old lady vehemently tells her own story.

She had learned, after Mr. Clennam's marriage to her (a marriage commanded by his overbearing uncle), that her husband had loved and gone through a sort of ceremony with a beautiful young singer whom Frederick Dorrit, a kind-hearted musician (the uncle of Little Dorrit), was befriending and giving an education. She had obtained the first clue from those initials in her husband's watch which she found years ago, signifying "Do Not Forget." She accused both her

husband and the woman who put the initials there.

"I said to her," declared Mrs. Clennam, "'You have a child; I have none. You love that child. Give him to me and swear never again to see his father. Then I will support you and not expose your shame. And I will reclaim the otherwise lost boy.'"

Thus it had been that Arthur came into the Clennam home.

At this point in her narrative Rigaud contemptuously interrupted. "Come straight to the stolen money," he commanded.

"Wretch!" she responded, "know then that I suppressed a part of the will of my husband's uncle"—the part in which that uncle had revealed the maternity of Arthur and had left, as a repentant compensation, a legacy to Arthur's mother and to the niece of the man who had befriended her—"but I found that niece of Frederick Dorrit and what I did for her was better for her far than the money."

Instantly Rigaud, seeking to blackmail the old lady, declared he had deposited with the niece, Little Amy Dorrit, then at the prison with Arthur, a packet containing the suppressed section of the will, with instruc-

tions to open it at a certain hour unless reclaimed by him. What would Mrs. Clennam pay him to reclaim it?

To the astonishment of all, the paralytic old lady rises to her feet and rushes from the house to the prison, seeks Little Dorrit, calls for the packet, and then bids Amy read it, at the same time begging her to forgive the past.

"I forgive you freely," cries the generous girl.

"God bless you!" was the fervent and broken response.

And then came the good news that Arthur's firm had re-established itself and that he would be able now to leave the debtors' prison.

So they were married—but not before Little Dorrit had handed to Arthur a folded bit of legal paper, asking him not to open it, but to burn it in her presence.

"Is it a charm?" he asked, smilingly. "And does the charm want any words to be said?" he added, as he held the paper over the flames.

"You can say (if you don't mind), 'I love you!'" answered Little Dorrit.

So he said it and the paper burned away.

With it died the secret of Arthur's birth, never to be known to him; with it also Little Dorrit had voluntarily destroyed the evidence of her own legacy.

And they were married with the sun shining on them through the painted figure of our Saviour on the window.

Then they went quietly down into the roaring streets, inseparable and blessed; and, as they passed along in the sunshine and shade, the noisy and the eager, and the arrogant and the forward, and the vain fretted and chafed and made their usual uproar.

END OF VOL. II

GEORGE ELIOT

GEORGE ELIOT was the pen name of the famous English writer, Mary Ann (or Marian) Evans. She was born in 1819 at Arbury Farm in Warwickshire and died at Chelsea, December 2, 1880. Her father, Robert Evans, was the agent of Mr. Francis Newdgate, and the first twenty-one years of the novelist's life were spent on the Arbury estate. At her mother's death, while Miss Evans was still in her teens, she became her father's housekeeper and pursued her studies away from school and classes. All through her youth she was somewhat subdued by a very strict religious training, and she was a great reader of religious and philosophical subjects, and in later years wrote of them also.

In 1841 the family moved to Coventry, and it was there that Miss Evans made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bray, and Mr. Charles Hennell, who became her stanch friends. Both Mr. Bray and Mr. Hennell were men of literary tastes; the latter had, just before this time, published "An Enquiry Concerning the Origin of Christianity."

Miss Evans's ideas and opinions were much affected by the line of thought this work contained.

In 1851 she became the assistant editor of the "Westminster Review." She made several notable contributions to the "Review," and during the time of her connection with it made the acquaintance of many distinguished authors of that period; among them, Herbert Spencer, Carlyle, Harriet Martineau, Francis Newman, and George Henry Lewes. Her friendship with Mr. Lewes led to a closer relationship, which she regarded as a marriage, but which caused much criticism among her friends.

Miss Evans first attempted the writing of fiction in 1856, and published in "Blackwood's Magazine" the first of the "Scenes of Clerical Life." Although she received much encouragement from private sources, notably Charles Dickens, the critics were rather non-committal. Then in 1859 Miss Evans wrote and published what in the judgment of many is her masterpiece, "Adam Bede." It has been said that in the character of Adam Bede she drew a portrait of her father; and certainly Dinah Morris, the heroine of the story, was one of her own favorite characters. There followed "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and "Felix Holt." In the latter work she aired her views on the subject of Radicalism.

ADAM BEDE

By GEORGE ELIOT

Condensation by
ELLERY SEDGWICK

THAT last year of the eighteenth century Hayslope was a pleasant neighborhood to live in. It was far enough away from the noise of "Boney's" battles to sleep in peace. Men chatted of crops and rents, and listened to the gossip of women folk regarding Dinah Morris of Snowfield, Mrs. Poyser's own niece, who had turned "Methody" preacher and would stand right before men on the village green, talking to them of the comfort they could find in their friend, Jesus Christ.

And, worse still, Dinah was so attractive and so gravely loving that the men, and women, too, gladly listened to her. Big Adam Bede, the carpenter, would have liked to see more of her, had he eyes for any one except old Poyser's niece, Hetty Sorrel. As

for Hetty, she had no thought for Adam; Captain Arthur Donnithorne, heir of the estate, had whispered too many things in her pretty ear.

It was natural enough. There, in her aunt's white dairy, rounding her dimpled arm to lift a pound of butter out of the scale, Hetty had the beauty of a fluffy kitten. Her large, dark eyes had a soft roguishness, and her curly hair, pushed away under her cap, stole back in delicate rings on her forehead. Of course, the dashing captain had no foolish ideas about marriage, but then, as he bent over her shoulder, he was soldier enough to feel his head turn very fast. He had no wish to harm her, you may be sure of that, for he had great pride in the Donnithorne estate, and it is pleasant for a rich young man to be liked and admired.

One August evening Adam walked homeward through a grove of grand beeches, the glory of the estate. As carpenter and woodsman, he delighted in fine trees, and paused to look at a huge beech which stood at the turning before the grove ended in an archway of boughs.

All his life he remembered that moment, for there, not twenty yards away, stood two

figures, close, with clasped hands. They started. The girl hurried away, while Arthur Donnithorne walked slowly forward. He was flushed and excited, but reassured himself by remembering that Adam was a sensible person, not likely to babble. That the big, sober carpenter loved Hetty Arthur had no idea.

"Well, Adam," said Arthur, carelessly, "you've been looking at the fine old beeches, eh? I overtook pretty Hetty Sorrel as I was going to my old lodge in the woods; so I took her to the gate, and asked for a kiss for my pains. Good night."

Adam dared not move lest he spring on Arthur like a tiger.

"Stop a bit," he said in a hard, peremptory voice.

"What do you mean?" Arthur felt his temper rising.

"I mean that, instead of the honorable man we've all believed you, you're a selfish scoundrel!"

Arthur found it hard to control himself.

"Well, Adam, perhaps I have gone too far in taking notice of the pretty little thing and stealing a few kisses. You're such a grave fellow you don't understand temptations.

Let's say no more. The whole thing will soon be forgotten."

"No, by God," said Adam, "it 'll not be soon forgot, as you've come in between her and me when she might have loved me. It 'll not be soon forgot, as you've robbed me of my happiness when I thought you my best friend. You're a coward and a scoundrel, and I despise you."

The color rushed back to Arthur's face. He dealt a lightning blow which sent Adam staggering back, but the delicate-handed gentleman was no match for the workman's great strength. After a fierce struggle Arthur fell motionless, while Adam, in sudden revulsion of feeling, knelt over him like an image of despair gazing on death.

To his intense relief, Arthur gradually revived. Adam got him to his feet, supported him to the little cabin, and laid him on a couch. Then he spoke out.

"I don't forget what's owing to you as a gentleman, but in this thing we are man to man. Either tell me she can never be my wife—tell me you're lying when you say you haven't harmed her—or else write her a letter, telling her the truth that you won't see her again."

Arthur struggled, suffered, promised, and Adam, half comforted, left, not knowing that there, in the waste-basket, hastily stuffed under the papers, lay a woman's silk kerchief.

When Hetty read Arthur's letter she gave way to despair. Then, by one of those convulsive, motiveless actions by which the wretched leap from temporary sorrow to life-long misery, she determined to marry Adam. The big carpenter was in the seventh heaven, Hetty fitful and depressed. For family reasons, the marriage could not be hastened, and as the months passed she determined at any cost to seek out Arthur, whose regiment was at Windsor. Telling her uncle she was going to Snowfield to see Dinah for a little change of scene before her marriage, she started out, ignorant of the country, panic-stricken, and forlorn, eager to shun every familiar face, longing only to feel again the protection of her lover's arms.

On Arthur, meanwhile, life seemed again to smile. After rejoining his regiment, his sharpest regrets for Hetty began to lose their sting. Soon he was transferred to Ireland, and there learned that by his grandfather's death he was lord of the manor. Home he came, fast as chaise and postboy could drive,

home to dear old Hayslope sleeping on the hill, where he was to live his life, married to some lovely lady, respected and appreciated by his tenants. A pile of letters awaited him. He opened the first, and, with a violent convulsion shaking his whole frame, read the words, "*Hetty Sorrel is in prison for the crime of child murder.*"

Clutching the letter, Arthur rushed from the room like a hunted man, and, springing to the saddle of a waiting horse, set off at a gallop.

That very evening a young woman knocked at the door of the village jail. There was about her a deep, concentrated calmness which induced the jailer to grant her request to visit the condemned cell. As the heavy door closed behind her, she hesitated before the pallet bed.

"Hetty, Dinah is come to you."

Slowly, very slowly, Hetty rose and was clasped in Dinah's arms.

"You won't leave me, Dinah?"

"No, Hetty," whispered Dinah. "I'll stay with you to the last. But, Hetty, there is some one else in this cell."

"Who?" whispered Hetty, frightened.

"Some one who has been with you all your

hours of sin and trouble. It makes no difference, Hetty, whether we live or die. We are in the presence of God. Confess the sin you have committed against your Heavenly Father. Let us kneel together. He is here."

There in the silence and darkness Hetty, who through her trial had sat like a stone image, poured forth her pitiful story.

"It was because I was so miserable, Dinah. I didn't know where to go. I tried to kill myself, and I couldn't. I went to Windsor to find him. He was gone, and I didn't know what to do. I daren't go home again. Then the baby was born. . . . I did do it, Dinah. I buried it in the wood—the little baby. It cried. . . . I heard it all night—and I went back. And then I thought I would go home, and all of a sudden I saw a hole under a nut-tree, and it darted over me like lightning I'd lay the baby there and cover it with grass and chips. I couldn't cover it quite up, Dinah. I thought somebody'd come and take care of it. Dinah, do you think God will take away that cry and the place in the wood, now that I've told everything?"

Let us pray, poor sinner," breathed

Dinah. "Let us pray to the God of All Mercy."

Comforter and comforted, their prayer was heard. Two days later, in the very shadow of the scaffold, Arthur Donnithorne brought a hard-won reprieve.

Though spared from death, Hetty was sentenced to transportation. Dinah returned to her works of mercy at Snowfield. In remorse and shame, Arthur Donnithorne went back to the army, while Adam Bede, squaring his shoulders to the world, turned again to his work-bench.

For him all the joy of life seemed over, and never would he have thought of seeking it again had not his mother dropped into his heart one day the name of Dinah. Long and soberly he thought, and then he went to find her.

HARDY

THOMAS HARDY, probably the most searching and profound novelist of our own time, was born June 2, 1840, in Dorsetshire, England. In his youth he read much and cherished the dream of becoming a poet, but he studied and practised architecture as assistant to a London architect, winning a prize for design. The fine proportion and solidity of structure in his novels were probably somewhat due to his architectural training.

For five years he assiduously practised writing poetry, but when he was twenty-seven he turned definitely to fiction. His first story was accepted two years later, but upon the advice of George Meredith he decided not to publish it. His first novel, "Desperate Remedies," appeared in 1871.

During the next twenty-five years he published fourteen novels and two volumes of short stories.

"Under the Greenwood Tree" (1872) he "never surpassed in happy and delicate perfection of art." In this and his next novel, "A Pair of Blue Eyes" (1873), begins to show itself that strain of deep irony which is so potent throughout Hardy's writings.

"Far from the Madding Crowd" (1874) was his first popular success. In it is revealed Hardy's superb power of depicting nature as symbolic background for his characters, an organic part of the action of his story. This was the earliest of what he called his novels of character and environment, which included "The Return of the Native," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," his masterpiece, and "Jude the Obscure." Not until he was fifty-eight years old was his first volume of verse published, and he was sixty-four when the first part of his stupendous epic poem, "The Dynasts," startled the literary world.

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

By THOMAS HARDY

Condensation by
RUTH McCALL

"GOOD morning, Sir John." The bewilderment of a dusty, threadbare peddler thus addressed was speedily converted into a majestic pride upon learning that he, John Durbeyfield of Marlott, was actually a lineal descendant of the noble family of D'Urberville.

And no sooner had Joan, his handsome, shallow-minded wife, the easy-going mother of his many children, heard of her exalted estate than her romantic soul began secretly to devise a brilliant and fitting alliance for her beautiful young daughter. To which end Tess was artfully prevailed upon to seek work in a wealthy upstart family of the same illustrious name.

And so the innocent child, whose single-

minded desire was to mend the broken fortunes of her family, became poultrykeeper for a blind old woman of spurious title and ultimate prey for her son, a dissolute wretch, young Alec D'Urberville. After a while back to Marlott came the disillusioned girl, where she lived in a gray seclusion until her wizened little baby's death.

But after several bitter years of heart-searching, Tess determined to leave home again—this time to be dairymaid at Talbothays, a large, fertile farm in the valley of the Great Dairies. And here, too, was a young man, the youngest son of a stern and zealous divine of the old school. Angel Clare had sadly disappointed his father, first by nonconformist views and then by sincere scruples against taking orders. So now, in process of becoming gentleman farmer, he was specializing at various farms. Cultured, idealistic, sympathetic, he seemed to Tess a demigod, and though she had sworn herself to celibacy, the enforced propinquity ripened into intimacy and drifted into love. Together they went afield in the wondrous dewy dawns and the warm summer afternoons found them making butter and cheese in the cool, white dairy-house. The birds

sang for them and for them the stars shone, and the whole verdant valley, teeming with richness and increase, gave up its odorous vapors. Young, happy, pagan-hearted, the universe was theirs. Her quick mind grew in contact with his, and her warm, rich voice lost its country speech and unconsciously adopted his cultured accents.

Tess's specter loomed but vaguely now, until love's honest declaration brought her to poignant realization of her situation in this man-made world. But all withdrawals were overcome by Clare's gentle insistence; all attempts at revelation were lightly thwarted. Finally, within a week of the wedding-day which she had reluctantly set, her resolution takes shape in writing—a four-page confession is breathlessly thrust under his door. Ironically concealed under the carpet it lies until Tess, with a sudden late intuition on her wedding morn, discovers its hiding-place and tears it up. In a lumbering old relic of coach days (symbolic of an ancient D'Urberville legend of crime) Tess and Angel are carried to church, and upon their final departure a white cock crows thrice. "An afternoon crow," and the dairy folk shake their heads at the evil omen.

To an old farm-house—a derelict of an ancient D'Urberville mansion—in ready range of a model mill, Clare, with a sense of the practical and the romantic, takes his lovely bride. From the paneled wall outside her door two old D'Urberville portraits gleam evilly and Clare and Tess shiver as they trace a subtle likeness to her own in the malignant yet noble features. Before the glowing fire the adoring bridegroom, his wife's hand clasped in his, tells the story of his one aberration, of his forty-eight hours' dissipation with a Scarlet Woman, and confidently craves her pardon, which Tess is only too delighted to grant; and, with the first real gleam of hope, unfolds her own sad story. . . .

The wanton action of a man of maturity—the deceived innocence of an ignorant child! And yet, the man cannot forgive the woman! All the rigid rule of his forebears, all the domination of an unjust social order, grip him. Angel Clare, the prophet of emancipation, no longer exists. For several days they lead a formal, isolated existence. Tess, whose sole wish is to please her idol, acquiesces in his attitude, and, after a first wild outburst at the injustice, does nothing to exonerate herself, and her one chance for

reinstatement is blighted by the mocking witness of the vindictive portraits. No chaste-minded, unsophisticated peasant maid she, but the last dregs of a decadent stock! A separation, temporary at least, is decided upon, and while Clare rages afar, Tess again creeps home. Joan, after the first bitter reproaches for the mad disobedience of her repeated injunctions of secrecy, treats the affair with her usual fatalistic light-heartedness; but the harsh words of the father in a drunken moment of excessive ancestral pride cause a dignified departure with the conciliatory donation of half her means of subsistence and the intimation that she is rejoining her husband.

Determined, however, to make no appeal to Clare's family, Tess easily finds summer employment among the farms; but with the coming of winter and too lavish contributions to her family's support, privation stares her in the face. Day after day she wanders on until at length on the high, chalky tablelands, in a great drab field of desolation, she finds the meanest, most arduous of tasks rendered tenfold difficult by a churlish boor of an employer in all the rancor of an ancient grudge against her. In the stinging rain

and the chilling snow she toils unceasingly, uncomplainingly, living wholly in the hope of her husband's return. Songs that he loved she practises, the sweet, gay notes contrasting sadly with her tragic lips and great, sorrowing eyes. At length, distraught by the continued silence, she bravely decides to seek news of him from his parents, and walks the long, tremulous miles to Emminster Vicarage. Of rare spiritual as well as physical endowments, she would have undoubtedly received a welcome at the hands of the benevolent old clergyman and his wife, but an empty house reverberates to her knocking, and while she unobtrusively awaits their return from church she overhears a wayside conversation between Angel's two exemplary brothers that sends her homeward with rended heart.

The voice of a "ranter" triumphantly consigning a barnful of rustics to eternal damnation caused Tess to pause a moment in a doorway, and there on a platform of corn-bags, in sanctimonious side-whiskers and semi-clerical blacks, stood Alec D'Urberville. Animalism had yielded to fanaticism and the bold, roving eye now gleamed with a ferocious righteousness. As she passed on down

the lane he came after her, imploring forgiveness and offering redemption. Repulse after repulse failed to deter Alec, who persisted day by day, at first with a marriage license and holy words, and then, his former passion uncontrollably revived by Tess's compelling beauty, his new-found religion dropped from him like a cloak, the convert disappeared, and all the arts of man and devil were employed to ensnare the girl. And poor, hopeless Tess, grinding on under a benumbing strain, was in more danger than her scorn of the man could realize. Finally her father's death, resulting in the eviction of her family from their home, precipitates Tess's doom, and as a last desperate reparation to her helpless mother and sisters she yields, with a fatalistic calm, to the inevitable.

To Sandbourne, a gay watering-place, a melancholy specter of a man, wasted by illness and regret, comes in search of his lost bride, and in a fashionable boarding-house Clare finds Tess and learns the agonizing truth. Just beyond the town she overtook him, her eyes wild and trancelike, her whole body as if bereft of soul and will. "I have killed him . . . he taunted me . . . he called you by a foul name. . . . I owed it to you

and I owed it to myself. . . . It came to me as a shining light that I should get you back that way."

With a final realization of the immensity of her love and the piteous plight it had brought upon her, Clare held out tender, protecting arms, and together they wandered through the untrodden ways like two children—the world and its retribution quite forgot.

For five days they continued in this idyllic state, and on the sixth night Tess half jestingly claimed sanctuary among the conspicuous ruins of the ancient pagan temple to the sun at Stonehenge. With the dawn came the guardians of the law, looming dark against the silvery horizon. In a grim, inexorable circle they waited until the sun's level rays, relentlessly reminiscent of a bygone sacrificial day, fell full upon another victim, and Tess, deserted by all the gods, awoke. Quietly she faced her captors. "I am ready," she said.

Eight metallic strokes shiver the morning air and from a near-by hill a stricken figure rivets involuntary eyes on the flag-staff of a sullen cage of a building. For Angel the prison where Tess is confined has at this

fatal hour a deadly and significant fascination. Slowly, silently, a black square creeps up the pole and flutters chill against the morning sky.

Tess, more sinned against than sinning, had paid the great penalty.

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CERVANTES

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, dramatist and novelist, was born in 1547, the son of a Spanish druggist and surgeon. He died in Madrid in 1616, ten days before Shakespeare's death.

As a youth Cervantes went to Italy, where he served as a private in the army. In a naval battle off Greece he was thrice wounded, his right hand being permanently maimed. While returning to Spain he was captured by pirates and taken to Algiers, where he was held as a slave for five years.

After his ransom he wrote many plays. They brought him more fame than fortune, and he added to his responsibilities by wedding, at the age of thirty-seven, a girl of nineteen. It was evidently a marriage of love, as her dowry consisted only of "five vines, an orchard, some household furniture, four beehives, forty-five hens and chickens, one cock, and a crucible." As he could not live by his pen, Cervantes secured a minor governmental position; but he was in constant difficulties because of pressing debts and his unbusiness-like habits. He was

thrown into prison for debt; released, he sank into abject poverty.

Part of "Don Quixote" was probably written in jail. This novel, a magic mirror that reflects nobles and kitchen wenches, barbers and ladies of high degree, all the varied life of a brilliant period, is considered by many to be the world's greatest humorous masterpiece. The wonder of it is that it was written by a man nearing his sixtieth year, who had all his life been poor, who had known little except misfortune. "Children turn its pages, young people read it, grown men understand it, old folks praise it."

DON QUIXOTE

By MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

Condensation by
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

IN the sixteenth century romances of chivalry, written in absurd, exaggerated style, were extremely popular in Spain.

A dignified gentleman by the name of Quixada, who lived between Aragon and Castile, went crazy over these foolish books, which he spent all his substance in buying. His brain was stuffed with enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, magic salves, complaints, amours, torments, giants, castles, captured maidens, gallant rescues, and all sorts of impossible deeds of daring, which seemed to him as true as the most authentic history. Every innkeeper was a magnate; every mule-driver a cavalier.

He decided that for his own honor and for the service of the world he must turn knight errant and jaunt through the world, redress-

ing wrongs, rescuing captured princesses, and at last winning the imperial scepter of Trapizonda.

He changed his name to Don Quixote de la Mancha, got himself dubbed knight by a rascally publican whose inn he thought was a castle with four turrets crowned with pinnacles of glistening silver. In order to carry a full purse he sold one of his houses, mortgaged another, and borrowed a goodly sum from a friend. When his practical housekeeper and his pretty niece, together with his neighbors, the barber and the curate, thought to cure him by burning his books, he was persuaded that his library had been carried away by a necromancer, and became crazier than ever. He scoured up a rusty suit of mail which had belonged to one of his ancestors, mended the broken helmet with a pasteboard vizor, patched with thin iron plates, and thus accoutered set forth on his old hack Rocinante, whose ribs stuck out like the skeleton of a ship, accompanied by a rustic named Sancho Panza, persuaded into serving as his squire.

Their departure was a brave spectacle: the tall, cadaverous, lantern-jawed knight, mounted on his bony nag, wielding his long

lance and carrying his sword, his eyes gleaming with enthusiasm and dreaming of his beautiful mistress, whom he called Dulcinea del Toboso; the short, squat, paunch-bellied, long-haunched servant with a canvas wallet and a leathern bottle, mounted on the diminutive ass, Dapple.

On the plains of Montiel stood a score of big windmills. Don Quixote took them for outrageous giants and prepared to do battle against them, and, despite Sancho's protests that their huge arms were only vanes, he plunged the rowels into Rocinante's thin flanks and with couched lance dashed off to the encounter. The wind blew violently and the knight and his steed were whirled away into the field, where they lay motionless and as if dead; his lance was smashed to flinders. Sancho hastened to the aid of his master and found him unable to stir; but he was soon ready to go on again.

Their next adventure was with two monks riding on mules as big as dromedaries, in company with a coach in which sat a lady escorted by men on horseback. Don Quixote imagined that adventurers had captured a princess and in the haughtiest terms bade them release her. Then without further

parley he drove against the monks, one of whom ran away, while the other fell off his mule. Sancho nimbly slipped from his ass and began to strip the luckless man; while he was engaged in this legitimate appropriation of the spoils of battle two muleteers of the train overset him, tore out his beard by handfuls, mauled him, and left him senseless. Don Quixote engaged in a terrific combat with one of the lady's guard, who sliced off half of his helmet and one of his ears. Undaunted, the knight pressed the combat to victory, but just as he was about to give the finishing stroke, the frightened lady begged him to desist, and he complied on condition that the defeated opponent should go and present himself before the peerless Dulcinea, who was in reality a buxom woman known through all La Mancha for her skill in salting pork and who had never deigned to look at her amorous neighbor.

A few days later, bruised and battered in untoward adventures, they came upon a flock of sheep which Don Quixote conceived to be a prodigious army composed of an infinite number of nations led by mighty kings. He spurred like a thunderbolt from the top of a hillock, shouting his battle-challenge, putting

the hapless sheep to flight and trampling both the living and the slain. Impatient to meet the commander of the enemy, he shouted:

"Where, where art thou, haughty Alifanfaron?"

At that moment the shepherds rallied in defense of their flocks and overwhelmed the unlucky knight, first with stones and then with cudgels, leaving him in a desperate case, with nearly all his teeth knocked out or loosened, and his ribs half broken.

Did this adventure discourage him? Not at all. It was all a part of chivalry. He and Sancho rode on in dolorous discourse. They were overtaken by night and had no shelter or food. Suddenly appeared a band of about twenty horsemen, all in white robes, with torches in their hands and followed by a hearse draped in black. It was the funeral of a gentleman of Segovia. Don Quixote took it to be the train of some knight either killed or desperately wounded, and, assured that it was his duty to avenge the misfortunes of a brother-in-arms, halted the cortège and demanded an explanation. The replies of the clergymen failed to satisfy him and he flew at them in high dudgeon. Encum-

bered by their long robes, they became easy victims and all took to flight.

They possessed themselves of the edibles deserted by the clergymen, but, unfortunately, had nothing to drink, nor did they dare stir from the forest because of the awful clamor made by a fulling-mill which Don Quixote supposed to be enchantment.

The next morning they met a barber riding on an ass and wearing his brass basin on his head to save his hat from the rain. Don Quixote recognized this as the golden helmet of Mambrino, and flew at this enemy as if he would grind him to powder. The barber fled, leaving his helmet, which Sancho appropriated, though it seemed to him merely a common dish.

They came to another inn. In the night Don Quixote, while sound asleep and dreaming, enjoyed the most famous battle of his career. Dressed in a short shirt which exposed his lean, long, hairy shanks, and wearing a greasy red nightcap, with a blanket wrapped around his left arm for a shield, he was repeatedly plunging his sword into the plump bodies of several giants. Their blood flowed across the floor in wide, crimson streams.

Imagine the wrath of the worthy innkeeper at discovering that his famous guest had disemboweled all his wine-sacks, which were made of goat-skins with the heads left on.

After this Don Quixote was got home by the curate and the barber; but he broke loose again. First he visited his Dulcinea, but came away convinced that through more enchantment she had been changed into a blubber-cheeked, flat-nosed country wench, the pearls of her eyes into gall-nuts, her long golden locks into a cow's tail, and her palace into a hut.

He had adventures with strolling actors and lions; he attended the rich Camacho's wedding; he explored the deep cave of Montesinos; he rode on a magic bark and visited the nameless duke and duchess through whose complaisance Sancho was granted his ambition to rule over an island and did it with wisdom worthy of Solomon. Many more adventures followed, but at last Don Quixote returned to his home and recovered his senses on his death-bed, dying as a lovable, high-minded, noble-hearted gentleman.

Cervantes's masterpiece is not all satire. Don Quixote has lucid moments; Sancho's

simplicity veils common sense, often expressed in witty proverbs. There is occasional coarseness, but not so much as in Shakespeare. The chief fault is its treatment of insanity, in its author's fondness for cruel and brutal practical jokes, which may perhaps explain the maintenance of bull-fighting as the national amusement of Spain.

WOOD

ELLEN PRICE was born at Worcester, England, January 17, 1814, the daughter of a glove manufacturer. In 1836 she married Henry Wood, head of a large shipping and banking firm, whose business kept them for some twenty years in France. Her husband died in 1866, but she lived till February 10, 1887.

Her literary career began with a £100 prize temperance tale. She began making contributions to "Bentley's Miscellany," and in 1867, after her husband's death, she became editor and proprietor of "The Argosy," in which appeared her later novels. Her first great success was "East Lynne," in 1861, the book by which she is known to-day. The vogue of the story was enormous; it was translated into several languages, and theatergoers of an older generation in both England and America knew various very successful versions of it. She wrote some forty long novels and many short tales, some of which ranked as "best sellers" long before the invention of that phrase. Her powers ranged from extreme melodrama to the portrayal of every-day life. She was perhaps unduly prized in her day

and is unduly appreciated now, but that is the way with best sellers. "The Shadow of Ashlydyat" was her own favorite; her Johnny Ludlow tales are perhaps her most artistic work. "East Lynne," however, is the book her name suggests to readers.

EAST LYNNE

By MRS. HENRY WOOD

Condensation by
RUTH H. FROST

LEFT a penniless orphan when a timid and sensitive girl of eighteen, the beautiful Lady Isabel Vane found herself at the mercies of an unsympathetic relative. In her innocence she admired a certain frequent visitor at this home—Captain Francis Levison, an unprincipled spendthrift. Beyond heartlessly leading her on to care for him, he made no honorable mention of marriage. Small wonder was it then that she accepted Archibald Carlyle, when that worthy and straightforward country lawyer, the purchaser of her father's estate at East Lynne, took courage because of her distress over her unpleasant surroundings to ask her hand in marriage.

"I ought to tell you—I must," she confessed to him in hysterical tears. "Though I have said 'yes,' I do not—yet— This has

come upon me so by surprise," she stammered. "I like you very much; I esteem and respect you; but I do not yet love you."

"I should wonder if you did," Archibald replied. "But you will let me earn your love, Isabel?"

"Oh yes," she earnestly answered, "I hope so."

Passively she let him have his first kiss. "My dearest," he said, "it is all I ask."

Six years passed. Life at East Lynne was not all that one might wish for. To be sure, Lady Isabel had a most devoted husband and three lovely children. But her happiness was marred by two thorns of which her husband was quite unaware. Cornelia Carlyle, the domineering and narrow-minded half-sister of Archibald, had steeled her heart against Isabel from the beginning, and made life at East Lynne quite miserable for the poor little inexperienced bride. The second disturbance was the suspicion that her husband had loved and was now renewing his love for Barbara Hare, the daughter of the neighborhood justice. Incited by the idle gossip of servants, this suspicion grew into jealousy.

It was true that Archibald seemed to have many meetings with the pretty Barbara—

but how was poor Lady Isabel to know that in reality these meetings concerned only private business of a professional nature? Barbara Hare had a brother, Richard, who years before had been accused of murder. Her mother was an invalid, and her stubborn, unforgiving father would hear naught of the son who had disgraced him. Barbara's secret meetings with her exiled brother had convinced her of his innocence. Her one recourse, when implored by Richard to seek help in finding the real criminal, was to confide in their old family friend, Archibald Carlyle.

Always delicate in health and worried sick over her imagined troubles, Lady Isabel was finally persuaded by her physician to go to the French coast for a change in air and scenery. The autocratic Cornelia forbade her being accompanied by the children. Lady Isabel was looking forward to a lonely fortnight before her husband was to join her, when she chanced to meet Francis Levison, exiled to the Continent because of his debts in England. Bewildered when she began to realize that she still had that indefinable, involuntary feeling toward him, she was yet completely fascinated, as in the old days

before her marriage. She would have given all she possessed to overcome this attraction. Courage failed her to confide all in her husband.

Full of sophistries as before, the unscrupulous Captain Levison compelled her to listen to him. "The past is gone," he said, "but if ever two people were formed to love each other, you and I were, Isabel. I would have declared myself, had I dared, but my uncertain position—my debts—well, I never knew how passionately I loved you until you became the wife of another. Isabel, I love you passionately still."

Lady Isabel felt it her duty to repel his advances, but there still remained that undercurrent of feeling for him that she could not comprehend. Fearful lest she betray herself, she dismissed him abruptly, sent for her husband to take her home, and made a pitiful attempt to drive all thoughts of Francis Levison from her mind.

It was well-nigh impossible. Her plans to forget him were completely frustrated when her generous husband, innocently enough, merely thinking to repay Captain Levison for his kind attentions to Lady Isabel on the French coast, invited that profligate to East

Lynne as a place of shelter where he might be safe from his creditors until something could be arranged.

Like a serpent, Levison boldly took every occasion to whisper into Lady Isabel's ear all the meetings that he spied between her husband and Barbara Hare. Under a misapprehension that her husband was giving his love to Barbara, and frantic with the jealous belief that the two were uniting to deceive her, Lady Isabel finally yielded to Levison's pleadings and eloped with him.

No sooner had she taken the final step than she was filled with remorse. Almost immediately she discovered the true character of this insincere rake for whom she had given up her all. In a year he deserted her, leaving her unborn child nameless.

Too proud to accept help from relatives, she decided to become a governess. When she chanced to hear of the opportunity to return to East Lynne as the governess to her own children, she could not withstand the temptation, so great was her longing to see them again. It was a desperate chance to take, for she might be recognized, though illness and the railroad accident which had killed her child had altered her entirely.

Her disguise was complete as, heartsick, she rode again along the familiar road toward East Lynne. When the dear old house loomed up before her, its gay and cheerily lighted windows a contrast to her own downcast spirits, she began to wish she had never undertaken the project. But for the sake of seeing her own children again, she would have turned back. Her fears of being recognized were allayed when she saw that no one suspected for a moment that the gray, saddened and disfigured "Madame Vine" was Lady Isabel.

East Lynne had a new mistress now—none other than her fancied rival of old, Barbara Hare. Not until she realized for the first time that Archibald's love could no longer be hers did Isabel feel an intensity of love for him that she had never experienced as his wife. And yet she became almost happy again in winning the affection of her children, though her joy in being with them was tempered with sorrow in caring for delicate little William, her second born, knowing as she did that he could not long be with them.

Events moved along fast. There came the time when Francis Levison, returning to East

Lynne to seek election to Parliament, only to be defeated by Carlyle, was convicted of the crime which had overshadowed Richard Hare for so many years. At East Lynne, after the death of little William, a sudden illness came upon Lady Isabel. When she realized that she was failing rapidly, she begged upon her death-bed to be allowed to see Archibald Carlyle.

"I could not die without your forgiveness," she murmured. "Do not turn from me! Bear with me one little minute! Only say you forgive me, and I shall die in peace."

"Isabel! Are you—were you—Madame Vine?"

"Oh, forgive me for disgracing your home! And forgive me for coming back! I could not stay away from you and my children! The longing for you was killing me. I never knew a moment's peace after the mad act I was guilty of in quitting you. Not an hour had I departed when my repentance set in. Oh, forgive me! My sin was great, but my punishment was greater."

"Why did you go?"

"Did you not know? I grew suspicious of you. I thought you were deceitful, and in my sore jealousy I listened to the temptings

of him who whispered to me of revenge. It was not true, was it?" she feverishly asked.

"Can you suggest such a thing, knowing me as you did then, as you must have since? Isabel, I never was false to you in thought, word, or deed. Yes, I forgive you, fully, freely. May God bless you and take you to His rest in heaven!"

She raised her head from the pillow and clung to his arm, lifting her face with its sad yearning. Tenderly he laid her down again and suffered his lips to rest on hers.

"Until eternity," he whispered.

DUMAS

ALEXANDRE DUMAS was of mixed blood, the grandson of a French marquis and a native of the West Indies. His own father was a private in the French army when the Revolution broke out. He was swiftly promoted until he held the rank of general-in-chief in Spain, but he quarreled with Napoleon, and when he died he left but thirty acres of land to his widow and two children.

Alexandre was born on July 24, 1802, in a town not far from Soissons. As a boy he had few advantages, for his mother was poor. He was, however, carefully instructed by a kindly priest. He then studied law, but his desire to write drove him to Paris, where he began his career by penning vaudeville sketches and melodramas.

He wrote plays for several years and his "Henri III" scored the first great success of the romantic drama. Short stories appeared at intervals, and then his novels. "The Three Musketeers" came out in 1844, and thereafter romance after romance came in such rapid succession that his collected works in French fill two hundred and twenty-seven

volumes. He told Napoleon III that he had written twelve hundred books.

Prodigiously as he worked, he wasted just as prodigiously. He entertained a whole army of parasites, and in his last years was constantly harassed by creditors. He had married, in 1840, Ida Ferrier, an actress, but they did not long live together. His daughter came to his aid in 1868 when he was debt-ridden and ill, and two years later, on December 5, 1870, he died in the home of his son, the author of the popular "Camille."

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, SR.

Condensation by
ALFRED S. CLARK

ON February 28, 1815, Edmond Dantes sailed into Marseilles. He was but nineteen years of age and ardently in love. His conscience was clear; he had violated no law. Yet the next night he was in a cell in the gloomy Château d'If, a fortress on a bare rock off Marseilles. And fourteen years were to pass before he strode again in the sunlight.

Three men had wrought his ruin. Danglars envied Edmond's rapid promotion. Fernand was crazed with love for Mercedes, Edmond's beloved. Danglars wrote and Fernand despatched a letter warning the authorities to intercept the missive Edmond was bearing to Paris. Chance decreed that this warning, addressed to Villefort's father,

fell into the hands of the unscrupulous Villefort himself.

Of this dark intrigue Edmond knew nothing. At his captain's dying request, he had called at Elba, where he had seen the captive Napoleon and been intrusted with a sealed letter. Villefort, a turncoat devoted to the aristocracy, had changed his name to make men forget that his father was a Bonapartist. He destroyed the incriminating letter before Edmond's eyes and promised that the lad should soon be free. Even as he spoke the words he knew that in the disappearance of this youth lay his own security.

Thus it happened that while the Corsican came out of Elba by stealth and rode to Paris amid tumultuous cheers, Edmond lay in a dungeon. The thunder of the guns at Waterloo did not penetrate the walls of the Château d'If. Napoleon was borne away to St. Helena; the Hundred Days were over. And Dantes knew naught of these things. He ate out his heart in thoughts of Mercedes and wondered what mad freak of fortune had thrust him away from the world of men.

Days dragged into years. He lost track of time. Confined in a black and slimy dun-

geon, he saw only his jailer. There were moments when he hoped, hours when he despaired, weeks when he raved in impotent anger. Four years rolled past. He was starving himself to death. Then he heard a rasping, scratching noise. The spark of human hope burned anew. He swallowed his broth; he must win back his strength. Somewhere near him was a human mole, burrowing stealthily, worming toward freedom.

Four days later a section of flooring fell in and out of a dark tunnel sprang an old man. He was the Abbé Faria, a prisoner for eight years. His tunnel, dug with arduous toil, had failed to reach the sunlight, but it led to fellowship. Unsuspected by their jailers, the two men met daily and studied unweariedly. Out of his ripe wisdom and his prodigious memory, the abbé taught Edmond mathematics, history, and languages.

Less guileless than Edmond, he was able to prove, from the youth's own story, that Danglars, Fernand, and Villefort were responsible for his living death. So Edmond had a new incentive for freedom. He sought revenge. The abbé revealed, too, the secret of the great treasure of gold and jewels that

lay in a cave on Monte Cristo, an uninhabited island off Italy.

The years rolled on. Another attempt to escape was frustrated by the paralysis of the abbé's right side. Edmond refused to leave him. He was a very different man from the carefree sailor who had been so suddenly jerked from the gaiety of a marriage feast to the gloom of a dungeon. He was a man of the world—educated, cynical.

One night he heard a cry of anguish. Hurriedly he rolled aside the great stone that concealed the tunnel opening, crawled swiftly to his neighbor's cell. He found him writhing in agony. At dawn he was dead.

That night Edmond carried the corpse to his own cell and laid it on his own bed, face to the wall, so that the jailer would think it Edmond asleep. Secreting a crude knife with which to effect an escape, he then sewed himself into the coarse sack in which the jailers had put the body. Two men later bore out the supposed corpse, weighted the legs with a great iron ball, and swung the sack powerfully. Edmond suddenly realized that he was falling from a great height. He had been flung from the château roof into the sea.

He screamed aloud as he struck the water, and then the weight dragged him into the ice-cold depths. He ripped open the sack, convulsively cut the rope that was knotted to the shot, and rose to the surface. He had not forgotten how to swim. He struck out in the blackness for an islet. Just as he was losing hope, his knee struck rock. He staggered to his feet and above him rose a gloomy mass, his goal.

At daybreak he flung himself into the sea and was pulled aboard an outward-bound bark. Each moment Marseilles receded farther into the distance. He learned from his shipmates that it was February 28, 1829. He had been shut away from the world for fourteen years. He wondered what had become of Mercedes. Then he thought of Danglars, Fernand, and Villefort. A baleful light flickered in his hard eyes.

Edmond had fallen in with a band of smugglers. On one of their voyages he gazed eagerly at a granite mass rose-hued in the dawn. It was Monte Cristo. A few weeks later chance brought him to the island. None of his comrades suspected the leaping thoughts that thronged in Edmond's mind. They were simple folk, easily deceived.

Edmond fell from a rock and complained that he was so hurt that he could not move. He was confident, he insisted, that he could cure himself if he were left here. At last they sailed away. When the boat was out of sight he leaped to his feet, seized his pickax, and cried, "Open Sesame!" He was alone on Monte Cristo.

Following the clues of the abbé's ancient manuscript, he located the great slab of rock overgrown with vegetation. He slashed at the edges with his pickax and made a hole. With his horn of powder he easily blasted the rock away. Before him was an iron ring embedded in a flagstone. He raised it and saw a flight of stairs. With hope mingled with a strange misgiving he descended, broke open a passage into an inner cave, and dug away the earth over an oak coffer bound with iron. He burst it open and there blazed gold coins, bars of gold, diamonds, rubies, and pearls that glittered in glorious profusion.

When Edmond came back to France it was as the Count of Monte Cristo—fabulously wealthy, romantic in appearance, a performer of miracles. His betrayers had risen to heights of fame and affluence. Danglars was

a wealthy banker; Fernand an honored warrior; Villefort high in office. Mercedes, believing Edmond dead, had yielded to Fernand's importunate pleadings and had married him.

Zealously did the Count of Monte Cristo devote his days and nights to ruin these three. Usually it was in his own unrecognized personality that he dazzled Paris with his feasts, his extravagances, his prodigal outlays. Every one paid court to this mysterious stranger who rained gold about him. Sometimes he disguised himself—now as the Abbé Busoni, now as the Italian Zazzone, now as the English Lord Wilmore, now as Sinbad the Sailor.

He tortured Danglars, Fernand, Villefort methodically and yet so skilfully that they did not know the hand that directed the blows that fell upon them. Piece by piece Danglar's fortune was lopped away. At last he was beggared, the bitterest blow that could have befallen him. Fernand, enmeshed slowly in revelations of his guilty past, finally blew out his brains; Villefort, his crimes dragged into the light of day, went raving mad. Mercedes, made poor but happy in the love of her devoted son, lived on, penitent.

Yet were there those whom Monte Cristo rewarded. The noble Morrel, his former employer, was saved from bankruptcy by a mysterious Englishman who presented him with notes he could not meet. And on the uninhabited island of Monte Cristo Morrel's son, true and tried as his father, learned that Villefort's daughter, the girl who had remained fine through all vicissitudes, still lived. She stood beside him on the pinnacle of the island and they looked with blurred eyes into the distance, where each moment a ship grew fainter and fainter. It was bearing from their sight the man who had once been Edmond Dantes. With him was the radiant Haydee, the mysterious princess whose beauty had outshone all the beauties of Paris. In her love Edmond had at last forgotten all that he did not now want to remember.

SAINT-PIERRE

JACQUES HENRI BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE was born at Havre in 1737 and died at Eragny, near Pontois, in 1814.

An emotional dreamer, an irascible personification of the rolling stone, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre was constantly wandering from one thing and place to another.

Educated for an engineer's profession, he went to sea, served in the army, was dismissed, received an appointment at Malta, held various posts at St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Dresden, Berlin, Mauritius, was superintendent of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris and professor at the Ecole Normale, was a member of the Institute, and was ever meeting with tumultuous and romantic adventures.

Yet he found time to write many volumes, of which the world remembers one. In "Paul and Virginia" he created two figures which have caught the popular imagination, not only of France, but of every country where books are read.

The story inevitably suggests the Greek pastoral "Daphnis and Chloe" by Longus, and one sees in all his life the interest he took in Crusoe.

He was a disciple of Rousseau; he led the way to Châteaubriand; he broke away from the French classic tradition, and was one who started the movement back to nature and paved the way to the great romantic spell. Among the friends of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and the admirers of "Paul and Virginia" was the first Napoleon.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA

By SAINT-PIERRE

Condensation by
IRVING BACHELLER

IN the year 1726 a young man of Normandy brought to the Isle de France his young wife, whose family was of noble blood. Shortly afterward he was taken with the fever and died, leaving her alone on the isle.

Estranged from her family and without means, the young widow made her way to an uninhabited island where she could cultivate the soil without the payment of rent, and there she built a rude home for herself and her little child, a daughter whom she named Virginia.

At the same time another woman, with a little son named Paul, settled on the same island, and the two women, mutually grateful for aid and comfort, became fast friends, although they had been of different stations in life.

Marguerite's servant, named Domingo, a powerful black man, was the husband of Marie, who was Madame de la Tour's handmaid. Bound to each other by similar needs, the two lonely women spent much time together, and the two children were almost inseparable. Their attachment was very marked even from the cradle. If Virginia was in trouble, the cries of Paul made it known. When they learned to speak, the first names they learned to give each other were brother and sister. For the rest, they went almost naked, and could neither read nor write.

From the beauty of their bare limbs one might fancy them two of Niobe's children escaped from the marble.

As Madame de la Tour saw the unfolding charms of her daughter she became alarmed for her future and humbled herself to write to an old aunt in France, asking for aid for Virginia's sake.

The aunt replied coldly, commending her to the governor of the island, adding, "Your disgraceful marriage has brought its righteous punishment."

Deserted by her kinsfolk, the poor widow took Paul and Virginia to her arms.

Paul became a planter, busy and skilful, while Virginia spun or tended the goats and helped in the house. Thus passed their innocent youth.

To them Madame de la Tour read the stories which time had hallowed, teaching them to find their happiness in serving others.

Their lives seemed bound up in that of the trees. They knew no historical epochs, no chronology save that of their orchards. No care wrinkled their brows, no intemperance poisoned their blood. They had all the freshness of the morning of life. They loved each other naturally and purely.

It was wise Marguerite who said: "Let us marry our children. Soon Paul will be a man, and then we will have much to fear."

Madame de la Tour hesitated. "Let us wait. Let us send Paul to India for a time. There he will be able to earn money with which to provide a home for himself and Virginia."

To this plan Paul would not consent. "I am needed here. Domingo is old and our mothers are alone. I shall stay."

At this moment came another letter from the aunt in Normandy asking that Virginia

be sent to her for education. "If she follows my wishes," the aunt wrote, "she may look forward to being my heiress."

Virginia was alarmed at this offer and Paul was angry. The madame decided against it.

The governor of the island now urged that Virginia be sent.

A missionary of the island joined the governor in urging that Virginia go to her kinswoman, and at last with a heart filled with anguish, mother and daughter, thinking it God's will, consented.

Paul was puzzled by all this secret council.

Meanwhile Virginia's consent had brought from her aunt gold to pay for clothes and jewels and her passage, and she was a transformed being. In her muslin and taffeta, with her hair in the manner of the period, she looked the duchess, and Paul was thrown into despair at sight of her beauty and her alien magnificence.

Distressed by his grief and hoping to cure him of his false hopes, Marguerite now told him that he was only the illegitimate son of a peasant, while Virginia was the daughter of a noblewoman.

Paul, pressing her in his arms, assured her that, as he had no other relative, he would

love her the more. "But I see now why Madame de la Tour avoids me."

As the thought of losing Virginia came to him, Paul lost control of himself. Clasping her in his arms, he said: "I am going with you. Nothing shall part us. I swear it by the sea that I must cross, by the air to which I have never breathed a lie."

Nevertheless, Virginia was taken away from him while he was wandering in the forest, mad with his fears. When he returned to the cabin and found her gone, he rushed to a high point from which the outgoing vessel could be seen, and there he stood till the darkness fell and the night winds began to sing their songs in his ear.

Thereafter when he saw the two mothers weeping he bitterly said, "Seek some one else to wipe away your tears."

At last he turned his thought to the garden and to a new task. He determined to learn to read. He wished to be able to read of the country to which his love had gone. In a very short time he was able to read, and when at last a letter came from Virginia he was able to read it for himself. It was a sweet letter, but not a cheerful one. The girl's heart was in her happy island, and she asked

Paul to plant the flower seeds which she sent, upon the spot where they had last talked together—a place she called Farewell Rock.

As the months passed, envious folk began to whisper that Virginia was about to marry a nobleman, and Paul was a prey to doubt and despair.

One morning at daybreak Paul saw a white flag flying on Mount Discovery. It was a sign that a ship was in the offing. A little later a letter from Virginia to Madame de la Tour was handed to Paul. Rapturously kissing it, he thrust it into his bosom and hastened to his home! To all the household madame read the letter. Virginia was coming home! She would soon land. Masters and servants all embraced.

"My son," said Madame de la Tour, "go tell all our neighbors Virginia is coming home."

To this happy household a negro messenger came to say that the ship was in distress and firing guns for help. A storm was approaching. By midnight the sea was hammering the rocks with fearful roar. The sound of the signal guns was dreadful in Paul's ears. All night long he and his faithful Domingo waited for the dawn in silence and dread.

At dawn the governor with a file of soldiers arrived at a point near which the ship could be dimly seen in the fog. All signs pointed to a hurricane, and the people gathered in the hope of assisting the ship to land its passengers.

At nine o'clock a whirlwind swept the harbor clear of fog and the ship was seen moored near the rocks. Her head was set toward the billows which rolled from the open sea.

Suddenly, in the midst of a terrible rush of sea, the cables parted. The ship was thrown upon the rocks. A cry of despair arose among those who stood on shore. Paul, in frenzy, was about to throw himself into the sea when a strong hand prevented him. In order to save his life they bound him fast with a long rope and let him leap into the water. He tried to reach the ship, only to be flung back upon the sands.

The crew threw themselves into the sea. Those on shore saw a young woman stretching out her arms in piteous entreaty. It was Virginia, almost the last to remain on board. In a moment she, too, was struggling in the cruel sea.

Paul, unconscious and bleeding from his last attempt to reach the ship, was carried to

a neighboring house, while old Domingo and other friends searched the beach for the body of Virginia.

At last in despair they started back to tell Virginia's mother of the girl's tragic death. On the way some negroes told them that wreckage had been driven in at Palm River Valley, and so Domingo and his companion turned aside to look once again for the body.

There on the sand, half buried, yet with a serene and beautiful face, lay the maiden, richly clad. One hand rested upon her gown, the other was pressed to her heart and covered a picture of Paul.

Lifting her gently, the servants carried her to a fisherman's hut and left her.

In the morning Paul was brought home. He had regained his senses, but he could not utter a word. His coming brought a ray of hope.

After a beautiful and touching ceremony, in which the black people took a part, they buried the lovely body on the western side of the church, at a point where she had often rested when on her way to Mass, with Paul, and there a few weeks later they brought his body in order that he might rest forever by her side.

HUGHES

THOMAS HUGHES was born October 20, 1822, at Uffington, Berks. In 1834 his father sent Tom to Rugby to be under the charge of Doctor Arnold; the doctor and the father had been fellow-students at Oriel College, Oxford. Both school and master were made world-known by the book, "Tom Brown's School Days." Tom Hughes must have been very much the same sort of schoolboy as the hero of the story, but in fact, George, his brother, was the original of Tom, as Dean Stanley was the original of Arthur.

Thomas Hughes followed in his father's footsteps at Oriel; he was later called to the bar, and eventually was appointed a county court judge.

His life was one of true service to humanity; Frederick Maurice was the great influence that worked upon him, and he was of the group, along with Charles Kingsley, who devoted themselves to the cause of the Workingmen's College. He sat in Parliament, always a devoted friend of his friends, the workingmen; he tried his hand at an idealistic colony, called Rugby, in Tennessee; he was a frequent visitor to America, and was a great friend and

admirer of James Russell Lowell, whose influence over him is shown in the frequent quotations in his books. His other volumes included a sequel to "Tom Brown at Oxford," "Religio Laici," and his "Memoir of a Brother." But he will always be remembered as the sane and great-hearted author who has understood something of the soul of a schoolboy, and who has written the greatest book in English of the schoolboy's life.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS

By THOMAS HUGHES

Condensation by
PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

"JUST as Tom was swallowing his last mouthful (three o'clock in the morning), winding his comforter round his throat, and tucking the ends into the breast of his coat, the horn sounds, Boots looks in and says, 'Tally-ho, sir,' and they hear the ring and the rattle of the four fast trotters and the town-made drag as it dashes up to the Peacock.

"'Anything for us, Bob?' says the burly guard, dropping down from behind, and slapping himself across the chest.

"'Young gen'l'm'n, Rugby,' answers a hostler.

"'Tell young gent to look alive,' says the guard, opening the hind-boot and shooting the parcels in after examining them by the lamps. 'Here, shove the portmanteau up

atop—I'll fasten him presently. Now there, sir, jump up behind.'

"'Good-by, father—my love at home.' A last shake of the hand. Up goes Tom, the guard catching his hatbox and holding on with one hand, while with the other he claps the horn to his mouth. Toot, toot, toot! the hostlers let go their heads, the four bays plunge at the collar, and away goes the Tally-ho into the darkness, forty-five seconds from the time they had pulled up."

So Tom Brown started to begin his school days at Rugby when William the Fourth sat upon his throne. Squire Brown had meditated something as follows the night before: "Shall I tell him to mind his word and to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that—at any rate, not for that mainly. I don't care a straw for Greek particles or the digamma; no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted so to go. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman, and a gentleman, and a Christian, that's all I want." Upon this view of the case he framed his last words to Tom. "And now, Tom, my boy, remember you are going at your own earnest

request, to be chucked into this great school, like a young bear with all your troubles before you—earlier than we should have sent you perhaps." (Tom was nine.) "If schools are what they were in my time, you'll see a great many cruel blackguard things done and hear a deal of foul bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen, or say anything you wouldn't have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you."

Tom's father was a great asset to the boy. For though he belonged to what is called the upper middle class, the opinion which the squire loved to propound above all others was the belief that a man is to be valued wholly and solely for that which he is in himself, for that which stands up in the four fleshly walls of him, apart from clothes, rank, fortune, and all externals whatsoever. He held, further, that it didn't matter a straw whether his son associated with lords' sons or plowmen's sons, provided they were brave and honest. So Tom had a merry and right democratic time with the boys of the village, and learned much that stood him in good stead when he got to Rugby, among

other things to value man or boy wholly for what was in him, whether it was Harry Winburn, the quickest and best boy in the parish, who taught him the turns and holds which later carried him through his great fight with the bully of Rugby; or poor Jacob Doodle-calf (as the boys nicknamed him), in whose hands everything came to pieces and in whose head nothing would stick, or Job Rudkin, whose scandalized mother demanded, on the occasion of a visit from Madam Brown, "Job, Job, where's thy cap?"

"What! beant 'e on ma head, mother?" replied Job, slowly extricating one hand from a pocket and feeling for the article in question, which he found on his head and left there, to his mother's horror and Tom's great delight.

Rugby was a new world for Tom. He was a sturdy and combative urchin, able to fend for himself on his own heath; yet it was a great boon for him that he fell into the hands of a boy of his own age, but a bit ahead of him at Rugby. The first sight he encountered on his arrival was a lordly crowd of youngsters who looked quite as if they owned the place. One of these young heroes ran

out from the rest and accosted Tom. "I say, you fellow, is your name Brown?"

"Yes," said Tom, in considerable astonishment, glad, however, to have lighted on some one already who seemed to know him.

"Ah, I thought so; you know my old aunt, Miss East; she lives somewhere down your way in Berkshire. She wrote to me that you were coming to-day, and asked me to give you a lift. You see," said his friend, as they strolled up toward the school gates, "a great deal depends on how a fellow cuts up at first. If he's got nothing odd about him, and answers straightforward and holds his head up, he gets on. You see, I'm doing the handsome thing by you because my father knows yours; besides, I want to please the old lady. She gave me half a sov this half, and perhaps 'll double it next if I keep in her good books."

Thus began a friendship which lasted through all their school days and meant much to both of them. Friendship and loyalty and good sportsmanship are great features in this book, which shows an insight into the brain and heart of a boy which is just as wise in the year of our Lord 1920 as it was in the days of William the Fourth.

Tom and East were together in games, in mischief, in fights, in good deeds, or in deviltry, as they were in ingenious syndicating methods of working out the mysteries of the Greek and Latin languages. And years later, when the wise "Doctor," Arnold of Rugby, decided that Tom was headed toward destruction, it was by means of friendship for a weaker boy who needed his protection that he rescued him. What was the marvel of the Doctor's power over boys? "We couldn't enter into half that we heard; we hadn't the knowledge of our own hearts or the knowledge of one another; and little enough of the faith, hope, and love needed to that end. But we listened, as all boys in their better moods will listen (aye, and men, too, for the matter of that), to a man whom we felt to be, with all his heart and soul and strength, striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not the cold clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm, living voice of one who was fighting for us and by our sides, and calling on us to help him and ourselves and one another. And so, wearily and little by little,

was brought home to the young boy, for the first time, the meaning of his life: that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle-field ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them showed them at the same time, by every word he spoke and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought; and stood there before them their fellow-soldier and the captain of their guard. The true sort of captain, too, for a boys' army, one who had no misgivings and gave no uncertain word of command, and, let who would yield or make a truce, would fight the fight out (so every boy felt) to the last gasp and the last drop of blood.

And so Tom lived his life from the first green days to the last memorable night, when he was "chaired" round the quadrangle by the eleven, shouting in chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow," himself as great a boy as all the rest, despite the passage of the years and his dignity of captain. It is a story of humanness, with all its good points and its frailties, but especially of

loyalty and of friendship; of games, so much like our own in spirit, and yet so different in details; of East and Arthur, of the brutalities of the old fagging system, the school bully and Tom's classic fight with him, of the final war of independence against what was mean and sordid.

"'I want to leave behind me,' said Tom, speaking low, 'the name of a fellow who never bullied a little boy nor turned his back on a big one.' And then, 'I would sooner have the Doctor's good opinion of me as I really am than any man's in the world.'"

SCOTT

THE majority of Sir Walter Scott's novels were published anonymously. "Waverley" appeared in 1814, and not until 1827 was it formally acknowledged that Scott was the author of "The Waverley Novels." A few Edinburgh friends were always in the secret and year by year the circle of those who knew was widened. But to thousands and thousands of rapt readers the author remained "The Great Unknown." Even those who actually knew Scott to be the author were sometimes puzzled. He had official law duties which he did not shirk; he appeared in society more than many busy men; each year his name was signed to so many articles and reviews that it seemed incredible that he could find time for anything else.

The explanation lay in Scott's ability to concentrate. He knew what he wanted to say and he spent little time hunting for phrases or polishing his sentences. There is a familiar anecdote of a visitor to Edinburgh, dining with convivial friends and looking out of a window at a hand which went back and forth, back and forth, across sheets of paper. "It never stops," said his host. . . . It is the same

every night." The visitor suggested that it was perhaps a diligent clerk. "No, boys," his friend replied, "I well know whose hand it is—'tis Walter Scott's."

Sometimes Scott was so racked by pain that he could not write. "The Bride of Lammermoor" and "Ivanhoe" were dictated while the author was suffering so intensely from cramps that between sentences he screamed aloud in agony. But when he was begged to stop and rest he answered, "Nay, Willie, only see that the doors are fast."

WAVERLEY

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

Condensation by
HENRY T. SCHNITTKIND, PH.D.

LET us for a few thrilling minutes transport ourselves to Scotland in 1745, when its Highland forests teemed with the caves of robbers and its moors resounded with the shouting of the chieftains as they battled to restore the exiled House of Stuart to the throne, then occupied by King George II.

Are you ready? Then let us join the handsome young English officer, Edward Waverley. He is about to visit the cavern of the Highland robber, Donald Bean Lean, little dreaming of the maze of adventures into which this visit will lead him. Waverley is enjoying a furlough at the Scottish Lowland mansion of the eccentric, garrulous, and lovable Baron of Bradwardine. The baron's seventeen-year-old daughter, Rose Bradwardine, "with a profusion of hair of

paly gold, and a skin like the snow of her own mountains in whiteness," has fallen in love with Waverley, who, however, finds her tender attentions too tame for his poetic imagination. It is his ambition to explore the wild regions of romance, and fortunately an opportunity presents itself. The baron's cattle, having been stolen by the robber, Donald Bean Lean, are restored through the interposition of the baron's friends, the powerful Highland chieftain, Fergus MacIvor. The chieftain's lieutenant, Evan Dhu Maccombich, invites Waverley to visit Donald Bean Lean's den. After a journey through Lowland glen and brae, over Highland lake and forest, they arrived at the cavern, where Waverley spends an interesting night in the presence of Donald Bean Lean and his company of robbers, who come singly or in groups, each cutting with his dirk a slice of flesh from a carcass suspended in the cave, broiling the steak and washing it down with draughts of undiluted whisky. A buxom Highland lass, the robber's daughter, takes care of this romantic den.

The next morning Evan Dhu Maccombich induces Waverley to visit the Highland mansion of his master, Fergus MacIvor,

whose handsome face "resembles a smiling summer's day in which, however, one can detect signs that it may thunder and lighten before evening." His love for his beautiful and accomplished sister, Flora MacIvor, is equaled only by his ambition to restore the exiled Stuart family to the throne.

Fergus entertains Waverley at a picturesque banquet attended by hundreds of the clansmen of MacIvor. After the banquet Flora asks Waverley to meet her in her favorite haunt near a cascade. As Edward approached the waterfall "the sun, now stooping in the west, seemed to add more than human brilliancy to the full expressive darkness of Flora's eyes. Edward thought he had never, even in his wildest dreams, imagined a picture of such exquisite loveliness."

Conscious of her charms in this "Eden in the wilderness," Flora sings to him a stirring martial song which she accompanies on a small Scottish harp, the melody blending harmoniously with the sound of the waters of the cataract. Waverley, bewitched by her loveliness, proposes to Flora, who promptly rejects him.

Disappointed, but not discouraged, Waverley gladly accepts an invitation to remain at

Fergus MacIvor's mansion for a few days. While attending a stag-hunt he sustains an injury which keeps him in bed for some time. On his recovery he is both astonished and incensed to learn that the colonel of his regiment has reduced him to the ranks for "absence without leave." His anger is aggravated by a letter from his father, who, through a political blunder, has lost a high position in the court of King George. At the same time, too, Rose Bradwardine writes to him that her father, the baron, has been obliged to flee in order to escape arrest for his adherence to the cause of the exiled Stuarts.

Despite these apparent acts of injustice Waverley remains loyal to King George and decides to return home. On the way to England, however, he is arrested and charged with desertion and treason. Knowing himself to be innocent, he is mystified at this turn of affairs. What plot has been hatched against him, and by whom? His stupefaction increases when he is rescued by a band of Highlanders. Who are these Highlanders? And why do they interest themselves in him? These and similar questions perplex his bewildered senses.

Wounded during the rescue, he is nursed back to health in a peasant's hut by a young girl who always manages to make her escape whenever he tries to catch a glimpse of her. When his health is restored the Highlanders take him to Edinburgh, where he meets his friends, Fergus MacIvor and the Baron of Bradwardine, among the insurgents who are making an attempt to recover the throne for their gallant leader, the exiled Prince Charles Edward. Waverley now feels compelled to join this army.

Just before enlisting Waverley tries once more to win Flora's love, but is again repulsed. He therefore throws himself heart and soul into the cause of the young prince.

The army is about to engage in its first battle. The sun has just risen. The rocks, and the very sky itself, "resound with the clang of the bagpipes." The mountaineers rouse themselves with the hum and bustle of a multitude of bees, arming and ready to swarm out of their hives.

The insurgents win the battle and Waverley captures a brave English officer who remains alone beside his cannon after the others have fled. The officer turns out to be a certain Colonel Talbot, an old friend of the

house of Waverley whom Edward has never met before. Colonel Talbot has left an invalid wife in order to find Waverley and to induce him to return home, since his conduct has put the entire Waverley family into danger.

When Edward learns that Colonel Talbot's imprisonment is likely to cost the life of his sick wife, he obtains the colonel's release. In return for this kindness Colonel Talbot promises to intercede with the English king in Waverley's behalf. The way for such a plea has fortunately been paved by the revelation of some of the mysteries attending the arrest of Waverley for desertion and treason. By means of a packet of letters, which Donald Bean Lean's daughter has slipped into Edward's baggage, he learns that her father, the Highland robber, being in the service of Prince Charles Edward, and wishing to gain favor in his eyes, has concocted a plot whereby the British government was led to believe that Waverley was a traitor, thereby forcing him into the army of the insurgent prince. Only one question now remains unexplained. Who was the girl that nursed him during his fever in the peasant's hut?

Before the solution is found to this question the insurgent army is totally defeated, Fergus MacIvor is captured, the prince escapes, and Waverley, who is now also a fugitive, pays a secret visit to the mansion of the Baron of Bradwardine, for he is anxious to learn about the fate of some of his friends. He finds the baron in hiding in that selfsame hut where he had been nursed during his fever. Here he learns that it was Rose Bradwardine who nursed him. It was Rose, also, who had paid Donald Bean Lean with her mother's jewelry in order to induce him to rescue Waverley after his arrest for treason. Overcome with gratitude for such devotion, Edward asks the Baron of Bradwardine for his daughter's hand. He can now marry her in security; for, thanks to the kindness of Colonel Talbot and other influential Englishmen, both he and the baron have been pardoned.

It takes the loquacious baron an hour to tell Rose of Edward's love for her. It takes Edward just five minutes to convince her of it.

Their happiness would now be complete but for the sad fate of Fergus MacIvor, who has been condemned to death. He faces the

executioner unflinchingly, expressing no regret for his fate, but only the hope that "they will set my head on the Scotch gate, that I may look, even after death, to the blue hills of my own country, which I love so dearly."

With this shadow to mar the sunshine of their happiness, Edward and Rose are married.

Thus we come to the end of the romantic tale, and we must again return to the drab reality of our every-day existence. But before so doing, let us, together with Flora MacIvor, who has joined the Scottish Benedictine nuns in Paris, bid the happy couple good luck and adieu!

DICKENS

"THE child is father of the man" was never better illustrated than in the case of Charles Dickens. His first friends were books, good books. He read books of travel and the "Arabian Nights," Cervantes, Fielding, and Smollett. And as a child he learned to know and to love England—the England of pleasant country lanes, hedge-bordered, that ran to the sea or to quiet green open spaces before stately cathedrals.

And he knew, too, the horror of mean London streets and numbing drudgery. For two years of his childhood he pasted labels upon blacking bottles, lived in an attic with two ragamuffins, and when he saw his parents once a week, he had to go to prison, where his father was confined for debt. Some of this London that he knew is in "Oliver Twist," and it crops out in other tales. Most of it, however, is in "David Copperfield," where his father is depicted as the immortal Micawber.

The joy of life and the bitterness, the kindliness of men and the cruelty. These things were burned into the mind and soul of the sensitive boy. They are in the books of the man.

DOMBEY AND SON

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by
CAROLINE TICKNOR

THIS story opens in the gloomy mansion of Mr. Dombey, head of the famous house of Dombey and Son, who is exulting in the birth of "little Paul," heir to his name and wealth.

This great event is followed by the death of Mrs. Dombey, who breathes her last clasping her little daughter Florence to her heart. This child, neglected by her proud, cold father, tries vainly to win his love, but he, with all his hopes and his affection centered upon his son, finds no place in his heart for Florence.

All the advantages that wealth can offer are heaped on little Paul, who is a delicate child, old far beyond his years, and totally unfitted to fulfil his father's expectations.

While gentle and loving to those about him, Paul's adoration for his sister Florence surpasses all his other interests, a fact which rankles in the breast of his father, who would be first in the affection of his son.

Wishing to hasten Paul's education, Mr. Dombey sends him to Doctor Blimber's school, famed for its method of crushing out each boyish trait and making learned prigs of all its pupils. Here the boy finds a friend and champion in Toots, the head boy of the school, who falls a victim to the charms of Florence, but in the end consoles himself by marrying her faithful maid, the sprightly Susan Nipper.

The story of Paul's life at Doctor Blimber's, where his weak frame is tried beyond endurance and finally breaks down, is a pathetic one, although it is enlivened by much that is amusing and absurd in the descriptions of the school and of the Blimber family.

Fatally ill, the boy is carried home to the big house, where all the skill in London, coupled with his sister's devotion, cannot save him, and after lingering awhile he slips away from the grand future his father has so carefully arranged. The death-bed scene

where little Paul leaves the big house forever is one of the most famous in fiction.

Clasped in his sister's arms, the dying boy murmurs: "How fast the river runs . . . it's very near the sea. I hear the waves." . . . "And now there was a shore before him— Who stood on the bank." He sees his mother there awaiting him and whispers, 'The light about her head is shining on me as I go."

The bereaved father, in an agony of grief and blasted hopes, turns coldly from the heartbreaking appeal of his sorrowing daughter, who pleads for some response in this dark hour. Bidding her seek her own apartments, he shuts himself up in his rooms alone.

Beside the dark threads in this story are woven many bright ones which center in the humble dwelling of old Solomon Gills, maker of ships' instruments, and his devoted nephew, Walter Gay, who with their good friend Captain Cuttle form a delightful trio. The captain, who wears a hook in place of his right hand, and suffers patiently under the insults and abuse of his landlady, the terrible Mrs. MacStinger, is one of Dickens's best-beloved characters.

Walter, who has a modest position in the

great house of Dombey, watches with sympathy and admiration the career of the neglected daughter of his employer, and upon one occasion has the joy of rescuing her when she is lost in London. From the night when the frightened child is warmed and comforted at the sign of the "Wooden Midshipman" Florence holds Uncle Sol and Walter in warmest regard. When, later, during Paul's illness, Walter comes to plead for a loan to save his uncle's property, the sympathetic boy at once becomes his champion and secures the money from his father. From this time on Paul takes a special interest in Walter and on his death-bed begs that he shall be remembered. This message Florence brings to Walter, pledging to him thenceforth her sisterly affection.

The fortunes of the house of Dombey are guided principally by the clever and "catlike" manager, James Carker, with gleaming teeth and a perpetual smile, the instrument and confidant of Dombey, who by his flattery and cunning has gained almost complete control over his master's business. Working always to satisfy his own ambitions, he mistrusts the growing partiality for Walter Gay and sends him on a voyage to the Indies, ex-

periencing keen satisfaction when the youth is shipwrecked and reported drowned.

This loss adds one more sorrow to those already the portion of Florence, whose father, emerging from the gloom of his apartments, seeks to divert his mind by going on a journey with his friend Major Bagstock, a garrulous old society beau. They travel to Leamington, where Mr. Dombey is introduced to some of the major's friends, and meets Mrs. Skewton and her widowed daughter, the cold and beautiful Edith Granger, who at once attracts his fancy.

Edith is proud, scornful, imperious, and for these traits the proud and dominating man admires her the more. He offers her wealth and position, and she, needing these things, accepts him, scorning meanwhile both the man and his offering, but willing to satisfy the irritating demands of her scheming mother, with whom her life is unendurable.

A loveless marriage follows and the haughty wife asserts her own strong will, refuses to further the social ambitions of her husband, and enrages him by showering affection upon Florence. At last, goaded by Dombey's effort to break her spirit and ready to be

revenged upon him for his endeavor to humiliate her by orders sent her through his agent, Carker, she consents to fly from her home at the entreaty of her husband's paid minion, who from the first had fallen a victim to her beauty. Having revenged herself upon her husband by thus humiliating him, Edith proceeds to cast off Carker, whom she despises; she meets him at Dijon by appointment, and in the moment when he is glorying in the attainment of his desire turns on him, denounces him, and before he can stop her rushes from the apartment, making good her escape, while he is left to confront his pursuer, her enraged husband, who has tracked them to Dijon.

Foiled and entrapped, Carker flees back to England, eluding his pursuer, only to be again tracked to his hiding-place. When he believes himself safe from detection, he suddenly spies Dombey advancing toward him across the platform of a railway station, and, dodging in affright on to the tracks behind him, Carker is killed by an oncoming train.

In the hour of her father's humiliation Florence once more turns to him with loving protestations, but he, enraged at the remembrance that she has ever won the love he has

sought vainly, casts her off with an oath and strikes her brutally.

Partially stunned and feeling herself homeless and fatherless, Florence rushes half crazed into the streets of London, and, fainting with exhaustion, finds shelter at the "Wooden Midshipman," now in the charge of Captain Cuttle. Following the sudden disappearance of old Sol Gills, the captain has taken possession of the place, not knowing if his friend, whose life had become insupportable without his beloved nephew, was alive or dead.

Tenderly welcomed to this humble home, Florence remains in hiding until the unexpected arrival of Walter, who suddenly appears upon the scene, returning from a series of perilous adventures. Walter the brother is speedily transformed into Walter the lover, and the young couple are united, to the delight of Captain Cuttle, also of old Sol Gills, who reappears from journeying to foreign parts in vain search for some news of Walter.

Meanwhile the fortunes of the house of Dombey, weakened by Carker's doubtful transactions, and also by the loss of his shrewd guidance, go down in ruin, leaving

the proud head of the firm broken in health and spirit, with home and fortune wrecked.

Then, tenderly forgiving all, Florence goes to her father and takes him to her home, where after a long illness he arises a changed man, repentant of the past, and only caring to devote his last days to his daughter and her two children—Paul who reminds him of his lost son, and little Florence, dearest of all to his penitent heart.

This work, which was first issued in serial form in 1847, met with immediate success. Its pages contain a wealth of incident and character, of fun, satire, and pathos. Florence is one of Dickens's loveliest creations, and Doctor Blimber's school is described in his finest vein. Kind Captain Cuttle is famous the world over, as are Mr. Toots, Mrs. Pipchin, and old Joe Bagstock. The death-bed scene of little Paul reveals the author's steadfast faith in immortality, and has done much to comfort sorrowing hearts throughout the world.

GEORGE ELIOT

IN the memoirs of George Eliot two books are mentioned which have a special interest, one being the first book she ever read as a child, called "The Linnet's Life," which gave her great happiness, and the other Scott's "Waverley." Her friend Miss Simcox's article in "The Nineteenth Century Review" tells of George Eliot's appetite for reading. "Somewhere about 1827 a friendly neighbor lent 'Waverley' to an elder sister of little Mary Ann Evans. It was returned before the child had read to the end, and in her distress at the loss of the fascinating volume she began to write the story as far as she had read it for herself, beginning naturally where the story begins, with Waverley's adventures at Tully-Veolan, and continuing until the surprised elders were moved to get the book back again."

It has been claimed that George Eliot's highly trained mind suppressed the impulsive heart. She suffered from bodily ills most all her life, and but for her extraordinary mental health she could not have accomplished the amount of work that came from her brain and pen. Among the many books which she published were "Middlemarch," "Daniel

Deronda," "The Spanish Gypsy," a drama, and "Romola," which may be called a historical novel, a story which owes its power of attraction and its vitality to its superb presentation of the character of Tito Melema, who belongs, not to any one period, but to every generation.

"Daniel Deronda," in spite of its distinction and its being so ably written, has never been a great favorite.

Some one has said that "Jane Austen despised the greater number of her characters, but George Eliot suffered with each of hers."

She had a great accumulation of book knowledge, but this was opposed in many ways to the practical life led among all sorts and conditions of persons, so that at times some of the spontaneity of joy was lacking in her writings. But there were those full of pathos, as when she wrote of Maggie Tulliver in "The Mill on the Floss."

The death of Mr. Lewes, which occurred in 1878, was also the death-blow to her artistic vitality. She later married Mr. J. W. Cross, but she never really recovered from the shock of the loss of Mr. Lewes.

ROMOLA

By GEORGE ELIOT

Condensation by
PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

"ROMOLA mia," said the blind scholar, "thou wilt reach the needful volumes—thou knowest them—on the fifth shelf of the cabinet."

Tito rose at the same moment with Romola, saying, "I will reach them, if you will point them out," and followed her hastily into the adjoining small room, where the walls were also covered with ranges of books in perfect order.

"There they are," said Romola, pointing upward; "every book is just where it was when my father ceased to see them."

Tito stood by her without hastening to reach the books. They had never been in this room together before.

"I hope," she continued, turning her eyes full on Tito with a look of grave confidence—

"I hope he will not weary you; this work makes him so happy."

"And me, too, Romola—if you will only let me say, I love you—if you will only think me worth loving a little."

His speech was the softest murmur, and the dark, beautiful face, nearer to hers than it had ever been before, was looking at her with beseeching tenderness.

"I do love you," murmured Romola; she looked at him with the same simple majesty as ever, but her voice had never in her life before sunk to that murmur. It seemed to them both that they were looking at each other a long while before her lips moved again; yet it was but a moment till she said, "I know now what it is to be happy."

The faces just met, and the dark curls mingled for an instant with the rippling gold. Quick as lightning after that Tito set his foot on a projecting ledge of the bookshelves and reached down the needful volumes. They were both contented to be silent and separate, for that first blissful experience of mutual consciousness was all the more exquisite for being unperturbed by immediate sensation.

It had all been as rapid as the irreversible

mingling of waters, for even the eager and jealous Bardo had not become impatient.

When they told her father, he wanted time for reflection. "Be patient, my children; you are very young."

"No more could be said, and Romola's heart was perfectly satisfied. Not so Tito's. If the subtle mixture of good and evil prepares suffering for human truth and purity, there is also suffering prepared for the wrongdoer by the same mingled conditions. As Tito kissed Romola on their parting that evening the very strength of the thrill that moved his whole being at the sense that this woman, whose beauty it was hardly possible to think of as anything but the necessary consequence of her noble nature, loved him with all the tenderness that spoke in her clear eyes, brought a strong reaction of regret that he had not kept himself free from that first deceit which had dragged him into the danger of being disgraced before her. There was a sprig of bitterness mingled with that fountain of sweets."

George Eliot's magnificent study of character concerns itself with Florence at the time when Christopher Columbus was discovering America, when Savonarola was

prior to Saint Mark's and ruled the city by his moral energy and his fanaticism, when his pious frenzies, his visions, and his predictions of heavenly wrath seemed to the majority of his fellow-citizens as coming from a more than mortal source; when Charles VIII of France invaded Italy; when the plague brought dire dismay; when the city was distraught by the struggles of the austere devotees of Savonarola and the gay partizans of pleasure; when the mighty ones of the land were united against poor distracted Florence; when Piero de' Medici was conspiring to regain the power once held by Lorenzo the Magnificent; when finally Florence turned against Savonarola, and he met his death in ignominy or martyrdom, as one viewed it as foe or partizan. Across the scene there flit the figures of Pico della Mirandola, of Fra Bartolommeo, of Domenico Ghirlandajo, of Cosimo di Piero, of Poliziano, of Bernardo del Nero, of Strozzis and Tornabuonis, of Niccolo Machiavelli, of a "promising youth named Michelangelo Buonarotti," and many others. All these make the setting for the lives of a woman and a man and the progress of their souls, the one upward and the other downward, as

wonderfully drawn as ever human lives were portrayed by pen of man or woman.

Florence saw Tito Melema ever making his way upward from the day when he found himself adrift after shipwreck, and was carried to the market by the omnipresent Bratti, merchant and huckster, and introduced to breakfast and a kiss from pretty little Tessa, and passed under the deft hand of the wonder-working barber-philosopher Nello. That shrewd craftsman with edged tools—razor or tongue—introduced him to the bright and powerful folk who frequented his shop as if it were a club, and brought him to the notice of the blind scholar Bardo, who needed just such a clever young student as Tito for a helper. From that his path was easy to the confidence of the great; Latin secretary to the state, embassies to Rome, everything was his, even to the envy of Niccolo Machiavelli. The world saw only the dazzling success; there were a few who marked "the change that came from the final departure of moral youthfulness," who saw the perfidies and desertions of the dexterous and facile Greek, the baseness that smiles and triumphs; who knew how he had left to slavery the adoptive father who had rescued him and

made him what he was, how he proved false to the memory of Romola's father, who set him on his way to triumph in Florence, how he betrayed his great patrons, how he deceived poor Tessa, that "sweet, pouting, innocent, round thing," how he threw away the great treasure of Romola's love, and how his only bitter thought was that a timely, well-devised falsehood might have saved him from every fatal consequence.

Over against the figure of the man she married stands Romola, "fair as the Florentine lily before it got quarrelsome and turned red," as the rhapsodic Nello described her. Her contempt of all injustice and meanness, the noble serenity with which she accepted, though not without inward struggle, all that life and duty brought her, the willing service she rendered her father, her husband, the poor, the sufferers in the plague. Tito's abandoned father, even Tessa, her rival to the title of wife, the mother of Tito's children, the majestic self-possession which at the slightest touch on the fibers of affection or pity could become passionate with tenderness — all this justified her godfather, Bernardo del Nero, in his exhortation to her father: "Remember, Bardo, thou hast a rare

gem of thy own; take care no man gets it who is not likely to pay a worthy price. That pretty Greek has a lithe sleekness about him that seems marvelously fitted for slipping easily into any nest he fixes his eyes upon."

But he that smiles and triumphs does not always triumph to the end. He is sometimes found out. So it was with Tito. He had made the last preparation for departure to a larger field of action. Pursued in the night by a crowd of angry men, he barely had time to leap from a bridge into the Arno. A long swim in the darkness—in the tumult of his blood he could only feel vaguely that he was safe and might land. But where? The current was having its way with him; he hardly knew where he was; exhaustion was bringing on the dreamy state that precedes unconsciousness.

But now there were eyes that discerned him—aged, strong for the distance. Baldassare—his father—looking up blankly from the search to which his poverty had led him, had seen a white object coming along the stream—could that be any fortunate chance for him? He looked and looked till the ob-

ject gathered form; then he leaned forward with a start as he sat among the rank green stems, and his eyes seemed to be filled with a new light—yet he only watched—motionless. Something was being brought to him.

The next instant a man's body was cast violently on the grass two yards from him, and he started forward like a panther, clutching the velvet tunic as he fell forward on the body and flashed a look in the man's face.

Dead—was he dead? The eyes were rigid. But no, it could not be—justice had brought him. Men looked dead sometimes, and yet the life came back to them. Baldassare did not feel feeble in that moment. He knew just what he could do. He got his large fingers within the neck of the tunic and held them there, kneeling on one knee beside the body and watching the face. In his eyes there was only fierceness.

Rigid—rigid still. Those eyes with the half-fallen lids were locked against vengeance. Could it be that he was dead? Surely at last the eyelids were quivering; the eyes were no longer rigid. There was a vibrating light in them—they opened wide.

"Ah yes! You see me—you know me!"

Tito knew him; but he did not know whether it was life or death that had brought him into the presence of his injured father. It might be death—and death might mean this chill gloom with the face of the hideous past hanging over him forever.

But Baldassare's only dread was lest the young limbs should escape him. He pressed his knuckles against the round throat and knelt upon the chest with all the force of his aged frame. Let death come now!

WASHINGTON IRVING

WASHINGTON IRVING was born in New York in 1783 and died at his home "Sunnyside" on the Hudson in 1859.

Intended for the law, in which he had no interest, impoverished by the failure of business ventures, Irving turned to literature as a profession, and made a success which won for him a position at home and abroad as the most important American man of letters of his time. "Salmagundi" and "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty" gained him a reputation by their satire and comic power. When he went to England he found Sir Walter Scott ready to welcome him as a friend and to start him on a literary career there. "The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon" shows the charm he found in English life, as well as introduces the world to Rip Van Winkle. "Bracebridge Hall" and "Tales of a Traveler" established his fortunes. A long stay in Spain led to his "Columbus," "The Conquest of Granada," and "The Alhambra." On his return to America his reception was that of a great personage. The traditions of men of letters

in our diplomatic profession had already begun, and Irving was sent as ambassador to Spain.

His later years produced his lives of Goldsmith, Mohammed, and Washington. The days of painstaking investigation of sources had not yet arrived; it was as a man of letters rather than as a scholar that Irving wrote his historical books; the charm of his personality and the power to visualize people and circumstances helped him greatly. But his really creative and original work, such as "The Sketch-Book" and "Knickerbocker," will always find the most devoted readers of the earliest American man of letters.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

By WASHINGTON IRVING

Condensation by
MABEL HERBERT URNER

IN a sequestered cove of the Hudson lies the drowsy valley of Sleepy Hollow—once a remote, enchanted region, abounding in haunted spots and twilight superstitions.

The dreamy, visionary Dutch folk, descendants of the early settlers, were given to marvelous beliefs. Many were their fireside tales of ghosts and evil spirits.

The most awesome wraith of this bewitched neighborhood was a headless figure on a powerful black charger, which at midnight rode forth from the church graveyard.

At every country fireside were told blood-curdling stories of the weird and ghoulish pranks of this headless horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

Perhaps the most superstitious soul throughout the valley, in the days just following the Revolution, was the country schoolmaster, Ichabod Crane. Tall, lank, long-limbed, he was a grotesque figure, yet not lacking in conceit.

As was the custom he led an itinerant life, boarding with the farmers whose children he taught. Since he brought the local gossip and helped with the chores, his periodical visitations were welcomed by the housewives.

He also enlivened the long wintry evening with direful stories of witchcraft. In a snug chimney corner before a crackling wood fire there was fearsome pleasure in these blood-chilling tales.

But for this gruesome enjoyment, how dearly he paid when out alone at night! What menacing shadows beset his path! Every snow-covered bush stood a sheeted specter in his way.

However, it was not only these phantoms of the night that disturbed his peace, for his days were haunted by the most bewitching of all witches—a woman.

In his weekly singing class was Katrina Van Tassel, only child of a substantial farmer. Famed for her beauty and vast

expectations, the enraptured Ichabod became her ardent suitor.

Gloatingly he surveyed her father's rich meadowlands, the overflowing barns, and the great, sloping-roofed farm-house filled with treasure of old mahogany, pewter, and silver. All these rich possessions made Ichabod covet the peerless Katrina.

The most formidable of his many rivals was the roistering Brom Van Brunt, nicknamed, from his Herculean frame, Brom Bones.

He was the hero of all the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. A reckless horseman and foremost in all rural sports, he was always ready for a fight or a frolic.

Yet even the old dames, startled out of their sleep as he clattered by at midnight, looked upon his wild pranks with more goodwill than disfavor.

This rantipole hero had chosen to lay siege to the blooming Katrina. And when on a Sunday night his horse was tied to Van Tassel's palings all other suitors passed on in despair.

Ichabod, however, in his rôle of singing-master, made frequent visits at the farm.

Neither old Van Tassel, an easy, indulgent soul, nor his busy housewife interfered with the pedagogue's suit; yet his wooing was beset with difficulties.

Brom Bones had declared a deadly feud, and as Ichabod shrewdly avoided a physical combat, he became the object of whimsical persecutions by Brom and his boon companions.

They smoked out his singing school, broke into and turned topsy-turvy his schoolhouse, and, still worse, taught a scoundrel dog to whine as a rival instructor in psalmody to the fair Katrina.

One fine autumnal afternoon Ichabod, in a pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from which he ruled his laggard pupils.

The buzzing stillness of the school-room was broken by a galloping messenger, who brought an invitation to a "quilting frolic" that evening at Van Tassel's.

Promptly dismissing school, Ichabod furbished up his only suit of rusty black, and soon rode forth—a gallant cavalier to this bidding of his lady fair.

Gunpowder, the bony old plow-horse, borrowed from the farmer with whom Ichabod

was domiciled, was a suitable steed for his long, gaunt frame.

Jogging slowly along, it was after sundown when he reached Van Tassel's, where were gathered the farmer folk of the surrounding country.

However, it was not the buxom lasses which held Ichabod enthralled; it was the sumptuous abundance of the supper-table. Such luscious ham and chicken, and heaping platters of doughnuts, crullers, and ginger cakes!

Ichabod's rapacious appetite did ample justice to this repast, while he gloated over the opulence of which some day he might be master.

Soon the sound of fiddling bade all to the dance. With Katrina as his partner, smiling graciously at his amorous oglings, the lank but agile Ichabod clattered triumphantly about, while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with jealousy, kept broodingly aloof.

Later, Ichabod joined the sager folk, who sat smoking and spinning tales of ghosts and apparitions, and of the headless horseman that nightly tethered his steed among the churchyard graves.

Most terrifying were the adventures of

those who, on dark nights, had met that gruesome specter. Even Brom Bones testified that once, overtaken by the midnight trooper, he had raced with him to the church bridge, where the horseman had vanished in a flash of fire.

When at a late hour the revel broke up Ichabod lingered for the customary lovers' talk. What passed at that interview with the heiress was never known, but when he finally sallied forth it was with a dejected, chopfallen air.

Had Katrina's encouragement been only a coquettish trick to secure her conquest of his rival?

It was near the witching midnight hour that the crestfallen Ichabod pursued his solitary travel homeward. All the stories of ghosts and goblins told that evening now crowded hauntingly upon him.

The night grew deeper and darker as he approached the lonely churchyard—sombrous scene of many of the tales. Suddenly through the leaf-stirred stillness came the clatter of hoofs! Something huge and misshapen loomed above the crouching shadows.

In quaking terror Ichabod dashed ahead, but the unknown followed close. Then the

moonlight, through a rifting cloud, revealed the headless horseman! More ghastly still, his head rested on the pommel of his saddle!

Away they flew, Ichabod madly spurring Gunpowder, while the sinister horseman came galloping after.

As they reached the haunted road, turning off to Sleepy Hollow, the girth of Ichabod's saddle broke. Gripping his steed around the neck, as the saddle slipped from beneath him, he still plunged on, with the ghostly rider pursuing him.

The church bridge, where in Brom Bones's tale the specter had vanished, was just ahead. Another moment and old Gunpowder was thundering over the resounding planks.

Here Ichabod, casting a backward glance, saw the goblin rising in his stirrups and in the very act of hurling his head.

The horrible missile crashed against Ichabod's cranium and he plunged headlong into the road—while Gunpowder and the ghostly horseman swept on.

The next morning the old horse was found, saddleless, grazing at his master's gate. But no Ichabod!

In the road by the church was found the

saddle. Farther on was the trampled hat of the unfortunate pedagogue—and close beside it a shattered pumpkin!

The whole neighborhood was aroused. Brom Bones's story and all the other weird tales were called to mind, and the good folk sagely concluded that Ichabod had been carried off by the headless horseman.

Soon the school was removed to a less haunted section. Another pedagogue reigned, and Ichabod became only a legend.

It is true that several years later an old farmer, returning from New York, brought news that Ichabod was still alive; that fear of the goblin and chagrin at his dismissal by the heiress had caused his flight; that in another part of the country he had taught school, studied law, and become justice of the Ten-pound Court.

Brom Bones, who, shortly after his rival's disappearance, had led the blooming Katrina to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related. At the mention of the pumpkin he never failed to laugh heartily, which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to disclose.

The old country wives, however, maintain

to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by the headless horseman. And many gruesome tales of the pedagogue's fate are still told round the wintry firesides of Sleepy Hollow.

COOPER

HARDLY had Washington Irving begun the career with his "Knickerbocker History" and "The Sketch-Book" which made him the first American man of letters to achieve an international reputation when he was joined in that pleasant eminence by James Fenimore Cooper.

Irving wrote on the traditional lines of English literature. Cooper found something new. He presented the recent but romantic past of his own country on land and sea, and he introduced to the world the figure of the noble red man, with the glamour of mystery which the unknown always adds to romance. He is much more read to-day than Irving; his hold in foreign lands is particularly strong, probably due to the fact that his style could only be improved by translation. The thrill that comes from a wholesome story of adventure has a lure for all humanity, as have brave deeds of derring-do. The thirteen-year-old Yale freshman (who never got his degree) is known to thousands who have never heard of his great president, Timothy Dwight. "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Two Admirals," "The

Pioneers," "The Prairie," "The Red Rover," "The Pathfinder," are some of his books most familiar, but every one has his own particular taste in adventure. Bon voyage to the young in heart who have yet to meet James Fenimore Cooper.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Condensation by
THOMAS D. CONNOLLY

IN the third year of the war between France and England in North America news came to Ford Edward, where lay General Webb with five thousand men, that Montcalm was advancing on Fort William Henry, held by the veteran Scotchman, Munro. Webb, instead of going to the assistance of Munro, sent him a scant handful of men.

Munro's daughters, Cora and Alice, determined to visit their father, despite the danger. Captain Duncan Heyward, deeply in love with Alice, offered to serve as their escort. The party set out by little-frequented paths, guided by an Indian, Le Renard Subtil, or Magua, as he was known to his tribe. An eccentric singing-master, David

Gamut, attached himself to the party, despite Heyward's protests.

As the unsuspecting travelers pressed through the thick forests, a savage face glared at them from a thicket. Magua was leading the party into a trap.

Two men sat by the banks of a small stream about an hour's journey from Fort Edward. One, a magnificent specimen of Indian manhood, had a terrifying emblem of death painted upon his naked breast. The other, tall, with the lithe muscles of the woodsman, was white.

"Listen, Hawkeye," said the Indian, "we Mohicans came and made this land ours. Then came the Dutch, and gave my people the fire-water. Then they parted with their land. Now I, a chief and a sagamore, have never seen the sun shine except through the trees, and have never visited the graves of my fathers. And my son, Uncas, the last of the tribe, is the last of the Mohicans."

As his name was mentioned, Uncas slipped into view and seated himself gravely by the side of his father, Chingachgook.

Almost immediately the little cavalcade from Fort Edward came into view. Hey-

ward, addressing Hawkeye, inquired as to their whereabouts, explaining that their Indian guide had lost his way.

"An Indian lost in the woods?" said the scout in perplexity. "I should like to look at the creature."

He crept stealthily into the thicket, to return after a moment, his suspicions fully confirmed. Explaining to Heyward that the Indian had tried to trap the party, he outlined a plan for the capture of the traitor. But, as they stole upon him, Magua divined their plan and vanished in the thick woods.

Hawkeye realized the serious plight of the little party and volunteered to help them. They set off up the river in a canoe, bound for a cave where none but the scout and his Indian companions had ever set foot. This haven they reached in safety, although pursued by a band of Indians as they crossed the lake.

They had barely reached their island fortress when Magua's band appeared on their trail. The scout and his companions valiantly defended their cave against a horde of Indians, inflicting heavy losses until their ammunition gave out. Then Cora, seeing that resistance was useless, begged the scout

and two Indians to slip down the river and attempt to secure reinforcements at Fort William Henry. But a short while after the scouts set off Magua and his warriors appeared and made captive the whites who remained in the cave.

Magua divided his band, and set off with his captives, attended by a handful of braves. He offered to send Alice to her father if Cora would go with him to his wigwam. Alice indignantly refused, and Magua, enraged, prepared to torture his captives.

Just as a brave rushed at Alice, with tomahawk raised, a rifle cracked, and the Indian dropped. Hawkeye, followed by Uncas and Chingachgook, rushed upon the bewildered Indians; only Magua escaped the fury of their attack. The captives were freed, and in a short time the party entered Fort William Henry, despite the fact that Montcalm was attacking it.

Their stay in the fort was brief, however, for Munro, his forces heavily outnumbered by those of Montcalm, was forced to capitulate. Montcalm promised that the defenders of the fort should be permitted to depart for Ford Edward, and guaranteed that they

should not be molested. Munro agreed, and the English abandoned the stronghold.

As the women and children were filing across the plain before the fort, an Indian reached out for a trinket on the breast of a woman who bore a child in her arms. Affrighted, the woman drew back, whereupon the Indian seized the child and dashed it to the ground, then buried his tomahawk in the head of the woman. In an instant the Indians of Montcalm's army fell upon the helpless women and children. Death was everywhere and in horrible forms.

Suddenly Magua caught sight of Cora and Alice, who stood helpless by a pile of slain. He seized the terrified girls and hurried them off into the woods. Gamut, whom the Indians venerated as one insane, was permitted to accompany them.

A few days later Hawkeye and his Indian companions, with Heyward and Munro, stood on the bloody plain. They had searched carefully for the bodies of the girls, but without success. Hawkeye, certain that Magua had carried them off, searched diligently for the trail. Suddenly they found it, and the little party set off after the wily Magua.

The trail led to an Indian village, where

they came upon Gamut, ludicrously attired as an Indian warrior. Heyward, disguised as a medicine-man, entered the camp with Gamut. He had been in the encampment but a short while when an old chief requested him to drive the evil spirit from the wife of one of his young men. As Heyward was preparing for the unwelcome task, an Indian was brought into the camp, and all thought of the woman vanished at the news that the prisoner was Uncas, deadly foe of the tribe.

Soon, as the excitement over the captive subsided, the old chief remembered the sick woman, and escorted Heyward to her chamber, in a cave of the neighboring mountain. As Heyward, alone in the chamber, save for the dying woman, looked around him, he was startled by a great, shaggy bear which padded noiselessly in. Suddenly its head slipped off and, Heyward, astounded, was gazing at Hawkeye, who, thus attired, had made his way into the Indian village.

As the scout rearranged his disguise, Heyward, hearing a slight noise in another chamber, investigated, and found Alice there. With Hawkeye's assistance he managed to bring the girl from the chamber and stole out of the village. Hawkeye, still in the

character of a bear, fearlessly entered the cabin where Uncas was imprisoned, and succeeded in liberating him. Together they made their way into the forest.

Magua, although keeping Alice with his own tribe, had intrusted the care of Cora to a friendly tribe of Delawares. Immediately after the escape of Alice he hurried to the encampment of the Delawares to claim Cora. By Indian law, the girl was his captive, and he bore her away, despite the intervention of Uncas, a hereditary chief of the tribe.

As soon as he had vanished in the forest, the tribe, under the leadership of Uncas, prepared to follow him and war against his people. In their hideous war panoply they hurried on Magua's trail.

A bloody battle was fought between the two Indian tribes, and the forces of Le Renard Subtil crushingly defeated. Seeing that the day was lost, the wily savage seized Cora in his arms and hurried toward the mountains, Uncas, Heyward, and Hawkeye in hot pursuit.

Cora, knowing the fate that lay before her, suddenly refused to move from the ledge on which she stood.

"Woman!" cried Magua, raising his knife,

"choose—the wigwam or the knife of Le Subtil?"

As he spoke, Uncas thudded down beside him, having jumped from a fearful height to the ledge. Magua, a ferocious smile on his dusky face, plunged his knife into the body of his prostrate enemy. While Magua gloated over the dying Uncas one of his companions sheathed his knife in Cora's bosom.

With a wild cry of triumph, Magua, after leaping a wide fissure, made for the summit of the mountain. A single bound would carry him to the brink of the precipice and assure his safety.

He shouted, defiantly: "The palefaces are dogs! The Delawares, women! Magua leaves them on the rocks for the crows!"

He turned and leaped for the height, but fell short, and only saved himself by grasping a bush that grew from the side of the mountain. As he slowly pulled himself up, Hawkeye's rifle cracked from below. Magua, shaking his hand in defiance of his enemy, shot downward to destruction.

RUSSELL

THE author of "The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor'" was born in New York, February 24, 1844; he was the son of Henry Russell, author of the popular song, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer." He was educated at the famous Winchester in England, and at Boulogne in France. At thirteen he shipped on a British merchantman and served for eight years, which gave him first-hand information for the stories which have for so long been a delight to all who love a tale of the sea. His first book was "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate"; it was followed by a rapid and lengthy succession of tales of the sea in a clear and picturesque style with abundant dramatic skill. This first book won him a devoted audience, increased the next year by the story which readers will most readily associate with his name, "The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor'"; in addition to being a good story, it pleads for better treatment of English sailors, especially in matters of food. The proper care of the sailorman has always been one of the things needing attention. In addition to being a prolific writer of books, he was also a newspaper

man, writing "leaders" or editorial articles for "The London Daily Telegraph." These were of enough importance to be gathered together in "Round the Galley Fire" and other volumes. He died in 1911.

THE WRECK OF THE "GROSVENOR"

By W. CLARK RUSSELL

Condensation by
JAMES B. CONNOLLY

WE were bound out of London with a general cargo. The wind dying out, we had to come to anchor in the Downs. The crew had been grumbling about the grub, and were now grumbling yet more. I was second officer, and to me came the cook, saying, "Mr. Royle, would you mind tasting this?" and handed me a bit of a ship's biscuit. "Sugar, molasses, tea, and pork—if they call 'em that—they're all the same rotten mess, sir."

The biscuit was bad, and though it was not my place to do so, I took it to Captain Coxon, but got nothing from him except curses and the cold advice to mind my own affairs. Mr. Duckling, the first officer, added

a few obsequious remarks on his own account. The result was that the crew, getting no redress, refused to make sail on the ship and were put ashore. Next morning a crimp came down from London with a fresh crew.

A fair wind sprang up, the ship was got under way, but we were not clear of the Channel when the new crew were also complaining of the grub. Hot words were passed between them and the captain, so hot that the captain had to take notice. He finally promised to put into some handy port, in Spain or elsewhere along the route, and lay in a fresh supply of ship's stores.

"What injustice in the meanness of owners and captains!" I thought. Here were good sailors and ordinarily harmless men who might be made into criminals, and all to the end that our banking balances might be kept large and our national power supreme. Without the British sailor there would be no British Empire, and what treatment is meted out to him! He submits to hardships and danger, and receives low wages, poor food, and mean living-quarters; even should he be granted a hearing for a grievance, nineteen out of twenty persons appointed to investigate the trouble are qualified neither

by experience nor by sympathy to render a just verdict.

The *Grosvenor*, of which I was second officer, was a fast-sailing, full-rigged little ship of five hundred tons. The captain, under owner's orders to make what time he could to Valparaiso, was out to drive her. We were rushing along under a press of canvas when we ran over a small craft of some kind. I got a glimpse, in the dark, of a mast and a sail before they vanished under us.

No word came to bring her to. I asked Captain Coxon, who was on deck, if he was not going to try to save the possible survivors.

"Save be hanged! Why didn't they keep out of our way?"

I knew what I wanted to say; but it is in the power of a ship's captain to injure, even to ruin, the future of an officer under him. I held my tongue.

We ran into a three days' gale. We had a terrible time, but managed to live through it. As it was moderating we sighted a wreck, a most mournful and piteous sight. It was in my watch, and I ordered the ship luffed to have a better look at her. What I saw was an arm projecting through her

deck-house window. I at once called the captain and asked for instructions.

"Keep her away!" was his order.

I called him a murderer and appealed to the men. They cried to save the lives on the wreck. The captain then allowed me to take a boat's crew and see what I could do.

After a hard struggle our boat made the wreck. She was an English ship. At no little peril I ran along the deck to her house, where I found a young girl and her old father. Another man was also there alive, but insane. Seeing a pannikin of fresh water, this man grabbed it, drained it, and dropped dead.

When we were back aboard the *Grosvenor* I, for my part in the rescue, was put in irons.

This wreck incident, added to further needless abuse of the men and the further failure of the captain to live up to his promise of putting in for better food, inflamed the crew beyond endurance. They watched their chance, rushed the poop in the night, and killed the captain. They then killed Mr. Duckling. They might have killed me, too, notwithstanding that I had shown sympathy to them, but somebody had to navigate the ship to within fifty miles of the Florida coast,

which was where they intended to abandon her and row ashore.

Having the safety of the young girl and her old father as well as my own life to think of, I agreed to act as navigator.

I was having my supper in the cabin under the new régime when I felt a touch on my arm. I looked up. It was Miss Robertson, the rescued girl. Before I could prevent her, she took my hand and kissed it. She told me then of the wrecked ship. Her father, a wealthy Liverpool merchant, was the owner of the ship, which had been bound home from Cape Town. After the storm, the officers and crew, fearing the ship would sink under them, had taken to the boats. She and her father had spent a terrible three days on the wreck, and now her father, already a nervous wreck, was shaken anew by the frightful threats of the mutineers here. She trusted to me for the safety of her father and herself.

Her trust inspired me with new energy. To save them I was now ready to play any game whatever with Stevens, who was the leader of the mutineers. Our boatswain, who had not wished to join them, but to save his life had done so, was on my side. It was he who told me that Stevens was intending

to scuttle the ship before they took to the boats, and so leave me and the passengers to our fate.

We planned to frustrate him. By this time we had taken Miss Robertson into our confidence. One night the boatswain apparently fell overboard and was drowned; but he had not fallen overboard—it was a box of tenpenny nails, which I had thrown over the side. This was the night before that day when Stevens went below and bored the auger holes which were to do for the ship; but as fast as Stevens bored a hole the boatswain, who had been hiding below for that very thing, followed and plugged it up.

Thinking he had scuttled the ship, Stevens came on deck and led the crew to the boats, grinning evilly at Miss Robertson and myself as he did so. They had not rowed far from the ship when the boatswain showed himself on deck. Stevens saw him. "We've been tricked!" he cried, and headed back for the ship. The wind was rising at the time, but there was not enough way yet on the ship to outrun the boats. They tried to board us by the main chains. As they did, the boatswain with a handspike and I with a revolver killed or hurled back into the sea all but one

of them. That one was not so bad as the others, and we saved him to help work on the ship. Throughout the fight Miss Robertson, who had been gaining strength with every hour, held the wheel so that the ship should not be caught aback and the spars come down on us.

We had now to work the ship to the nearest land; but the increasing wind made it dangerous, with our meager crew, to keep sail on her. We worked like dogs to reduce sail, but the wind became too much for us. It came on us like a solid wall; the seas rolled to our tops. Spars cracked and hung down over our decks. Only after the most exhausting toil did we manage to clear away the most dangerous of the broken spars. In the height of it poor Mr. Robertson died. I read the eleventh chapter of St. John over his body.

In time the wind abated; but the sea, continuing to tumble and roar, strained our ship so that she sprang a leak. There were not enough of us to keep her pumped out. We pumped till our arms fell to our sides, but of no avail. When the water was to our main chains we took to the boats; and it was then, when we believed we were doomed to die,

that Mary Robertson and I confessed our love for each other, she the daughter of a wealthy man and I a poor, penniless sailor.

The sun was setting; the sky, far to the north and south, a golden color; the sea was a purple glare, the heavens a tender green and blue; and while we were gazing on all this glory the ship went down.

That night, before the rough seas could swallow us, a steamer picked us up and took us home.

PARKER

GILBERT PARKER, British novelist, was born at Camden East, Addington, Ontario, on the 23d of November, 1862. He was educated at Ottawa and at Trinity University, Toronto. At one time he lived in Australia, and while there was editor of "The Sydney Herald." In the early 'nineties he began to make a reputation as a writer of romantic fiction.

He took for the subject of some of the most important of his stories the history and life of the French Canadians. His reputation rests largely on the fine descriptive and dramatic quality of these Canadian stories.

"Pierre and His People" was followed by "The Trail of the Sword," "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," "An Adventurer of the North," and "The Seats of the Mighty" (dramatized in 1897).

The scene of "The Battle of the Strong" is laid in the Channel Islands. Parker's chief later books are "The Right of Way," published in 1901, "Donovan Pasha," "The Ladder of Swords," and others. "The Right of Way" is the story of a

man who tried to "come back" after making a failure of his life.

Parker's Canadian connections and his experiences in Australia and elsewhere made him a strong imperialist in politics. He was elected to Parliament in 1900 (re-elected 1906–10) as Conservative member from Gravesend.

In 1902 Parker was knighted, and he strengthened his position in the party by his energetic work on behalf of the tariff reform. He came to rank, by 1910, as one of the foremost men of the Unionist party.

THE RIGHT OF WAY

By SIR GILBERT PARKER

Condensation by
HELEN B. DOLE

"NOT guilty, your Honor!" Such was the unexpected verdict in Jo Portugais's murder trial at Montreal. This result was due to the remarkable pleading of Charley Steele, popularly called "Beauty Steele," a brilliant, handsome young lawyer addicted to strong drink. His success in this case also won for him the hand of the beautiful Kathleen Wantage, whom he admired, although he did not love her, any more than she loved him.

After the trial Jo tried to thank Charley. "Get out of my sight," he replied; "you are as guilty as hell!"

Five years later found him still more brilliant and more a slave to the bottle. He had corrupted Kathleen's brother Billy, and demoralized the popular preacher, the Rev.

John Brown. Billy forged Charley's name and squandered twenty-five thousand dollars of trust money, but Charley resolved to save him from ruin. He went that night to the "Côte Dorion" tavern, where he drank heavily, quarreled recklessly with some rough river-drivers, and was kicked senseless and flung into the river.

Just at that moment Jo Portugais, on a raft opposite the tavern, heard the scuffle and the splash, jumped into the water, and rescued the insensible man, whom he recognized as his former deliverer. Taking him to his hut on Vadrome Mountain, near Chaudière Parish, he nursed him seven months till he was restored to health, but with his memory completely gone. After the curé's brother, M. Loisel, a skilled surgeon, operated on him his memory returned. He did not know Jo, but his eye chanced to fall on a newspaper which told of his own death, of the marriage of his wife to a former admirer, and accused him of having embezzled the trust money.

What was he to do? He could not go back even to clear himself. He decided to remain unknown, as Charles Mallard, in Chaudière. The village postmistress, Rosalie Evanturel, a charming girl of fine family

and convent education, made his acquaintance by bringing up to him a parcel-post package from the surgeon. Charley became apprentice to the elderly, crotchety tailor, Louis Trudel, and went to live with him. Louis was suspicious of him because he was an infidel, and determined to show him a sign from heaven so as to convert him. He stole from the church door the little iron cross blessed by the Pope, and late one night, after Charley had gone to bed, heated it red-hot, and, rushing upstairs, dropped it on Charley's bare chest. Rosalie from the post-office opposite noticed a light under the tailor's door at that unusual hour and, suspecting something wrong, saw through the shutters what the man was doing. She hastened through the kitchen and upstairs, but too late to stay the tailor's hand. He turned and fell headlong and died soon after, calling Charley "a black infidel from hell."

Rosalie took the cross to the post-office and afterward restored it to the church door. Chaudière believed that the tailor's death was due to the infidel and was ready to mob him, but the curé took his part and urged the people to pray that he might be brought into the fold.

Charley lived on in the tailor's house and continued his business, giving most of his earnings to the poor and the sick, and fighting the demon drink which frequently assailed him.

It was St. Jean Baptiste's Day. Chaudière was filled with festivity. As the militia came noisily into the village Charley rescued a man and his frightened horse from death. The man proved to be John Brown, now become a quack doctor and advertising his nostrums by singing comic songs. Charley, hiding behind some trees, heard him telling the story of his old friend "Champagne Charley." All day he had been fighting a fierce battle with a raging thirst and questioning himself about Rosalie. Could he marry while his wife was still living? Should he tell her all and let the law separate him from Kathleen? But Rosalie was a Catholic and the church opposed divorce.

Just then a bottle of whisky fell from the pocket of a drunken *habitant* at his very feet. With an uncontrollable impulse he seized it and drained it. Jo Portugais followed him as he staggered home, and Charley in his delirium recognized him as the murderer he had pleaded for. He took Jo by the throat, then fell to the floor. For five

days Jo struggled to save his life, and then carried him back to Vadrome Mountain. Rosalie came to warn him that he was suspected of stealing the gold vessels from the cathedral in Quebec and trying to blow up Government House. She had hardly finished speaking when the curé, the seigneur, and the Abbé Rossignol entered with two constables. The abbé charged Charley with the theft, which he stoutly denied. Jo called the abbé aside and confessed his crime in order to save his friend, promising to give himself up at the end of a year. Meantime Charley took a vial of laudanum from his pocket, but as he was about to uncork it Rosalie sprang from behind a curtain, crying, "If you go, I go also." Footsteps were heard and he promised not to take the poison. The abbé came to announce that he believed Charley's denial. His great temptation still remained, but he found help in Rosalie's eyes. It was the first time he had yielded to a power outside himself.

The curé was planning to give the Passion Play at the Indian Reservation of Four Mountains at Easter, and asked Charley to translate the German text and to make some drawings for the costumes. He did so.

About this time Rosalie took her crippled father to the hospital at Montreal and was gone some months, which were months of misery for Charley. What could he do? He felt that it had been dastardly of him to win her love, when he could give her only the empty hand, the hopeless hour, the secret sorrow in return. He fought his old enemy with desperate resolve.

The week before Easter he went to Montreal with Jo's dogs and sled. In the dead of night he entered the white house on the hill where Kathleen was living, made his way to a secret cupboard, and removed two packets; one contained his mother's pearls worth ten thousand dollars, and the other a thousand dollars in notes. As he turned, after restoring the panel, Kathleen stood before him in her nightgown. She was asleep. Charley followed her as she walked out of the house, across the lawn toward the river where the gate was open. Her life was in his hands. For a moment he hesitated, then noiselessly stole between her and the gate, closed and locked it. Her husband, not fifty feet away, called to him.

"Hush! She's asleep," Charley whispered, and disappeared, unrecognized.

Rosalie's father died soon after this and she was ill for weeks. The Passion Play brought unwelcome crowds to Chaudière; the last three days strangers were prohibited. At the final performance Rosalie chose to take the part of Marie Magdalen. (It was an act of expiation. After the play ended she received absolution.) Far away under the trees sat a man in misery immeasurable. It was Charley. That night he wrote for a long time; then put the paper with the pearls and the money in the safe. That same night John Brown lay drunk in the church. He lighted a match and threw it on a surplice. Soon cries of "Fire" were heard. Charley and Jo saved the sacred treasures. Rosalie went back for the little cross and Charley dashed in and rescued her.

By his eloquence the people were induced to give one-fortieth of their possessions for a new edifice. The money collected was placed in his charge and locked in his safe under the parish seal. While he and Jo were keeping guard over it, Billy Wantage, John Brown, and three other rogues, having learned where the money was, entered the tailor's house to steal it. Billy shot Charley, Jo killed John Brown, two of the other men fired at Jo and

killed him. The seal was found intact. Rosalie helped bind up Charley's wound and the curé was preparing to give him the sacrament. Suddenly the bandage slipped—or did he purposely let it slip?—and he died faithful in his love for Rosalie. She lived, rejoicing in her memory of him and in her lifelong service for the poor and suffering of the parish.

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CHURCHILL

WINSTON CHURCHILL has been almost as versatile as his English namesake. It is a far cry from the story of romantic adventure and the historical novel to the tale of reforming tendencies, political, social, and religious. He has an acute knowledge of what will interest the great public, and writes a story about it in such a way that he becomes a phenomenal best seller. He has learned the profession of writing novels by novel-writing, and he learned to portray people by careful study of those he wanted to use. He has acquired a power of characterization that is almost photographic. He uses this power to present people of great appeal to a large body of Americans, for they are the type known to many. All this shows the seriousness of the man. That his political novels, for instance, are real stories of politics is shown by the fact that a former President of the United States and two former governors of Massachusetts have consented to retell them in shortened form for the readers of "The Boston Post."

Winston Churchill has written his best book, so far, in the opinion of most readers, in "Coniston";

it portrays a vital phase of American political life; it has had a potent influence in improving the conduct of our public affairs. In Jethro Bass he has created his greatest character, as yet—one that will probably take permanent rank in American literature.

CONISTON

By WINSTON CHURCHILL

Condensation by
HON. SAMUEL W. McCALL

CONISTON was a small village upon a shelf on a mountain-side commanding one of the gorgeous views characteristic of a little commonwealth which has many a larger sister state, but none worthier.

The politics of the place was under the control of the Church party, which something more than three-quarters of a century ago held sway over many of the towns of New England. But the career of "Old Hickory" was giving a new impulse to democracy and portended little good to any ruling class, whatever its virtues. All that was needed was a leader, and one was found in a young man named Jethro Bass, who was the son of a well-to-do tanner. Jethro inherited from his father a snug little fortune, but his education had been almost wholly neglected.

He skilfully made use of the rising discontent by appeals to ambition and personal interest. It became clear that the ruling party was to be challenged at the coming town meeting, and so presumptuous a thing stirred society to its depths.

The spiritual leader of the Church party was the clergyman. His lovely daughter, Cynthia, filled a large place in the eyes of Jethro, and she was drawn to him by the unmistakable signs of power apparent under his awkward exterior. They used sometimes to meet by chance, and, unlike as they were in point of cultivation, they were really very much in love with each other, a circumstance that had rather to be inferred because Jethro was little likely to exercise the initiative and say anything about it. Once when in Boston he bought a beautiful locket and had engraved upon it, "Cynthy from Jethro," but he never mustered up the courage to present it. When the political tempest was rising Cynthia, who sympathized strongly with her father's party, decided to go to Jethro and plead with him to stop the fight. Before he knew her purpose he broke his silence and declared his love. Perhaps if he had been given a chance for reflection and had not

been so upset by his own confession he would have granted her request, but that did not seem possible at the moment. Cynthia took his refusal as a decree of separation, and she left him, never to see him again, and he set out upon the career which ended in his becoming the uncrowned king of his state.

The town-meeting fight went on and Jethro was chosen first selectman, the only office he ever held and in which he continued for thirty-six years. Cynthia went to Boston, where she became teacher in a high school, and in the course of time married William Wetherill, the clerk who had sold Jethro the locket. She first learned about the locket from her husband and confessed to him her love for Jethro. After a few years she died, leaving a little girl who bore her name. Wetherill moved to Coniston, taking young Cynthia with him, and went to keeping the village store.

In the years that had gone by Jethro had found Coniston too small and was engaged in carrying on the government of the state. He had his lieutenants in every county and possessed such an organization that he was able to select most of the men who held the important offices and to control their actions

afterward. In brief, he became the "boss" of the state and the people who desired legislation or offices found it necessary to visit him. Avarice did not seem to be the motive that controlled him. Railroads were being built, manufacturing developed, and he took pride in making himself indispensable in what was going on. When little Cynthia appeared at Coniston he at once loved her as he would have loved his own daughter. Her father was unable to meet his obligations at the bank. Jethro quietly bought the mortgage and had it assigned to himself. Cynthia used to call him Uncle Jethro and loved him as she did her father.

After a time the railroad corporations decided to consolidate. Jethro, whether he feared that they would become too large for the state or for him, did not approve of consolidation. Thereupon they decided to overthrow him. The fight began over his home post-office. He was known to favor an old soldier named Eph Prescott who had been badly wounded in the Wilderness and whom he had helped in his uphill fight as he had helped many another person. The railroad party decided to defeat Jethro's candi-

date in order to weaken his prestige in the state, and it had the support of many men who had formerly done his bidding and of the "Congressman from the district," the usual autocrat in the distribution of offices of that class.

Jethro went to Washington and contrived to have an apparently chance meeting between President Grant and Eph. Grant was attracted by Eph's simplicity. They talked over the battles they had fought together with a modesty which furnished another instance that the noisiest patriots are not always the greatest. Grant appointed Eph. When the news of the victory reached home Jethro's prestige was much increased.

He placed Cynthia in a finishing school in Boston. Being a young woman of high spirit, she was not happy there. The fact that she came from a remote country place and of an unknown family very likely had something to do with the treatment she received in those primitive days before finishing schools had been made wholly safe for democracy. One day a paper controlled by Isaac Worthington, the head of the corporation party, made a savage attack upon

Jethro as a lobbyist and a "boss." The paper found its way into Cynthia's hands and gave her the greatest distress. She went to Jethro and asked him if the story was true. He said, "They hain't put it just as they'd ought to be, perhaps, but that's the way I done it in the main." His manly confession caused her to love him even more than before. She withdrew from the finishing school and went to teach in Brampton, the town in which Worthington lived. Jethro, shaken by the effect on Cynthia, determined to withdraw from politics.

The state was in a ferment. Would the corporations be able to down Jethro? For the first time in nearly forty years Jethro did not appear at the Coniston town meeting. The enemy won by default. The news heartened the corporations everywhere. Worthington had always been an enemy of Jethro's, although he had accepted his help more than once, and, while indulging in very virtuous speeches, had practised essentially the same methods. His son, Bob, was madly in love with Cynthia, but she subordinated her own love for Bob completely to her fidelity to Jethro. Bob proposed to her and she refused. He declared that he

would leave his father and earn his own living and then claim her on account of what he had himself done. He wrote his father, telling him his purpose. When the latter received the letter he flew into a rage. Learning that Cynthia was a teacher in his own town, he called the committee together, the majority of whom he controlled, and had them pass a vote ignominiously dismissing her from the school. This action aroused Jethro and he straightway took up the battle again against the corporation magnate responsible for the outrage. He swooped down upon the Capitol like an eagle. His genius for political generalship flashed out with its old-time brightness. Messages went to the valley towns and to the north country. The "throne room" was open again, and, although the battle had been apparently lost through Jethro's withdrawal, it became evident that the corporations were destined to defeat. Finally Worthington was willing to surrender and asked Jethro's terms. Jethro said, "Consent to the marriage of Cynthia and Bob." Worthington complied in some high-flown letters and the marriage took place. Jethro withdrew from the fight and from politics and passed his old age near Cynthia,

blessed by her love and that of her children. (With apologies to Mr. Winston Churchill.)

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HARDY

THOMAS HARDY has been reviled by critics and public as a pessimist, determined to look upon the dark side of life. Careful reading reveals him dispassionately true to the realities of life. He depicts with matchless skill the struggle of human beings against fate—the fate of an inner weakness or a cruel and inescapable circumstance.

He paints these struggles with a background of nature which is beautiful or sinister, gentle or ugly, but is always inevitable and organic. Yet his own "solitary, brooding, strongly colored mind" dominates men and landscape.

This is especially true in his most famous novel, "Tess." It is at once the most tragically pitiful of his books and, if deeply read, the most hopeful, for the sorrows of Tess are due to stupidities in our civilization which may be done away with.

"Jude the Obscure" is a far more terrible and depressing book, for in its tragedy man is more at the mercy of chance and the inherent weakness of human nature.

The rustics of Hardy, comparable only to Shakespeare's, seem to grow out of the very soil of that half-

imaginary Wessex which he has made famous. Their humor and quaint wisdom constitute a kind of Greek chorus in the Wessex books.

Although Hardy sees "all that is irresponsible for good and evil in a woman's character, all that is untrustworthy in her brain and will, all that is alluring in her variability," he has yet ventured to marry twice, first in 1874 and again in 1914.

He lives in his own Wessex, writing occasional poems of flashing insight.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

By THOMAS HARDY

Condensation by
ALFRED S. CLARK

BEFORE Bathsheba Everdene came to Weatherbury as mistress of the manor-house time seemed to have forgotten the village. The smock-clad shepherds in the thatch-roofed cottages might have been, as far as appearances went, their own ancestors of four centuries before. Little happenings seemed tremendous. The pulling down of a hovel was a stirring event; the transformation of a well into a pump shook Weatherbury like a revolution.

The stir of the great world without, its romance and passion and tragedy—these came to Weatherbury — with Bathsheba. There was a new arrival to be discussed, a great-boned, ruddy-faced shepherd, Gabriel

Oak, who beat out a fire that menaced the wheat-ricks and who remained to work for Bathsheba. Fanny Robin, a servant, disappeared, lured by a soldier's red coat. These were things to agitate the heads of the rustics who gathered at nightfall in the old malt-house to drink and to moralize.

Their heads would have wagged even more had they known that Gabriel Oak, only a few weeks before, had been his own master, and had vainly urged Bathsheba, then a penniless maiden, to marry him. Things that had seemed commonplace enough had abruptly reversed their places in the world. A man had died in Weatherbury; a dog had driven to death a flock of sheep. These were but the inevitable tragedies of life, and yet the one had suddenly made Bathsheba an heiress; the other had driven Gabriel out upon the highways to seek work. Chance or fate had kindled a fire, Gabriel had saved the wheat, and the two lives that had been flung so far apart were brought near again.

The pain of seeing another win her whom he loved would be intense, but Gabriel preferred even this to life where he could not see her. He knew that this must happen. Bathsheba was young, beautiful, wealthy,

but rarer than these was her high spirit. "She was the stuff of which great men's mothers are made. She was indispensable to high generation, hated at tea parties, feared in shops, and loved at crises." This spirit, however, was to flame more brightly later, after her impetuosity had plunged her into the crises that were to prove her worth.

In all Weatherbury, one man alone was heedless to her charm. This was William Boldwood, "the nearest approach to aristocracy that this remoter quarter of the parish could boast of." She resented being ignored and, in a moment of thoughtlessness, sent him a valentine that fanned into flame passions that Boldwood had hidden from the world.

At the shearing supper held in the great barn Gabriel could see that Boldwood's suit was prospering. He was madly in love, she no longer discouraged him. Neither Bathsheba nor Boldwood was thinking then of a song she had sung earlier that evening, when "the shearers reclined against one another as at suppers in the early ages of the world." Yet afterward how often were they to recall with a shudder the words that Bathsheba had so lightly sung:

For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he:
On the banks of Allan Water
None was gay as she.

That very night the soldier came into her life, came as she walked about the farm to see that all was secure. Her skirt was caught as she trod fearfully through a growth of high firs; she heard the mutter of a man's voice. A dark-lantern revealed a spur entangled in her skirt, a young and slender man clad in brilliant brass and scarlet. It flashed like a gleam of romance in gray days, that scarlet coat that was afterward to be remembered as so sinister a portent.

The man was Sergeant Troy, a light-hearted scoundrel whose ready flattery sounded sweeter in Bathsheba's ears than the stammering longing of Gabriel or Boldwood. He courted her romantically, wooing her with his sword. She stood, a few days later, in a hollow of ferns and about her flashed his whirling, edged weapon, slashing so close to her that she could hear its sharp hiss as it carved out in the air her lissome figure. And when he turned to leave her he stooped swiftly and kissed her on the lips.

Gabriel tried to warn Bathsheba, but she

scorned his reproaches. So he bore silently with his grief and he did not tell her that Troy had beguiled little Fanny Robin away from Weatherbury. Boldwood, whose heart had never before beat faster at a woman's approach, could not so control his anger. He shouted maledictions upon the man who had robbed him of all that had made life joyous. His madness precipitated that which he most dreaded, Bathsheba's marriage to Troy.

The hasty marriage led swiftly to sorrow, inevitably to tragedy. Troy celebrated the wedding by a revel in the barn where he and all the jovial rustics were soon hopelessly befuddled. Gabriel dared not drink with them. The creeping things of the night and the huddled sheep had warned him of a nearing storm, and in the fields the high ricks of wheat and barley lay uncovered.

The moon vanished and the wind subsided; on far horizons baleful fires fluttered. The mutter of distant thunder rolled into a sharp rattle. The flashes grew bright as he worked to protect the grain. Then Bathsheba was with him, and their laboring forms were outlined in black by the green snakes of fire that darted venomously earthward. As

she trembled with fright, Gabriel felt her warm arm tremble in his great, sheltering hand. She was another man's wife; she did not love him; but there was solace in the strange ways of fate that had brought her nearer to him than when her heart was free.

Tragedy came when Fanny Robin crept home to die. Her body, with that of her child, was brought back to the house where she had worked. Standing by the coffin, Bathsheba learned that Troy had never loved her as he had this girl who had borne death and shame for him. He fled from Weatherbury and word was brought to Bathsheba that he had been swept out to sea and drowned.

The seasons rolled on and sorrow gave to Bathsheba's face a seriousness that added to her charm. Boldwood dreamed again and he was made happy by a promise, although six years must pass before its fulfilment.

To celebrate his joy, he planned a Christmas Eve party, more than a year after Troy had disappeared. And it was on this night that Troy chose to reappear, striding like a specter among the merrymakers. As he advanced upon her, Bathsheba stood like a stricken thing, half convinced that delusion

had enthralled her. But there was nothing ghostly in the rough command that he shouted at her nor in the brutal grip that he took upon her arm. Then only did she stir, but she could not speak. A strangled scream was heard, then a deafening roar. Some eyes were upon Troy, pitching forward and never to rise again; others upon Boldwood, standing with a smoking gun in his hands.

Not until the next August, long after it was known that Boldwood was to be imprisoned for life, was Bathsheba able to walk as far as the village street. Fate had been hard to her. Of three men who had loved her, one had been killed by another who would never stride in the daylight again. And now word had come to her that Gabriel —honest, sturdy Gabriel—whom she had found the one man in the world who did not fail her in her need, was leaving her. She sought him in his humble cottage and he confessed that he was going because people were coupling his name with hers. "Such a thing as that is too absurd—too soon—to think of, by far!" she cried. When he agreed with her that it was "too absurd," she insisted that she had not said that, but "too soon." Even then minutes clicked away

before Gabriel could realize that what he had so long sought was to be his.

Their lives, in calm and storm, had been so close that, after the wedding, the rustics marveled at his easy way of speaking of "my wife." They agreed that he did not say the words as chillingly as might a man who had been married twenty years, but that that improvement would come later. Gabriel laughed aloud at that and Bathsheba smiled, for Bathsheba did not now laugh so readily as had been her wont when first she came among the simple folk of changeless Weatherbury.

COLLINS

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS, the son of a landscape and portrait painter, was born in London, January 8, 1824.

He died September 23, 1889. After some private education at home he spent three years in Italy with his father. On his return he became a clerk with a firm of tea merchants in London, but tea was not to his taste; he studied law at the famous Lincoln's Inn and was called to the bar in 1851. But he was still drifting; he was not attracted to the law, though he found his studies of great use to him in later days.

The death of the elder Collins in 1847 put the son partly in the way of finding himself, for he published his father's life in two volumes the next year. He had been turning over his experiences of three years' life in Italy, and in 1850 appeared his first novel, "Antonia, or the Fall of Rome." "Basil" was published in 1852, and "Hide and Seek" in 1854. He had not attracted the attention of the public as yet. The great event of his life, however, came in 1851, when he made the acquaintance of Charles Dickens.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE

By WILKIE COLLINS

Condensation by
ALICE FOX PITTS

IT was a close and sultry night early in August, and I, Walter Hartright, master of drawing, aged twenty-eight, was walking from Hampstead to London. In one moment every drop of blood in my body was brought to a stop by the touch of a hand laid gently on my shoulder. There, in the middle of the highroad, stood a woman dressed from head to foot in white garments. She asked me the way to London. I told her, and we parted.

Ten minutes later a carriage passed me and a few yards beyond stopped near a policeman. A man put his head from the window and asked: "Have you seen a woman pass this way—a woman in white? She has escaped from my asylum." At a shake of the policeman's head the carriage drove rapidly on.

The next day I was at Limmeridge House, Cumberland, in the service of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire. I was there to instruct his two young nieces in the art of painting. I found Marian Halcombe to be dark and ugly, but intelligent. Laura Fairlie, her half-sister, was light, pretty, and dependent. They were devoted to each other, and before my engagement was up I admired the one and loved the other.

My feelings were the cause of my leaving Limmeridge House. Marian Halcombe brought to me a realization of my own heart. "You must leave," she said, "not because you are only a teacher of drawing, but because Laura Fairlie is engaged to be married."

A few days before I left Cumberland, while walking alone in the evening, I was confronted by the same face which had first looked into mine on the London highroad by night. But I was startled less by its sudden reappearance than by my immediate recognition of an ominous likeness between this fugitive from the asylum and my fair pupil at Limmeridge House. Still greater was my consternation when the woman admitted having come to the neighborhood for the sole

purpose of thwarting the proposed marriage of Laura Fairlie.

I left Limmeridge House, and soon after embarked on an expedition to Central America. The same year Laura Fairlie became the bride of Sir Percival Glyde, Bart., and with her sister went to live at Blackwater Park, her husband's country estate. Count Fosco, an audacious and domineering Italian, and his wife were guests of the household. But all was not as harmonious as an English country party should be. Lady Glyde and her sister, as inseparable and confiding as ever, felt a perceptible coolness rising between them and the two gentlemen. Coolness turned to suspicion and soon to fear.

Then it was that Lady Glyde met the Woman in White. The mysterious person stole noiselessly up to her in the twilight one evening and whispered: "If you knew your husband's secret, he would be afraid of you. He would not dare use you as he has used me. I ought to have saved you before it was too late." But before the secret was told there were footsteps in the distance and the woman moved stealthily away.

Sir Percival learned of that brief interview, and *was* afraid of his wife. He demanded,

begged, threatened her to tell him all she knew. What had been a battle of wits between the two sisters and the two men became a struggle of strategy, and the women lost the fight. Lady Glyde was decoyed into leaving Blackwater Park for Count Fosco's London home. Less than two weeks later a tombstone in Cumberland bore this inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Laura, Lady Glyde."

On my return from Central America the same year I heard of the death, and immediately visited the grave. As I approached it, two women came toward me. One was Marian Halcombe; the other was veiled, but when she raised this covering from her face, there, looking at me, was Laura, Lady Glyde. She was pale, nervous, and depressed—more perfect than ever in her resemblance to the Woman in White.

Marian Halcombe told me what she knew. She had found her sister in an asylum, and in the grave at our feet was her mysterious double. Sir Percival's boldness and Count Fosco's cleverness had succeeded in exchanging the destinies of the two women. The circumstance had netted these two gentlemen

some thirty thousand pounds, derived from the estate of Lady Glyde.

The fortune was gone beyond recall, but Lady Glyde's true identity might yet be established in the face of such evidence as her death certificate and tombstone, and the incredulity of her friends and relatives. This I determined to do. Cast upon the world alone, the sisters readily agreed to allow me to take up their fight, and I determined that Laura should one day re-enter her father's estate recognized by all.

It soon was apparent that Sir Percival and Count Fosco were the persons I must fight. I worked secretly but directly, for I had no funds with which to carry on a fight through the courts. The secret with which the Woman in White had threatened Sir Percival seemed to me to be the key to the whole situation. Through a series of inquiries, working always under the watch of spies, I found it opportune to look up the marriage registration of Sir Percival's parents. I found it in a little country church—and it was forged. I was no sooner in possession of the knowledge of his illegitimate birth than Sir Percival, in furious desperation to destroy the evidence, entered the little church

by night, set fire to the structure, and through the agency of his own stupidity and an old-fashioned wooden lock, trapped himself into an awful death.

Laura was free of her husband, but she remained an outcast—a woman dead to her friends and relatives. I was still determined this should not be. My only hope of success lay in Count Fosco, who alone had the evidence which could establish her legal existence. But to acknowledge Lady Glyde's identity would be to admit his guilt of one of the greatest of crimes. My task looked difficult, but an unknown agency came to my aid.

Count Fosco was a traitor to one of the world-wide Italian secret societies. The knowledge came to me by chance, but it served me in good stead. I went to his house one night and bartered my silence for the evidence of Laura's existence. Count Fosco, in a long exposition, gave the details of his own and Sir Percival's cunning. Then he left England forever. To clear up the last shred of mystery surrounding the Woman in White I sought out her childhood home. I pieced together her story from her old friends and relatives. Fate had made

her the illegitimate half-sister of her counterpart and the chance possessor of Sir Percival's secret.

My labors ended, Marian Halcombe and her sister, who was now my wife, returned to the happy companionship of those days at Limmeridge House before Sir Percival's cunning had usurped the consummation of our love. On the death of Laura's uncle some months later her son and mine became the heir of the estate and fortune of the house of Limmeridge.

CAINE

THOMAS HENRY HALL CAINE, since 1918 Sir Hall, of Manx descent, was born at Runcorn, May 14, 1853.

He was trained for an architect, but was attracted to journalism and to the writing of novels, which have frequently been reproduced on the stage; during the war he has taken a hand in propaganda, largely intended for America, and was editor of "King Albert's Book" and Queen Alexandra's "Christmas Carol." His best-known stories have attained an enormous circulation in print, and reached great audiences on the stage. "The Deemster," "The Bondman," "The Manxman," "The Christian," "The Eternal City," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," are among the best known in a long list, which have passed from the printed page to the stage, and finally, in some cases, to the films.

It will be interesting to see how his books last. A certain force he undoubtedly has, and he knows extremely well how to choose a subject with an appeal to a large audience; he has, however, a considerable crudity in thought and expression, and his emo-

tional passages sometimes have the air of being created to order.

No English-speaking author has ever been so extensively advertised as Hall Caine. He must wait a generation or so to see whether in the end it pays to advertise.

THE DEEMSTER

By HALL CAINE

Condensation by
CAROLINE TICKNOR

THE scene of this story is laid in the Isle of Man, two centuries ago, and it is filled with the weird superstitions of the Manx people.

Thorkell Mylrea, the Deemster, was a violent, cruel, and crafty Judge, who dwelt among the sturdy fisherfolk dispensing whatever justice suited his purpose. Being accustomed to bending all others to his will he was bitterly disappointed when his scholarly son, Ewan, refused to fulfil his worldly ambitions and retired into the ministry. In anger, he cast him off and took into his household his illegitimate son, Jarvis Kerruish, a worthless fop.

Those qualities of strength and leadership which he longed to see in his son, Ewan, the Deemster found in his daredevil nephew,

Dan Mylrea, son of his gentle and God-fearing brother, Gilcrist, Bishop of Man. Dan was a handsome, fiery young giant, who excelled in every manly sport, and Ewan and his lovely sister, Mona, adored their stalwart cousin, whose wild exploits among the fishermen gave the Bishop much anxiety. From time to time Dan's impulsive nature ran away with him and he committed some reckless act that he sorely repented later.

In a moment of thoughtlessness, when hounded for a debt, which he feared would worry the Bishop, Dan forged his cousin's name, feeling sure that Ewan would willingly have advanced the money, and Ewan, being confronted with the signature, declared it to be his own, telling a lie to save his cousin from prosecution.

Dan's prompt expressions of sorrow and gratitude were checked by Ewan's announcement that Dan should be from this time a stranger to himself and sister. Crushed and humiliated, Dan rushed to Mona's home and sought his cousin in her room, where he acknowledged his fault and protested against being estranged from her.

Mona assured him that nothing should ever estrange them, and Dan, deeply re-

pentant, hurried away, encountering in the hall Jarvis Kerruish, who seeing him emerge from his cousin's room, promptly reported to the Deemster this evidence of Dan's improper conduct toward Mona.

The Deemster, whose feeling for Dan had changed to jealous hatred, in turn conveyed this intelligence to Ewan, doing his best to convince him that Dan had treated Mona dishonorably. An excited interview between Ewan and his sister followed in which Ewan mistook her innocent protestations of love for Dan for a confirmation of her lover's guilt, and dashed away to avenge her supposed wrong. He found Dan ready to beg forgiveness for his past fault, but in blind passion Ewan took no heed of his words; accused him of being the basest of scoundrels and bade him depart from the island.

Dan protested his innocence, but when he found that Ewan believed him to be so base, his own wild passion flamed up and he, in turn, cried out that there was "room for but one of them in the world."

A mortal combat followed, near the edge of a cliff, and Ewan, almost overcome, threw his dagger into the air and reeled backward, falling over the precipice to his death. Then

Dan realized what he had done and was overwhelmed with remorse.

It was Christmas Eve, and Mona, waiting for Ewan's return, had a terrible presentiment of his fate. As she tried to banish her fears, Dan climbed in through her window, prostrated himself before her, and confessed his guilt.

Filled with grief for her brother, horror at Dan's confession, and apprehension for her lover, Mona told Dan that he must give himself up to justice and that by so doing he should atone for his sin. He pledged himself to do as she wished, and while she protested her undying love for him, he bade her a passionate farewell and vanished into the night.

Returning half dazed to where Ewan's body lay, Dan found that his fisher friends had planned to take the body out to sea for burial. They embarked upon Dan's boat and he reluctantly allowed them to carry out their plan; owing to their unskilled sewing of the canvas about Ewan's body, the covering slipped apart and the corpse was washed back to land.

Despite the fishermen's protest that all would be prosecuted if they returned, Dan insisted upon their doing so. Ewan's body

having been washed ashore was brought to the church where the Bishop had just finished his Christmas service. He and the Deemster looked upon the face of Ewan and realized the tragedy; and the latter taunting his brother with the fact that if Dan were proved the culprit, the Bishop must pronounce judgment on his own son.

Dan, who had crept back in the darkness, witnessed the midnight burial of Ewan, and after slipping away, narrowly escaped death when he fell into an old mine-shaft where he remained for some time a prisoner. Meanwhile his fisherman friends were arrested as implicated in the murder, but during their arraignment in court Dan appeared, pushed his way through the crowd and announced his guilt.

He was placed in a dungeon under the Bishop's jurisdiction, and his father, bowed with grief, visited him and offered him the means of escape, which he refused.

At the close of his trial Dan was pronounced "guilty," and awaited the death-sentence which he felt sure must follow. A more dreaded fate, however, awaited him. With a breaking heart his father pronounced

his sentence: "This man shall be cut off from his people. . . . From now, forever, let no tongue speak to him. Alone let him live, alone die."

As the people shrank away from him Dan passed from among them to the south of the island, where a boat, containing supplies and provisions, was awaiting him.

For a year Dan dwelt in this boat shunning his kind, but at last, unable to endure the loneliness of the sea, he erected a rude shelter on a rocky island not far from shore, where he could look upon the habitations of men. On the first night that he slept ashore a frightful storm swept away his boat, leaving him a prisoner on the island.

Here, for seven years, he spent a solitary life, striving to make his peace with God, until at last it seemed to him the curse was lifted.

Then at his cabin door appeared a dying priest, who had landed half fainting from a blow received from the boom of his boat. The priest had come from Ireland, at the Bishop of Man's request, to succor the people from a dreadful scourge called the "sweating sickness."

The priest told Dan that he should carry

on his own unfinished work, convey his message to the Bishop, and help to stay the plague. Before he died the saintly man outlined the methods to be followed in order to check the epidemic.

And then at last Dan knew the opportunity had come to make complete atonement. Able once more to reach the shore, he went among the sufferers, ministered to their needs and taught them how to cope with the disease. Soon the epidemic was stayed, while all the people were loud in praise of the strange priest whose face seemed to many a familiar one.

The Deemster was among the last stricken, and Dan, summoned to his bedside, arrived in time to ease his final sufferings and to be recognized with superstitious horror before his uncle died. Even as Mona entered the house to reach her father's bedside, Dan slipped away, and hastening to the Bishop gave him the dead priest's message, and also the assurance that his son lived and had made atonement for his sin.

And now, word went abroad that the strange priest, proven to be Daniel Mylrea, had been appointed to succeed his late uncle as Deemster, or Judge of the island.

This message read by Mona filled her with hope and a belief that Dan should at last come to his own. Accompanied by one faithful fisherboy, she journeyed to seek him out, only to find him unconscious and ill unto death in a bare cabin, where he had fallen a victim to the disease he had so bravely combated.

Mona watched beside him until in his last moments he looked upon her with joyful recognition. She murmured the Lord's Prayer, and as he echoed the words, "Deliver us from evil," his spirit passed.

D. Appleton & Co., authorized publishers.

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN is the joint name of two French writers whose collaboration made their work that of, so to speak, one personality; the former writing chiefly and the latter editing and adapting for the stage. Emile Erckmann was born on the 20th of May, 1822, at Phalsbourg, and Louis Gratian Alexandre Chatrian on the 18th of December, 1826, at Soldatenthal, Lorraine. They began their work together in 1847 and continued doing so until 1889.

Among their first publications are "Science et Génie," "Schinderhannes," and many short stories. The series of novels to which Erckmann-Chatrian owe in great part their reputation includes "Le Fou Yégof," "Madame Thérèse," "Histoire d'un Conscrit de 1813," "L'Ami Fritz," "Histoire d'un Homme du Peuple," and many others.

Their dramatic compositions and adaptations are "Georges, ou le Chasseur des Ruines," "L'Alsace en 1814."

Their stories, dealing with the realities of the times, are distinguished by simplicity and a genuine descriptive power, particularly in battle scenes and

those of Alsatian peasant life. They are full of a most democratic spirit and patriotism, which developed, after 1870, into a hatred of Germany and the Prussians. The authors attacked militarism by depicting all the horrors of war in the plainest terms.

After Chatrian's death Erckmann contributed to "Le Temps" two publications, "Kaleb et Khora" and "La Première Campagne du Grand-Père Jacques," the latter being the first of a series of stories dealing with the wars of the Empire. "Waterloo," one of the best liked and most read of the works of the joint authors, was written in 1865.

Chatrian died at Villemomble, near Paris, in 1890; Erckmann died at Lunéville in 1899.

WATERLOO

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN

Condensation by
CHARLES E. L. WINGATE

THERE was joy unbounded when Louis the Eighteenth returned in 1814.

Yes, everybody was delighted, except the old soldiers and the fencing-masters.

Living with Father Goulden in Phalsbourg, of old Lorraine, I was happy in the belief that conscription was now over, and that, at last, I should be able to marry Catherine and live in peace.

So, when the marriage permit came, I rushed at once to her with the news. I kissed her again and again and we both wept for joy.

And then, after the happiness of marrying Catherine, my greatest delight lay in thinking that I should be a tradesman for the rest of my life.

Ah, what a happy life! what satisfaction

to be young and to have a simple, good, industrious wife! We shall never be old! We shall always love each other and always retain about us those whom we love.

Thus days and weeks went by. But, later on, we found that the returning royalists, the ministers and the princes, who had rushed back to France after Napoleon's banishment, adopted the most insolent manner toward us, the people. And as to their treatment of Napoleon's former soldiers I can still hear the commandant expostulating, "They are starving us; they are treating us like Cossacks; only they are too cowardly to shoot us!"

But, about the beginning of March, a rumor began to circulate that the Emperor had escaped from Elba and had landed in France. Quickly his advance toward Paris followed; and the old soldiers, sent out to restrain him, rushed forward to kneel at his feet. Thus it was that Napoleon again came to the throne.

What happened afterward, however, was not so agreeable to me, now a married man, settled as I had hoped for a life of peace. For I was called to the colors. Aunt Grethel, who had always been like a mother to

me, sobbed aloud. Catherine passed into a deathly swoon.

Yet, in spite of all, I needs must leave for the army with my old veteran soldier friend, Zebede, and at once we were rushed to the front.

One day, as we halted, the Emperor came to our lines and the whole division shouted, "Vive l'Empereur!"

I had a good view of him as he advanced with his arms crossed behind his back and his head bent. He had grown stouter and more sallow since the days of Leipsic. He looked much older and his cheeks were flabby. Little wonder, also, that he appeared worried —for had he not lost everybody's confidence? The old soldiers alone retained their love for him; they were ready to conquer or to die in his behalf. But for my part I cared much more for Catherine than for the Emperor. Of her I thought with greatest tenderness, the more so knowing that she would soon become a mother. And I prayed to God to preserve my life.

At last we came upon the Prussians and, driving them back at Ligny, marched on against the British.

I thought I should drop every moment

from weakness, but finally near Waterloo, on mounting a little ridge, we saw the English pickets through the rain.

In a cornfield, under a beating storm, we lay like gypsies, our teeth chattering with the cold—and yet thinking of massacring our fellow-men, and esteeming ourselves lucky if we had a turnip, a carrot or anything else to keep up our strength. Is that a life for honest men? Is it for this that God created us? Is it not an abomination to think that a king or an emperor, instead of encouraging commerce and diffusing liberty, should reduce us to this state by hundreds of thousands? I know that this is called glory, but people are foolish to glorify such men who have lost all sense of right and heart and religion.

When I awoke in the morning the church-bells were ringing and I thought:

"To-day is Sunday, a day of peace and rest. Father Goulden, dressed in his best coat and a clean shirt, is thinking of me. Catherine is sitting on the bed and weeping. Aunt Grethel has taken her prayer-book and is going to Mass." As I pictured to myself that quiet, happy life, I could have burst into tears.

But the drums began to beat and the trumpets sounded.

The first movement was when our four divisions were ordered to advance. We were about twenty thousand men, marching in two lines and sinking up to our knees with every step in the soft mud. Nobody spoke a word.

Face to face with us were the English, in perfect order, their cannoneers with lighted matches in their hands.

On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but cuirasses, helmets, swords, lances, and rows of bayonets.

"What a battle!" cried Buche, my comrade-at-arms. "Woe to the English!"

And I thought as he did. I believed that not a single Englishman would escape. But bad luck pursued us that day; though, had it not been for the Prussians, I think we should have exterminated them all.

Down into the little valley we poured, right into the face of the English fire, and shouting all the time, "Give them the bayonet!"

The batteries hurled their grape-shot point-blank upon us. It was then, for the first time, I saw the English close at hand. They

had fair skins and were clean shaven like respectable citizens. They can fight well, too—but we are as good as they. Every shot of the English told; and this forced us to break our ranks, for men are not mere palisades.

And almost at the same moment we saw a mass of red dragoons, on gray horses, sweeping along like the wind and sabering our stragglers without mercy. It was one of the most terrible moments of my life as we were driven back.

What a fearful thing is a battle!

Then out came Marshal Ney waving his sword in the air. Older, thinner, and more bony than when I saw him last, but still the same brave soldier with the clear eyes that seemed to take us all in.

"Forward," he cried; "I shall lead you myself!" And we rushed ahead, one after the other like a pack of wolves, until we gained the principal outpost of the British.

But suddenly the rumor spread that the Prussians were coming. I felt myself grow pale.

At that moment cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" rose from thousands of throats behind us, and looking back I saw all our

cavalry of the right wing advancing to attack the solid squares of the English. It was an awesome sight. With waving sabers they rushed pell-mell again and again upon the redcoats. Twenty such charges they made, until the horses of our cuirassiers, exhausted, could no longer even walk—and there still firmly stood the great red lines, steadfast as walls.

Now all that remained for attack was the Old Guard—those wonderful veterans who had fought in Germany, in Egypt, in Spain, and in Russia, of whom the Emperor took special care and who no longer knew parents or relations. They only knew the Emperor who was their god. When it was said in the ranks, "The Guard is going to charge," it was the same as saying, "The battle is won!"

And Ney commanded them!

Upon the Guard fell the concentrated hail of bullets. In twenty minutes every officer had been dismounted and the Guard, reduced from three thousand men to twelve hundred, slowly gave way.

Now the entire English army fell upon us. And, as the remnant of the Old Guard fell backward, across the field fled hussars, cui-

rassiers, artillery, and infantry like an army of savages.

What can I tell you more? It was utter rout. And in the valley old Blücher, with forty thousand Prussians, was looming up.

The end had come—and I wept like a child.

Back we scurried, borne down with fatigue, hunger, and despair.

"Keep on," cried Buche, "the Prussians take no prisoners. Look! they are cutting down every one."

So back, back, even to Paris we fled, and there we learned that hostilities were to be suspended, that the Emperor had gone, and that the King was returning to the throne. Desertions began. Fifteen of us from Lorraine left together.

I hurried on from village to village and at last reached Pfalzbourg—and my home.

Up the stairs I sprang; Catherine was in my arms. I fell to sobbing so violently that one would have thought misfortune had come upon me.

The first words of Catherine were: "Joseph, I knew that you would come back. I had put my trust in God."

Thus happiness finally reached us.

Now I have lived to see the return of the flag of liberty and to see the nation increase in wealth, in education, and in happiness. People begin to understand their rights. They know that war only brings increase of taxation and suffering; and when the people, as masters, shall say, "Instead of sending our sons to perish by thousands beneath the sword and the cannon, we will have them taught and made men!" who will dare gainsay them?

In this hope I bid you farewell, my friends, and I embrace you with all my heart.

KINGSLEY

THE time in which Charles Kingsley lived and wrote was akin to our own. The rising of the oppressed workers and the social ferment in England following the revolution of 1848 in France were in a small way similar to the impetus toward freedom stirred by the Russian revolution throughout the world.

Kingsley's vigorous yet sympathetic personality, his flashing scorn for hypocrisy and his fearless love of justice, made him a natural champion of the oppressed. "Alton Locke" and "Yeast" both appeared the year after the revolution. The first is an exposition of the sweating system in which London low life and working-class thought are pictured with extraordinary vividness and understanding. "Yeast," written in burning indignation at the condition of the agricultural laborer in England, has a "depth and passion and power, a life, an intensity, the tenth part of which would make the fortune of a novel now."

Kingsley was a tireless worker for practical reform, but the great lesson he tried to convey was that "the future welfare of society demands a new out-

burst of the latent forces of Christ's religion. It was not amazing, therefore, that he should have turned from English settings and subjects, in which he was so passionately interested, to a study of the fifth century. The empire at that period was enslaving the masses; a universal fermentation of human thought was in process. The Young Church and the Old World were at grips in a death-struggle. He wished to prove in a novel of that epoch that "Christianity is the only really democratic creed," so he wrote the brilliant and tragic "Hypatia."

The richness of Kingsley's personality is realized as one turns from "Hypatia" to the incomparable "Water Babies," whimsical, charming, eternally delightful to big and little children.

HYPATIA

By CHARLES KINGSLEY

Condensation by
PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

PHILAMMON could bear no more. Another moment and he had hurled down through the dense mass of spectators, clearing rank after rank of seats by the sheer strength of madness, leaped the balustrade into the orchestra below, and rushed across the space to the foot of the platform.

"Pelagia! Sister! My sister! Have mercy on me! on yourself! I will hide you! save you! and we will flee together out of this infernal place! this world of devils! I am your brother! Come!"

She looked at him one moment with wide, wild eyes—the truth flashed on her—

"Brother!"

And she sprang from the platform into his arms.

A vision of a lofty window in Athens,

looking out over far olive yards and gardens, and the bright roofs and basins of the Piræus, and the broad blue sea, with the purple peaks of Ægina beyond all—and a dark-eyed boy, with his arm around her neck, pointed laughing to the twinkling masts in the far harbor, and called her sister. The dead soul woke within her; and with a wild cry she recoiled from him in an agony of shame, and covering her face with both her hands, sank down among the blood-stained sands.

A yell, as of all hell broke loose, rang along that vast circle.

"Down with him! Away with him! Crucify the slave! Give the barbarian to the beasts! To the beasts with him, noble Prefect!"

The pleasure-loving people of Alexandria did not take kindly to the youth who so rudely interrupted the delicious spectacle which their prefect had staged for them, "Aphrodite Rising from the Sea."

It was Alexandria in the fifth century of our era. The city founded by a king who dreamed not in empires, but in continents, placed at the strategic point where it would command three of those great units, had

achieved a pre-eminence in beauty, in vice, in learning, in turbulence, in the cosmopolitan character of its people. The three continents which Alexander would unite into one had poured into his city their best and their worst, and each strove desperately for supremacy. Many a man in those days must have thought that

> East is East and West is West,
> And never the twain shall wed, meet

though meet they did in ways as tempestuous as the most violent of matrimony. The empire, nominally Christian in the persons of the rulers since the unsuccessful attempt of Julian to turn back the hands of time to the faith of paganism, found itself in constant clashes with the growing power of the church; Orestes, the imperial prefect, and Cyril, the militant bishop, vied with each other in despatches to Constantinople, each complaining at the other's usurpations; the army of legionaries and the vast throngs of monks each entertained a considerable respect for the fighting qualities of the other.

The Jews were in great numbers and were not in the happiest position between church

and empire; while the descendants of Alexander's Macedonians, and Greeks from all quarters of the eastern Mediterranean, could not forget that they had once been the masters of Egypt. Constant conflict in the streets between the partizans of each side laid a fitting scene for Charles Kingsley's religious philosophic historical melodrama.

Cyril, Bishop and later saint, is nominally the leader of the battling churchmen of the tale; the great Augustine and the philosophic Synesius, bishops both, are minor personages of the drama, with many other passing figures of the church, but the leading character from that side is the humble Philammon, the young boy of the monastery in the desert, who makes his way in the simplicity of his zeal to brave the world, the flesh, and the devil, where so many other monks of fiction have found that interesting triad, keeping headquarters at Alexandria. The city was ruled by Orestes, so far as any prefect could rule that unruly cosmopolis, a worldly and elusive person, who, not satisfied with the troubles already at hand, would conspire to erect an empire of Africa out of the difficulties of Rome and Constantinople, and to crown as his empress Hypatia, ideal-

ist, mathematician, neo-Platonist, leader and teacher of what remained of Greek philosophy as a living force. Under Hypatia's sway fell the young Philammon by reason of her beauty, her power of speech, and the inherited appeal of philosophy to one whose ancestry was Athenian. An appeal of another sort came to him from Pelagia, dancer and beauty, darling of the city in general and of individuals in particular. To the charm of Hypatia yielded not only the worldly prefect and the simple monk, but the most interesting figure of the story, Raphael-Aben-Ezra, descended from the blood of Solomon, rich, lazy, and selfish to all appearance, but the personage in whose soul and mind was surging most violently the struggle and conflict which is the keynote of the book. Should the traditions of Jewry, the lure of Greek philosophy, the charm of a pleasant if tumultuous world, or the power of Christianity conquer in him? In his apparently easy-going way through existence, he was measuring what every phase of that seething caldron had to offer as a solution for the problems which a human soul has to ponder for its own salvation. It took him long to decide, and it was only by the minis-

trations of Augustine and Synesius and the living example of Victoria that he finally found in Christianity the truly democratic creed by which the world could best live.

Struggle and strife of soul or body—Philammon's yearning to see more of the world than the monastery in the desert; his enthralment by the charm of Hypatia's beauty and her learning; Cyril's struggles by militant means toward a spiritual end; Orestes's to win an empire; Pelagia's to win love; Raphael to find the truth; the conflict between old thought and new; and as the climax, the conflict and the end in Hypatia's case:

"Yes, on into the church itself! Into the cool, dim shadow, with its fretted pillars, and towering domes, and candles, and incense, and blazing altar, and great pictures, looking from the walls athwart the gorgeous gloom. And right in front, above the altar, the colossal Christ watching unmoved from off the wall, his right hand raised to give a blessing—or a curse?

"On, up the nave, fresh shreds of her dress strewing the holy pavement, up the chancel steps themselves—up to the altar—right underneath the great, still Christ; and there even those hell-hounds paused.

"She shook herself free from her tormentors, and springing back, rose for one moment to her full height, naked, snow-white against the dusky mass around, shame and indignation in those wide, clear eyes, but not a stain of fear. With one hand she clasped her golden locks around her; the other long, white arm was stretched upward toward the great, still Christ, appealing—and who dare say in vain?—from man to God. Her lips were opened to speak; but the words that should have come from them reached God's ears alone; for in an instant they struck her down, the dark mass closed over her again—and then wail on wail, ear-piercing, rang along the vaulted roofs, and thrilled like the trumpet of avenging angels through Philammon's ears."

STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON writes in 1883: "I am now a person with an established ill-health—a wife—a dog possessed with an evil spirit—a certain reputation—and very obscure finances. I now draw near to the Middle Ages: nearly three years ago that fatal thirty struck; and yet the great work is not yet even conceived. Eight years ago, if I could have slung ink as I can now, I should have thought myself well on the road after Shakespeare—and now—I find I have only got a pair of walking-shoes and not yet begun to travel."

At this time he and his wife spent one of their happiest periods in their first real home, "La Solitude," in Hyères. At the end of sixteen months he was again flung back into acute suffering. They went to Bournemouth, where they lived in "Skerryvore" until after his father's death. Confined to the house—a condition most irksome to his active temperament—his gallant and buoyant spirit nevertheless flamed into expression at the slightest respite from pain and weakness. He wrote "Kidnapped," one of his most brilliant successes, and the "wild,

symbolic" tale of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the most popular of all his writings.

In 1887 he left the trying climate of the British Isles, never to return. With his family he went to the United States, where he was acclaimed, but his weak condition necessitated an immediate rest at Saranac, New York. Here he wrote for "Scribner's Magazine" the essays including "The Lantern Bearers," "Dreams," and "Pulvis et Umbra," the charm of which is ageless.

KIDNAPPED

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Condensation by
JAMES B. CONNOLLY

IT was dawn; the blackbirds were whistling in the lilacs, the mists of the valley arising and melting, when I set out for the house of Shaw. On the forenoon of the second day, coming to the top of a hill, I saw the city of Edinburgh smoking like a kiln below me. There was a flag upon the castle and ships anchored to the blue floor of the Firth, a sight which thrilled me.

I walked on toward Cramond, making inquiries as I went of my uncle, who seemed to be in no favor thereabout, some giving me a half-civil word, some a scowl or a curse for an answer. It was night, and his house barred and dark when I came to it; and it was a long while before my shouts and knocks brought him to the window from where, with

a blunderbuss by way of welcome, he screamed to inquire my business.

It was a mean, stooping, clay-faced creature; and a big muckle house and an ill-kept one I saw when at last he let me in, with dirt, mice, and spiders having their play of it. Here I stayed some days, the while he sparingly fed me with porridge and a rare half-cup of ale.

One night he gave me forty pounds, saying it was a debt he owed my father, and with it gave me also a rusty key to the high stair tower, telling me to bring him down the chest at the top of it. I went, poor fool, into the dark to bring it; and only a blink of summer lightning saved me from stepping into space and being dashed sheer down from the top of the tower.

Of the estate that he had defrauded my father in life I had then no suspicion; but that happening of the tower gave me a glimpse of his villainy. In the morning my body would be discovered at the foot of the tower, his forty pounds in my pockets, as one trying to escape after robbing his host. What a tale he would make of it!

Next day my uncle spoke of a friend, Captain Elias Hoseason, of the brig *Covenant*,

then lying off Queensferry on the Firth, proposing that I go to call there with him. I agreed, being eager to get away from that evil house; also I had knowledge that residing in Queensferry was Mr. Rankiellor, the counselor and agent, a friendly person and one who knew more than any other of my father's business in life.

We arrived at Queensferry, but I did not see Mr. Rankiellor, foreby I first allowed myself to be led into looking over the brig with Captain Hoseason and my uncle. It was so that I came to be knocked on the head and kidnapped to sea on the agreement between my uncle and Captain Hoseason that I was to be sold into slavery in the Carolines.

It was a fair wind the first day to sea, but following days were all head winds, the ship making so little way on her course to the north that Captain Hoseason made a fair wind of a foul one by heading her south back the way we had come. During this time of bad weather the cabin-boy was killed by the first officer in a drunken passion, his body cast overboard, and I pressed into his berth.

It was night, with a swell and a thick white fog, the men listening for breakers, when the brig ran over a boat; and sent all

but one man to the bottom. That one, with a leap and a clutch which showed his rare agility and strength, boarded us by way of the brig's bowsprit.

He entered the cabin, or roundhouse, looking cool as you please, and called for something to eat and the drink to wash it down. He was a well-set, rather small man with a dark face and dancing bright eyes. Under his greatcoat were two silver-mounted pistols, a dirk, and a great-sword. He made his name known, Alan Stewart Breck, and without fear announced himself as on a mission for Prince Charlie. From a money-belt about him he offered the captain sixty guineas to be set ashore on Linnhe Loch.

The captain shook hands on the bargain, but at once went on deck to plot with his first officer as how best to come at the money-belt. I had no love for the captain, and also it was scurvy hospitality to a man we had all but drowned; so I warned the stranger of the plot. Surprised he was, but not put out, asking me would I stand with him. Jacobite though he was, I said I would.

Two doors and a skylight furnished entrance to the roundhouse. Alan placed me with loaded pistols where I could see to

shoot through at whoever might come at one closed door or through the glass skylight. The other door he left open, standing before it with dirk and sword. They came with a rush of feet and many loud cries toward Alan. I heard a shout from him and a cry as of some one hurt. Then came five men with a spare yard for a battering-ram to drive my door in. For the first time in my life I fired a pistol; and hit one of them, which drove them back. By then Alan's sword was running blood; and the first mate, he who had murdered the cabin-boy, lay dying on the floor. Another lay beside him.

They came next to my side, some to the barred door and one dropping through the skylight to the floor, where, after first closing my eyes, I shot him. He dropped with a horrible groan. Another one's legs dangled through the skylight, and him I shot, too, he dropping dead atop of his companion. Alan was then dirking one who clung to his legs, and putting the cutlass to another who was coming head on at him. A third held a cutlass over him and yet more were crowding at him through the door. He seemed lost; but he broke clear and, taking his distance, clove one, clove another, and then, his

sword flashing like quicksilver, drove the others like sheep along the deck.

We were masters of the brig. Alan embraced and kissed me, saying: "David, I love you like a brother. But oh, man, am I no the bonny fighter!" and sitting down by the table, sword in hand, he burst into a Gaelic song.

The very next night we struck on a reef. I was thrown into the sea, thinking I would drown, but found a spar and with it kicked myself along till my feet found quiet water and dry land. Of the ship or her company I could see nothing. Later I learned that all but the wounded were safe. The ship herself was a total loss to Captain Hoseason, which I did not grieve to hear.

After days of wandering and secret inquiry, for he was one with a price on his head, I found Alan. It was in the same hour that I witnessed the killing of Campbell of Glenure, the man who had been doing the King's will against the Jacobites. The shot came in such fashion that I seemed to be an accomplice. I had to flee or be hanged. It was Alan who secured my immediate escape. For two months thereafter, with redcoats guarding every road and glen, I fol-

lowed Alan through the country of the Campbells.

It was wet and cold and slim food for us both, with now and then a little something not much better in the hut of a Jacobite. Weary I grew and full of pain, crawling the wet heather and climbing the ragged crags and hills. Posted bills promised great rewards for our capture—I saw them everywhere—and many there were who knew us for what we were; but never one, poor and miserable though they might be, to speak the word of betrayal. "Such," cried Alan, proudly, "is the loyalty of the Hielander!"

We came safe at last to Queensferry and the home of Mr. Rankiellor, who proved a shrewd, kindly friend and who at once set about retrieving my rights in the Shaw estate. "Your father," he explained, "was a good man, but weak. He loved your mother. To win your mother he let your uncle steal the estates. But he will have them back soon."

Alan aided us greatly in our plans. Half by quick wit and half by sheer boldness, he had my uncle admit his plan to have me kidnapped and sold into slavery in the Carolines, Mr. Rankiellor and his clerk all the while

listening in the shadows. And so I came into my own.

And Alan, who made a man of me? All he asked was to be put on the road of his mission. As to that, let me say if I say no more, that he went safe on his way and all went well with him thereafter.

DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS did most of his writing in the morning. He usually was content with the hours between nine and one. He rarely wrote in the afternoon. In his youthful days he often composed at night, but this habit was abandoned later.

He could turn off page after page at great speed and oftentimes the custom of printing his novels in parts made this necessary. He was seldom far ahead of the printer. But ordinarily he considered three pages a good day's work. If he did four and they satisfied him he thought it an unusually good day.

He liked to write. He described himself as one "who writes and grins, as if he thought he were very funny indeed." This was when he was well into his story. In starting a novel he was extremely slow. He could not hit upon names that satisfied him. His most loved hero was Trotfield, Trotbury, Copperboy, and Copperstone before he finally became Copperfield. But once in his stride he seldom rewrote, and he plunged ahead joyously.

For every hour given to writing he set aside another for exercise. He describes how he "walked

about the black streets of London, fifteen and twenty miles many a night when all the sober folks had gone to bed." As he walked, whether in London or Paris streets or along the Kentish cliffs, he was planning his story. But he was not so absorbed as to be oblivious to the people he passed. Quaint and commonplace men and women in city streets and country lanes flashed for a moment before his eyes and the next day were made immortal in his tales.

OLIVER TWIST

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by
REV. HOWARD LaFIELD

OLIVER TWIST was born about seventy-five miles from London, in the lying-in room of the almshouse. His mother, worn and exhausted from a long and painful journey on foot, had been found unconscious in the road, and had been carried to the only place of refuge for such as she seemed to be. His name he owed to the inventive genius of the parish beadle, who remarked, "The last one was a 's'—Swubble I named him, the next one as comes will be Unwin, and I've got names ready made to the end of the alphabet, and all the way through it again, when we come to 'z.'"

The wronged and unhappy mother died without revealing her name, and the only proofs of the boy's identity, a locket and ring,

kept even at the price of starvation, were stolen from the corpse before it was cold by the old crone who had been in attendance.

The orphan's childhood, passed in cruel neglect and semi-starvation, was brought to an abrupt close by his own unparalleled act. Desperate through hunger, he and his companions determine that some one of them shall secure for all an extra helping of the thin and watery gruel which is their principal diet. The lot falls upon Oliver. Nine-year-old child though he was, he was "reckless with misery." He rose from the table, and, advancing to the workhouse-master, basin and spoon in hand, he said, "Please, sir, I want some more!"

Such unheard-of daring receives speedy treatment. The next morning a bill, posted upon the gate, offers five pounds to any one who will take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish.

Then there follows a brief stay as the apprentice of a coffinmaker and undertaker, who, with an eye to the effect, promptly makes of the sad-faced little waif a chief mourner at the funerals of children, and "many were the processions which little Oliver headed, in a hatband reaching down

to his knees, to the admiration of all the mothers in the town."

His master is, on the whole, well disposed toward him, but a fight with a bullying older apprentice brings him into unmerited disgrace and punishment and he runs away.

On the outskirts of London he chances upon the fascinatingly droll Artful Dodger, pickpocket and pupil of Fagin. The curious behavior of his new associates is only a game to the innocent boy, when Fagin places snuff-boxes, jewelry, watches, and handkerchiefs in his pockets, and then stands looking in imaginary store-windows while (in an unbelievably short time) every one of the things is taken from him. The true meaning of it all bursts upon the horrified Oliver when he is taken on an expedition and sees the "game" in full operation. Dazed and confused, he is the only one captured and taken before a magistrate. His innocence is established, but he faints in the court-room, and is taken home by the remorseful Mr. Brownlow, the man whose pocket he was supposed to have picked. In his new friend's house Oliver is nursed through a serious illness, and better days seem to have dawned for him, when he again falls into the hands of Fagin.

This is no chance happening, for the old crook, dreading the information which the boy may give, has him kidnapped, while on an errand for Mr. Brownlow, by Nancy, a wretched girl of the streets, pupil of Fagin, and mistress of Bill Sikes, the greatest ruffian of the whole gang.

In order to close Oliver's mouth, by making him also a criminal, he is taken along on a housebreaking attempt. Protesting, he is put through a small window that he may open the door to his companions. He is firmly determined to warn the people of the house, but the burglary is a failure, and Oliver, wounded by a stray shot, is left in a ditch by the fleeing gangsters. The next morning he crawls, injured as he is, to the same house, where his story is believed and he finds new and lasting friends.

Again the lad is sought out by Fagin, aided by a mysterious man who has shown great emotion at a chance sight of Oliver in the street, and who now plots with Fagin, not merely for the possession of the boy, but for his moral ruin, which seems to be desired especially by this so-called Monks.

Their whispered plottings are overheard by Nancy, who atones for her former kidnapping

of Oliver by risking her life to inform his new friends of his true parentage.

The interview between this scorned street-girl and the beautiful Rose Maylie, adopted niece of Oliver's protectress, gives Dickens a splendid opportunity to which he does not fail to do full justice. "Coldly and harshly treated by Mrs. Maylie's self-righteous servants, the girl is in a defiant mood when finally admitted, and remarks, with a toss of the head, 'It's a hard matter to get to see you, lady. If I had taken offense and gone away, as many would have done, you'd have been sorry for it one day, and not without reason.'"

But "the kind tone of the answer she received, the sweet voice, the gentle manner, the absence of any accent of haughtiness or displeasure, took the girl completely by surprise and she burst into tears. 'Oh, lady, lady,' she said, clasping her hands passionately before her face, 'if there was more like you, there would be fewer like me, there would, there would!'"

Then comes the startling account of what Nancy had overheard: Monks has secured, by clever inquiry and bribery, the locket and the ring; he recognized Oliver; he alludes to

his father's will and speaks of the gratification it will be to him (Monks) to make a common felon of his young brother, Oliver. He also says with a laugh that there is some comfort in the fact that his identity has been kept from his latest friends, "since how many thousands and hundreds of thousands of pounds they would give to know who their two-legged spaniel is."

Rejecting all Rose's efforts to place her in some safe refuge from her horrible associates, and refusing all rewards, the weeping girl returns to the only life she has ever known, arranging to repeat her evidence to some discreet man whom Rose is to bring to London Bridge.

Nancy keeps this appointment with Rose and Mr. Brownlow, but it costs her her life, as suspicious Fagin has had her followed and watched. Sikes, insane with rage, brutally disregards her protestations that she has shielded him and has remained faithful to him. Disbelieving her, he beats her to death with a club, then flees vainly from the terrors of his own memory of the deed, and dies by an accident as he is trying to escape arrest.

The gang is broken up by evidence in

Mr. Brownlow's hands. Fagin is tried and hanged.

As to Monks, whose real name is Leeford, Mr. Brownlow proves to be his father's intimate friend, to have had first-hand information of all the facts the dissolute son had tried to conceal. Oliver is his half-brother, natural son of Edwin Leeford and Agnes Fleming, to whom he had turned in passionate love from his unhappy and wretched home. His will left the bulk of his property to Agnes (in default of other atonement) and to their unborn child. If a boy, however, he was only to inherit if he kept his name unstained during his minority. Rose is the younger sister of the unhappy Agnes.

Monks takes the share given him and leaves England; Oliver is adopted by Mr. Brownlow; Rose marries Mrs. Maylie's son, Harry, and the two households enter on well-merited blessings and happiness.

LE SAGE

ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE, author of one of the world's most remarkable books, was born on December 13, 1668, in a small town of western France. He died, nearly eighty years later, in 1747.

Unlike many men of genius, Le Sage did not go through life doing spectacular things. His father, who held some responsible legal positions, left a considerable fortune when Le Sage became an orphan as a child. His guardians either stole or invested with criminal carelessness the lad's money, but he was given a good education and was admitted to the bar. Fees came in slowly and Le Sage faced extreme poverty. Yet he dared to marry and turned to the stage for means of support.

For years he wrote, never really successful, but never actually in want. He was nearly forty years of age when a comedy gave him a Parisian reputation, and a novel made him known to France. The first two parts of "Gil Blas" were published in 1715, but they were not liked so well as his earlier story. Le Sage, however, knew how good it was, and he labored over it as devotedly as a great sculptor over a

block of marble. The third part was not published until 1724, and not until 1735 was the last part put forth. During these twenty years he had also turned out play after play, and numerous books. He did not cease to write until after his seventieth birthday had passed.

Outside of France Le Sage will always live because of his one book that ranks among the world's masterpieces. "Gil Blas" is life itself, an animated picture of Spain in its most colorful period. "It is a work," says Sir Walter Scott, "which renders the reader pleased with himself and mankind, where faults are placed before him in the light of follies rather than vices, and where misfortunes are so interwoven with the ludicrous that we laugh in the very act of sympathizing with them."

GIL BLAS

By ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE

Condensation by
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

GIL BLAS, the only son of an old soldier, had reached the age of seventeen when his uncle, the village priest, who had taught him a little Latin, Greek, and logic, sent him off with forty ducats and a bad mule to study divinity at Salamanca.

His adventures began immediately. At his first stop he was cheated out of his mule; as he was eating his dinner a wily flatterer invited himself to be his guest and showed his gratitude by the good advice never to be taken in by praise. He had to pay an exorbitant reckoning and went on his way, "giving to as many devils as there are saints in the calendar, the parasite, the landlord, and the inn."

He soon fell into the hands of bandits, who made him join them on their raids. In one

of them they captured Doña Mencia, wife of the Marques de la Guardia, and brought her to their cavern. Gil Blas pretended to be ill and escaped with the grateful lady. He was arrested as one of the bandits, and as he was wearing clothes recognized by one of their victims, and his pockets were full of money, he was thrown into jail. After several weeks' imprisonment his innocence was established, but the jailer had robbed him of everything.

At Burgos he sought out Doña Mencia, who presented him with a hundred ducats and a costly ring.

He bought a pretentious outfit for twice its value and decided that instead of becoming a licentiate, "he would make his way in this world rather than think of the next." A second gift of a thousand ducats from Doña Mencia confirmed him in his resolve.

He bought two mules and, hiring a servant, set forth for Madrid. His servant conspired with several rogues to make a fool of him. One of them, Camilla, pretending to be related to Doña Mencia, invited him to hired lodgings as if to her own home, and there he was feasted and flattered. As a mark of special favor she exchanged her ruby ring, which she declared was worth three hundred

pistoles, for his, and procured him an invitation to a great country-seat for hunting and fishing.

But when he arose in the morning his servant, his two mules, his portmanteau, and Doña Mencia's pretended relatives had vanished. The ruby ring was a cheat.

Fortunately he fell in with a boyhood friend, Fabricio, at Valladolid and by his advice became a servant to a clergyman, the Canon Sedillo, at whose house he led an easy life. The canon soon died, leaving him his worthless library and the good fortune of becoming assistant to his physician, the famous Doctor Sangrado. Under him Gil Blas became particularly proficient in his method of practice, which consisted of nothing but blood-letting and "drenchings of water." He declared that he made as many widows and orphans as the siege of Troy; one of his victims was the betrothed of a giant Biscayan, who threatened him with dire vengeance, and he fled to Madrid, where he became valet to a mysterious and wealthy Don Bernardo, his only duty being to keep the wardrobe brushed and to tend door. But he happened to fall in with Rolando, captain of the brigands; and Don Bernardo,

seeing him in such suspicious company, dismissed him with six ducats.

From one reason or another he kept changing employers; he served now a dissipated hidalgo, then an intriguing actress, then an aged libertine whose daughter, in gratitude for aiding her to win back her recreant lover, Don Luis Pacheco, gave him a hundred pistoles, and, on her father's death, got him a place with still another aged roué, Don Gonzales, whose dressing operations, when he arose at noon, reminded him of the resurrection of Lazarus.

Here again he acted as intermediary in a love-affair, but when he told his infatuated employer that he was being duped he was turned off, though given a recommendation to the Marquesa de Chaves, reputed the cleverest woman in Madrid, because she was as solemn as an owl and rarely spoke. Her salon, called "The Fashionable Institution for Literature, Taste, and Science," was the resort for the wits and notables of Madrid.

Here again he had easy work, but, getting into trouble about a girl, was compelled to leave the city. On his way to Toledo he rescued a young nobleman, named Don Alfonso, from arrest. They became friends,

and after Don Alfonso reached his home he and his father became Gil Blas's patrons, placing him as secretary to their relative, the Archbishop of Granada, who was inordinately vain and as broad as he was long.

Gil Blas praised his sermons and was regarded as a young man of excellent judgment until after the prelate's mind was affected by apoplexy and his homilies became discordant ravings. Gil Blas obeyed the archbishop's command to tell him if he fell short in his preaching and was ignominiously packed off. Reduced to extremities once more, he posed as the brother to a disreputable actress and thus secured the position of secretary to a Portuguese grandee, the Marques de Marialva. The trick was discovered. He returned to Madrid, and after many amusing and not always creditable adventures was appointed under-secretary to the Duke of Lerma, prime minister to the king. His duties may be gaged by his comment, "One makes a merit of any dirty work in the service of the great."

His experiences with the upper and the lower world, with actors, poets, libertines, physicians, bandits, adventurers, and hidal-

gos and their servants, had sharpened his wits, and his native ability and smattering of education gave him growing influence. He was courted, flattered, and bribed; his conceit and avarice became colossal.

He declared that "a court had all the soporific virtues of Lethe in the case of poor relations" and confessed that "every trace of his former gay and generous temper had disappeared."

Pride came before a fall. Having been employed to procure a questionable mistress for the heir-apparent, he was arrested by the king's orders and thrown into the dungeon of Segovia. The prince intervened, but he was exiled from the two Castiles. All his property was seized and his mercenary engagement to a wealthy jeweler's daughter was broken.

Then his friend Don Alfonso, whom he had got appointed as governor of Valencia, presented him with a small estate near that city.

On his way thither he stopped at his birthplace and found his uncle a mental wreck and his mother worn out in caring for his dying father. He gave his father a pompous funeral, and settled an annuity on his

mother, but the townspeople were so indignant with him for his neglect of his family that they threatened to mob him.

Glad to escape with his life, he reached Valencia, where he was received at his new home by seven or eight servants provided by Don Alfonso. He got rid of most of them and lived frugally, marrying Antonia, daughter of his farmer, Don Basilio. But his idyllic happiness ended with the death of his wife in childbirth.

Soon afterward the crown prince came to the throne and offered him a place of high responsibility. Gil Blas, who had learned wisdom, replied that "all he wanted was a good situation where there was no inducement to violate his conscience, and where the favors of his prince were not likely to be bartered for filthy lucre."

He was made confidant to the prime minister, who intrusted him with the education of his illegitimate son and heir. This brought him a title.

After some years when the duke lost the king's favor, Gil Blas followed him into retirement, and on his death was remembered with a bequest of ten thousand pistoles. He returned to his beautiful estate, made a

second marriage, and lived, happy and respected, training his children wisely and confiding to his memoirs all his errors, crimes, joys, and sorrows, together with his opinions of literature, society, and the stage. His narrative is interspersed with long and fascinating stories related by various characters whom he had met; these and his own adventures furnish a vivid picture of the romantic Spain of the seventeenth century.

Gil Blas is one of the wisest and most amusing of romances, and though it is not free from the coarseness permitted at that time, vice is not depicted attractively and its teaching is generally moral.

READE

CHARLES READE, English dramatist and novelist, was born at Ipsden, Oxfordshire, on June 8, 1814.

Although it was his wish that the word "dramatist" should stand first in the description of his occupations, recorded on his tombstone, and in his aims as an author, was dramatist first and novelist afterward, ever having an eye for stage effect in scene and situation; yet it has been claimed that he was wrong in his own conception of his power as dramatist, as his plays were often failures, while his novels have endured the test of time.

His first comedy, "The Ladies' Battle," appeared at the Olympic Theater in 1851; but his reputation as dramatist was made by the two-act comedy, "Masks and Faces," in which he collaborated with Tom Taylor. By the advice of the actress, Laura Symons, he turned it into a prose story, which appeared in 1853 as "Peg Woffington." A little later "Art" appeared, afterward known as "Nance Oldfield."

Reade was assured of a reputation as a novelist when he published "It's Never Too Late to Mend."

This is a novel which he wrote with the purpose of reforming abuses in prison discipline, and the treatment of criminals. Five other novels followed in quick succession: "The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth," "Jack of All Trades," "The Autobiography of a Thief," "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," and "White Lies," dramatized as "The Double Marriage." Then appeared "The Cloister and the Hearth," relating the adventures of the father of Erasmus, a story of the fifteenth century. His next novel of note was "Hard Cash," a story of modern English life.

Reade produced three elaborate studies of character—"Griffith Gaunt," "A Terrible Temptation," and "A Simpleton." He introduced himself in "A Terrible Temptation" as Doctor Rolfe.

He was an amateur of the violin, and among his works is an essay on Cremona violins, which is entitled "A Lost Art Revived."

For some years Reade's health gradually failed. He died on the 11th of April, 1884, leaving behind him a complete novel, "A Perilous Secret," which showed no falling off in the art of weaving a complicated plot and devising thrilling situations.

PEG WOFFINGTON

By CHARLES READE

Condensation by
EDWARD H. CROSBY

PEG WOFFINGTON stood before the mirror in her dressing-room at the Theater Royal, Covent Garden, London. She was alone with her thoughts and they were both serious and pleasant, if the play on her mobile features could be taken as a criterion. She was summing up her eventful career from the time when but a child of eight, cold, ragged, and hungry, she had been found on the Desmond Quay in Dublin by an actress who undertook her professional education, to the present moment, when, as the reigning actress of the British capital, she had the world at her feet. She was supreme in tragedy and captivating in comedy, and in private life brilliant as a conversationalist, with a wit as keen as it was delightful.

And the reflection her glass threw back was

one of rare beauty. An oval face crowned by tresses which equaled the ebon of the raven's plumage, lustrous eyes in which the emotions constantly played, and a poise that nothing apparently could disturb. Yet there was a curious expression on her handsome features, a look which she had never before witnessed. For Peg Woffington, for the first time in her life, was in love.

She had many admirers and quite a few flirtations, but they had all been ephemeral, as Peg Woffington could quickly detect idle flattery and the sycophancies of the *jeunesse dorée* which hung about her shrine. She was a woman of the world, keen, suspicious, and cynical, and while she toyed with her gallants, her heart and soul were in her work. But one evening she noticed in a box a face new to the theater. He was a man evidently from the provinces, but he gazed at her with undisguised admiration. Night after night he was at his post, listening attentively to every word she spoke and with an unmistakable air of respect.

She waited, thinking like all the others he would seek an interview, but as time went on and he made no attempt to bring about an acquaintance, Peg's curiosity was piqued and

by guarded inquiries she learned that he was Ernest Vane, a country gentleman of means and reputed a bachelor. One night, however, Mr. Vane was brought to the green-room by Sir Charles Pomander, a man about town who had long but unsuccessfully sought to win Peg's favor. Miss Woffington was not in the room when Mr. Vane first arrived. He quickly adapted himself to the novel surroundings and launched into a eulogy of Peg's personal charms and histrionic ability.

During Mr. Vane's remarks Peg had entered the room and overheard her praises so eloquently sung, and, knowing that Mr. Vane was unaware of her presence, she was impressed with his sincerity. Then they were introduced and Mr. Vane was almost speechless with admiration. All that his imagination had painted was more than realized. Her beauty, her intelligence, her graciousness, were overpowering and Mr. Vane, in his embarrassment, could only stammer a few commonplaces. Here indeed was a novelty and her curiosity turned to interest.

She was still cautious and would treat her new-found friend with varying moods, sometimes cordial and then again coldly, but all

the while she was learning more and more of the man who had come into her life.

As she stood before her mirror she was awaiting the arrival of Mr. Vane. They had become warm friends, much more on the part of Mr. Vane, who had openly declared his love and had sent her many tokens of his affection, which Peg had accepted, but with her peculiar whim she had declined anything save some inexpensive gift, telling her lover that it was the sentiment which she desired, not the intrinsic value of the present. She had decided to reveal to Mr. Vane that she, in turn, loved him, but the old, suspicious feeling would not leave her.

When they were alone together Peg placed her hands on Vane's shoulders and, gazing fixedly into his eyes, said:

"Ernest, we actresses make good the old proverb 'many lovers, few friends,' but no one outside our circle knows how much we need a friend. Will you be one to me?"

And Ernest promised faithfully that he would, while life remained.

Then she gave herself up to the intoxication of the moment. With all her adulation Peg was lonely. There had been no one to whom she could go and open her heart with

a sense of security, and when Vane poured into her willing ear his avowals of undying love and devotion, Peg's hungry soul drank in his words as the thirsty earth absorbs refreshing showers. She was supremely happy, more so than she had ever dared to be, and the thought almost frightened her as she built dreams for a bright future.

Sir Charles Pomander did not at all relish the turn affairs had taken. He had planned many schemes to win Peg's affection, and when he witnessed the triumph of one he regarded as a rank outsider his love turned to hate. He endeavored insidiously to poison Vane's mind with stories of Peg Woffington's past life, and on one occasion he was nearly successful. James Triplet, a hanger-on at Covent Garden, was recognized by Peg as one who had befriended her in the early days of poverty. Triplet was a playwright and scene-painter, and to give him assistance Peg offered him a commission to paint her portrait. Peg's visits to Triplet's studio were told by Sir Charles to Vane, as evidences of Peg's faithlessness, but the falsity of the charges was soon proved and Vane's infatuation was stronger than ever. Sir Charles had almost abandoned hope of defeating his

rival until one day, when returning to London from the country, he gave assistance to a woman whose coach had become disabled.

The beauty of the lady so impressed Sir Charles that he sent his servant to learn her identity, and the man brought back word that she was Mrs. Ernest Vane. A deadly weapon was thus placed in Sir Charles's hands, but he refrained from making public his information until the proper moment. A banquet had been arranged by Mr. Vane in honor of Peg Woffington, and Sir Charles managed to have Mrs. Vane appear when the festivities were at their height.

His scheme was successful and the effect of Mrs. Vane's advent was electric. Mr. Vane, not knowing that his wife was in town, was filled with consternation, but Peg's tact did not desert her even in this trying moment and she introduced those present as members of the nobility. Mrs. Vane was not suspicious and accepted the situation in good faith, but Triplet, who had brought verses in honor of Miss Woffington and being unaware of Mrs. Vane's identity, revealed the true facts and the wife was heartbroken at her husband's inconstancy.

As for Peg, she was furious at the deception

placed upon her. She fully believed that Mr. Vane was free to woo her, and then in a moment her dreams were rudely shattered and her faith in mankind destroyed. She determined to take desperate revenge. She would keep Vane at her side in spite of the wife, and then, when he was firmly in her toils, she would publicly discard him. Filled with these thoughts, she went to Triplet's studio, where the portrait he had painted was to be exhibited.

The first glance showed the picture to be a wretched failure and even Triplet acknowledged his defeat. But there was no time to lose, for the critics were already approaching the studio. Peg, with a sudden inspiration, cut the face from the portrait and, having arranged the draperies so that her body would be concealed, she placed her own features in the aperture. The comments of the connoisseurs were ludicrous, some declaring there was not the slightest resemblance to the original, others that the flesh tints were imperfect, and still others that the drawing was out of all proportions. When the opinions had been expressed, Peg came from behind the easel and expressed her views in true Milesian manner.

Peg remained after the others had departed and told Triplet of her intentions toward Mr. Vane. Unexpectedly Mrs. Vane knocked at the door of the studio. She had been followed by Sir Charles Pomander and had sought refuge from his attentions. Peg had no desire to meet Mrs. Vane, but there was not sufficient time to escape, so once more she went behind the easel and placed her face in the portrait. Mrs. Vane, after explaining her presence, noticed the picture and exclaimed:

"You are a great artist, Mr. Triplet; the likeness actually breathes. Oh, that she were here, instead of this wonderful image of her. I would speak to her. I am not wise or learned, but orators never pleaded as I would plead to her for my Ernest's heart."

She paused for a moment, and then, addressing the picture, she continued:

"Oh yes, you are beautiful, you are gifted, and the eyes of thousands wait on your every word and look. What wonder that he, ardent, refined, and genial, should lay his heart at your feet. I cannot take him from you, but, oh, be generous to the weak and give him back to me! Give him back to me, beautiful, terrible woman and I will love you longer than men can love!"

Suddenly she started back with a wild scream.

"It is alive!" she cried, and, running to Triplet, hid her face on his shoulder.

For Peg had been so affected by the piteous appeal of the heartbroken woman that with all her self-control she could not check the tears which coursed down her cheeks. Peg ordered Triplet to leave the room, and when the two women were alone Peg turned to Mrs. Vane and said, calmly:

"I trust, madam, you will do me the justice to believe I did not know Mr. Vane was married?"

"I am sure of it," replied Mrs. Vane. "You are as good as you are gifted."

Peg then promised to so degrade herself in Vane's eyes that he would leave her in disgust, but to this plan Mrs. Vane refused to agree. Finally Peg arrayed herself in Mrs. Vane's cloak and hood, threw a note from the window to Sir Charles, who was waiting below, which she knew would bring that worthy into the room, and then despatched Triplet to summon Mr. Vane to the studio, Mrs. Vane concealing herself in an adjoining apartment. Sir Charles responded to the summons immediately, and in a moment was

making violent love to Peg, whom he mistook for Mrs. Vane.

In the height of a most impassioned scene Vane entered and made the same error as did Sir Charles. Swords were drawn, but Peg disclosed herself before matters became serious. The thought that his wife was beloved by another produced such a shock to Mr. Vane that he realized he still loved her and the two departed together, leaving Peg with her unhappy thoughts.

Peg Woffington never recovered from this episode. She plunged once more into her work, but life had lost all its interest. She did not remain long on the stage, but retired to private life and devoted herself to charity, Mr. and Mrs. Vane being her stanch friends while she lived. Her grave in the little churchyard of Teddington, England, is the Mecca of thousands who pay tribute to the memory of the actress and the woman.

THACKERAY

TWICE in his later years did William Makepeace Thackeray seek temporarily another career than that of authorship. Shortly before writing "The Virginians" he tried unsuccessfully to capture a seat in Parliament. Politics had always attracted him, although his temperament was wholly unsuited to popular demands.

He was a radical, sympathizing with Richard Cobden in his anti-corn-law fight. "I would like to see all men equal," he wrote in 1840, "and this bloated aristocracy blasted to the wings of all winds." He was nevertheless absolutely opposed to any attempt on the part of the people to win their rights by force. His attitude is interesting in the light of today's radicalism, as is also his firm advocacy of Ireland's right to have home rule.

After finishing "The Virginians," Thackeray became the first editor of "The Cornhill Magazine." His own wide popularity practically insured the initial success of the venture. Of the first number one hundred and twenty thousand copies were sold. The most distinguished writers of the day were attracted as contributors through the editor's prestige,

and the "Cornhill" furnished magazine-readers with better fiction and articles than can be found to-day in any successful English periodical.

Although Thackeray was a good editor in many ways, he was handicapped by too tender a heart. He could not refuse poems and articles, however uninspired and even maudlin, if the writers needed money. So a few months later he gladly resigned his position and returned to novel-writing.

THE VIRGINIANS

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Condensation by
SARA WARE BASSETT

VIRGINIA in the days of Washington's early manhood; Virginia with its vast tobacco plantations sloping to the river, its myriads of slaves, its great estates where, loyal to the king, the master was above all else a gentleman and a sportsman, and the mistress a lady who directed the affairs of her household with the imperiousness of a princess of the blood; a Virginia of stiff brocades, of hoops and powdered wigs; a land where hospitality ran free and good wine was never wanting—such is the setting chosen by Thackeray for his sequel to *Henry Esmond*, the tale entitled *The Virginians*.

It was a picturesque period in history, and the author of the novel was indeed daring to present to us in the first pages of his book George Washington, the young Colonial

colonel, who comes hither in his coach from his adjoining estate to visit Madam Esmond, the daughter of our old friend Henry Esmond, at her American home, "Castlewood," and there meet her nineteen-year-old twin sons, George Esmond Warrington and Harry Warrington. Hither, also, comes General Braddock, the English commander who expects with the aid of his forces to bring about an end to the French and Indian wars; and in his company is Benjamin Franklin, the Philadelphia printer.

Ah, Thackeray had courage to present to us in the flesh these familiar celebrities!

But he does it delightfully.

We see George Washington, a frequent and welcome guest at "Castlewood," greeting the Widow Esmond with friendship so ardent that her sons, jealous of every attention paid their mother, mistake his gallantry for a tenderer sentiment and are on the point of challenging the colonel to a duel when they discover their error. Afterward George, the elder twin by the narrow margin of a half-hour, goes forth with Braddock and Washington into the campaign that costs the English general his life and in which the king's troops are defeated by the French and

Indians. From this disastrous pilgrimage Washington's young aid, George Esmond Warrington, fails to return, and great is the grief at "Castlewood." Madam Esmond reproaches Colonel Washington that he should come back unscathed when her son is missing. As for Harry, the loss of his elder brother so overwhelms him that it is deemed wise to send him on a sea voyage to England in the hope of diverting him from constantly mourning the twin he so devotedly loved.

Hence we next behold Harry at the home of his English cousins at "Castlewood," where, we regret to say, he at first receives but a scant welcome. My Lord Castlewood and the ladies would not have tolerated either Harry or his black servant Gumbo had not Aunt Bernstein, the Beatrix Esmond of Harry's grandfather's day, been a guest at the house. Although the baroness is now old and has lost her beauty, she has not lost her money, and because the impoverished Castlewoods are eager to inherit the latter they dare not oppose her. She will have Harry Warrington welcomed to the home of his ancestors.

Therefore the young American is granted a tardy invitation to the family estate to

which his grandfather, Henry Esmond, although the rightful heir, waived all claims before emigrating to Virginia.

Harry is an ingratiating young fellow and his aunt Bernstein promptly falls in love with him, urging him to go with her to Tunbridge Wells, a fashionable resort whither she is bound. The shrewd old woman is insistent in her demand, for she sees that the unsophisticated lad has already developed a passion for the Right Honorable Maria Esmond, my Lord Castlewood's sister, and a woman more than twice Harry's age.

The boy himself realizes his mistake, but he is an Esmond and a Virginian, and for such there is no drawing back.

Madam Bernstein is not so scrupulous, however.

Harry is young and, as his black servant shamelessly asserts, royally rich.

He can do better for himself and the family than throw himself away on a scheming woman who is penniless and who has none too good a reputation. Indeed, there is scarcely one Castlewood whose past would bear inspection. Even the escutcheon of the baroness herself is dingy and tarnished. She is nevertheless kind-hearted and sin-

cerely fond of Harry, and, therefore, with coach and postilions and outriders and trunks and servants, she bears him and his Lady Maria away with her to Tunbridge Wells.

On the journey Harry is thrown from his horse, and, his shoulder being injured, he is carried into the nearest house, which proves to be the home of Colonel Lambert, whose wife was an old school friend of Harry's mother. Of course the Lamberts cannot do enough for the boy. Theo and Hetty, the charming daughters of the family, are never tired waiting on him; and when he rides away to join his aunt four days later he has formed a strong friendship with the Lambert family. Already the memory of the fair Maria is a bit dimmed.

Ah, when he reaches Tunbridge Wells what a little world of fashion and corruption it is! Our Virginian has never seen anything of the like before. Nor does he see it now with discerning eye. The little painted dancer whom the Earl of March has in his company must surely be as beautiful as she looks; and the men of rank with their gaming and drinking are gentlemen all, in simple Harry's estimation.

The fame of the Virginian has preceded him.

The tales told of his wealth have rolled up until he has become a veritable prince with gold uncounted, numberless acres of land, slaves, tobacco-fields—diamond-mines if you will. As Aunt Bernstein has spread some of these tidings, she begs her nephew not to disgrace her by contradicting them, and therefore what can he do? There is no choice but to live the rich Virginian, spend money freely, gamble as does all the world of fashion, and these things Harry Esmond Warrington proceeds to do.

It is not a difficult rôle to play.

All Tunbridge is at his feet.

Jewelers, drapers, dancing-masters wait on him.

He gambles and wins—continues to gamble and win.

He becomes known as the "Fortunate Youth."

Everything he touches turns to money.

But the lad does not become a profligate; there is too fine stuff in him. He is foolish, mayhap; but he is ever an Esmond and a Virginian. Men like him because he is honest; women because he is chivalrous.

Again and again Aunt Bernstein tries to break off his engagement to Maria. She even appeals to that lady herself. But Maria will not give up her treasure. A rich and handsome young husband is no easy prize to win. She has Harry's word and she will hold him to it.

The baroness is in despair. She will send Maria home and Harry to London on some trumped-up errand or other.

The boy has never seen London, and what a realm of enchantment it is! The fireworks at Vauxhall; the theater where Garrick plays to royalty; Doctor Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the wits of the day whom one meets at White's or the Cocoa-Tree! What is Tunbridge Wells after seeing London! Harry takes lodgings—luxurious lodgings, for must he not maintain the dignity of his family? And he goes to White's in his chair, where the gay macaronis are only too ready to welcome him and gamble the gold from out his pocket. To London, too, come the Lamberts, and with them General Wolfe, whom Harry has already met at Tunbridge. Everybody comes to London, and an alluring career our Virginian leads there. Then suddenly his luck changes.

One evening he loses at White's; he loses a second evening, and a third. He plays with my Lord Castlewood (my lord's honor at cards might be challenged) and all his hoard of wealth is swept away. Creditors appear. Tradesmen who were servile but a day or two before now become insolent. Presently on returning from an evening party Harry Warrington is arrested for debt and led away to Chancery Lane.

It is incredible! The misfortune is, however, merely temporary, he tells himself. Some one of the many friends who have shared his money and drunk his wine will, of course, come forward and go bail for him. He writes to first one and then another. Not one of them will aid him. The baroness sends a proposal that if he will give up his marriage to Lady Maria she will pay his debts and release him from his present embarrassing dilemma. This Harry refuses to do. Has not Maria but a moment before come to him, loyally offering to give him her jewelry and trinkets? Keen-eyed woman of the world that she is, Maria has not miscalculated the effect of this dramatic action. It binds Harry to her more securely than ever.

It is just as Colonel Lambert and General Wolfe are coming to the boy's aid that a miracle occurs.

Into the jail stalks George Esmond Warrington, the beloved brother who was supposed to have been killed two years before. He quickly discharges Harry's indebtedness and the two go away together, happy as children.

But what a revolution the appearance of this elder brother makes in society's attitude toward poor Harry! He is no longer the favored child of fortune. Debts are nothing —everybody has those. Nor is the jail a disgrace. Many a darling of fashion has passed a night there. But to be a younger son! Society turns up its nose. Accordingly it is George Esmond Warrington who now becomes the idol, while Harry is thrust into the background. Acquaintances pass him by. What right had the wretch to masquerade as heir to the Esmond estates? The story of his brother's rescue from death is a thin one. No doubt the scapegrace knew all along that George was alive.

Had there not been the deepest and most enduring affection between the twins such a state of affairs might perhaps have created a

breach between them. As it is they pay no heed to society's cruel tongue.

George meets the baroness, the Castlewoods, and the Lamberts, and immediately falls in love with Theo. He also meets Lady Maria, and after telling her that Harry will now have no fortune that far-sighted worldling breaks off the match of her own accord. It was the money she wanted, not Harry.

Our young rascal is jubilant enough to be free and in due time casts in his lot with the army, going with the English to France and later with General Wolfe against Canada. In both these campaigns he wins distinction which reinstates him with his former friends.

But he has had enough of London.

His mother is growing old and he will go to her.

He arrives just as the Colonies are on the brink of revolution.

Madam Esmond is still a stout royalist; but Harry, a child of the younger generation, is a Virginian, an American. He joins General Washington, the friend of his youth, and serves under him through the war for independence.

In the mean time George Esmond Warrington, dressed in a coat of scarlet, is serv-

ing the king in the command of General Clinton.

The two factions clash, but the Warringtons contrive to meet and exchange greetings. Their politics may differ, but their hearts are unchanged one toward the other.

Eventually George weds Theo Lambert and settles down in the Old World, an English gentleman; but General Harry Warrington ends his days in Virginia.

"On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America there hang two crossed swords which his relatives wore in the great War of Independence. The one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the king, the other was the weapon of a brave and honored republican soldier," says Thackeray. "The colonel in scarlet, and the general in blue and buff, hang side by side in the wainscoted parlor of the Warringtons in England, their love never having materially diminished, however angrily the contest divided them. . . . These effigies have always gone by the name of 'The Virginians,' by which name their memoirs are christened."

END OF VOL. III

STOWE

HARRIET BEECHER was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1811. She came of a family which achieved large reputation. Her father was Lyman Beecher, a militant clergyman, and her best-known brother, Henry Ward Beecher, was one of the preacher-orators of his time. In 1836 she married another clergyman, Calvin Stowe.

Her inheritance and her sympathies were all toward the cause of anti-slavery. Her life in Cincinnati, on the borderland of free and slave territory, gave her an insight into the peculiar institution such as few Northerners possessed. The wife of a poor minister, occupied with the care of a large family, with little literary training, she seemed the last person to electrify the world and achieve a lasting historical importance. Yet probably none of the great names associated with the cause of anti-slavery did more to force the issue than the minister's wife. In 1852 there issued from Brunswick, Maine, where her husband had become a professor at Bowdoin College, the famous "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; within five years over half a million copies had been sold. How many million people have

since read the book or seen the vast variety of plays based on it, no man can tell.

Mrs. Stowe wrote, later, "Dred," "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Old Town Folks," and other books, but "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was her great work. It was written with knowledge of the subject and with a noble purpose; the sincerity of the author and a spark of native genius created an effect that few other books have ever attained; the scene is true to life; the characters have remained alive long years after the circumstances which gave them birth have passed away. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is part of the world's history of the struggle toward freedom.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Condensation by
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

IT was in the days when African slavery flourished under the free skies of America. Evil times had befallen the house of Shelby, and pressing debt required the sacrifice of a portion of the holdings of the Kentucky planter in human chattels. Uncle Tom, instead of the freedom that had been promised him as the reward of a lifetime of devoted service, found himself torn from wife, home, and children, transferred to the hands of an unscrupulous trader, and consigned to the terror-ridden slave-markets of the lower Mississippi. So trusted had the black man been that numerous avenues of escape lay open to him. Of one of these, in the dead of winter, over the ice-bound waters of the Ohio River, by the "underground" to Sandusky, and thence to freedom in Canada, the

mulatto-girl Eliza, and her son, who had been sold at the same time, had availed themselves. But Tom's fidelity to his master was too strong, and, fearing to involve him infurther difficulties, he bravely faced the miseries of the future.

"I am in the Lord's hands," said he to those who tried to persuade him to escape, "and there'll be the same God there that there is here."

"Well, it's a nasty mean shame, Tom!" sobbed his master's son George, as he bade the old slave farewell. "But remember—some day I'll come down and buy you back."

The voyage down the Mississippi with the slave-gang to which Tom was attached was filled with scenes and episodes of woe and tragedy, but Tom found relief from sorrow in the companionship of a fellow-passenger, a fairy-like little girl, full of the smiling spirit of play, who, fascinated by Tom's unusual dexterity in the making of strange toys dear to the hearts of children, clung to him as to an old and beloved friend.

"Where are you going, Tom?" she asked one day.

"I dunno, missy," said Tom. "Reckon

I'm gwine to be sold to somebody—but I dunno who."

"Well, my father can buy you," said she, "and I'll ask him to this very day."

"Thank you, my little lady," smiled Tom, gratefully.

And his "little lady" she soon became, for the brave black won little Eva's life back from the swirling waters of the Mississippi into which she had fallen, and in sheer gratitude for her deliverance the child's father, Augustine St. Clare, bought him from the trader.

The scene now changes to New Orleans, where in a beautiful home, in daily comradeship with his little mistress, Tom for a time was happy. St. Clare, his new master, was kindly and sympathetic, and while of an easy-going disposition, a dawning consciousness of the iniquity of slavery had come into his soul, a consciousness confirmed and accentuated by his daily contemplation of the nobility of heart of the faithful Tom. Two years of this unlooked-for happiness passed away, and once more Tom was face to face with misfortune. His flower-like little companion, growing daily more and more fragile, herself in spite of her years envisaging and

depressed by the wickedness of the system of slavery which not only destroyed the souls of the oppressed, but debased the character of the oppressors, finally died. Heartbroken over his loss, St. Clare found comfort only in the companionship of the equally heartbroken Tom, and one day in a sudden surge of gratitude he promised the old man his freedom, but the light of joy that shone in Tom's face when he heard the promise disconcerted him.

"You haven't had such a bad time here that you should be glad to leave me," he said, sadly.

"'Tain't leavin' ye, Marse St. Clare," said Tom, "it's bein' free that I'm a-joyin' in."

But it was not to be. The easy-going nature of St. Clare caused him to delay Tom's emancipation papers, and one night, trying to separate two drunken brawlers intent upon killing each other, St. Clare was himself stabbed to death; and in the settlement of his estate Tom once more found himself at the auction-block, to be knocked down to the highest bidder.

Enter now one Simon Legree, a master of far different type from Shelby and St. Clare.

A brute and a drunkard. A beast whose glance was an insult to womanhood. A fiend who prided himself upon his inflexible brutality, and with brutish satisfaction showed, to all who would look, his knuckles calloused with the blows he had inflicted upon the helpless. To him by virtue of length of purse fell Tom, who now tasted the tragic dregs of the cup of slavery. The manifest contrast between his own crass brutality and the high-minded character of his chattel aroused the envious wrath of his new owner, who endeavored by every wicked expedient possible to break Tom's spirit and his unalterable faith in divine guidance and protection. Furtively he watched him at work, hoping to find a flaw, but in vain; but one day he found the way. He ordered Tom to flog a woman-slave who was guiltless of the shortcoming attributed to her, and for the first time in his career Legree was denied. Tom refused. Legree's answer was a blow upon Tom's cheek.

"What?" he roared in his rage. "Ye dare tell me ye won't, ye blasted black beast?"

"I'll die first," Tom replied, simply.

"Well, here's a pious dog—a saint—a gentleman!" sneered Legree. "Didn't ye

never read in your Bible, '*Servants obey your masters'?* And ain't I your master Didn't I pay twelve hundred dollars cash for ye, and ain't ye mine, body and soul?"

"No, Marse Legree," replied Tom, through the tears and blood that coursed down his cheeks. "*My soul ain't yours! It's been bought and paid for by One that is able to keep it.* Ye may kill my body, but ye can't harm my soul."

Now, according to the nature of his kind, Legree was superstitious, and while his hatred increased, he began to fear in the presence of his fearless possession. In Tom's presence what passed for a conscience was aroused within him. Some of the unspeakable crimes of which in his lustful gratifications, and through his murderous instincts, he had been guilty began to prey upon him. Dark things had happened in the decayed old mansion in which Legree dwelt, and in common with the ignorant blacks by whom he was surrounded Legree began to have fears, accentuated by the delirium of drink, of impending visitations by ghosts. Taking advantage of these fears, his one-time mistress, Cassie, a woman of subtle powers, herself a slave, conspired with Emmaline, an

attractive mulatto whom Legree was endeavoring to install in her place, to destroy his peace of mind, and ultimately himself by means of wraithful appearances and weird sounds in the garret of the old mansion. Pretending to escape through the swamps, eluding their pursuers, they returned to the house and lay hid there for days, working their soul-stirring stratagem upon the worried Legree. Legree at the head of a pursuing party made up of negroes and bloodhounds sought the missing women in the swamps and forests by which his isolated plantation was surrounded, but in vain; and in the rage of failure, believing him to have been party to the escape, he turned upon Tom.

"Well, ye black beast," he roared, in a paroxysm of baffled rage, "I've made up my mind to kill ye."

"Very likely, Marse Legree," replied Tom, calmly.

"Unless ye tell me what ye know about these yer gals," said Legree.

"I hain't got nothin' to tell, Marse," said Tom.

"Don't ye dare tell me that ye don't know, ye old black Christian," cried Legree in angry contempt, striking him furiously.

"Yes—I *know*, Marse," said Tom, "but I can't tell anything. *I can die.*"

"Hark ye, Tom," roared Legree, in a terrible voice, "this time I mean what I say. I'll conquer ye or I'll kill ye! I'll count every drop of blood in your body till ye give up."

"Marse," said Tom, "if you was sick, or in trouble, or dyin', and it would save ye, I'd give ye my heart's blood, and if takin' every drop of blood in this poor old body of mine would save your precious soul, I'd give 'em freely as the Lord gave His for me. Do the worst ye can. My troubles will soon be over, but if ye don't repent, *yours won't never end!*"

For a moment Legree stood aghast, awed into silence by Tom's absolutely fearless reliance upon his faith, but only for a moment. There was one hesitating pause, and the spirit of evil within him, defied, rose with sevenfold vehemence. Foaming with rage, he struck his victim to the ground and gave him over to be flogged to ribbons.

"Pay away until he gives up!" shouted Legree, as the floggers led him away.

Two days later George Shelby, Tom's boy-friend from Kentucky, now grown to

manhood, appeared to fulfil his promise of redemption, but he came too late. Tom lay dying of his wounds.

"I've come to take you home," said George, tears falling from his eyes as he bent over his old friend.

"Bless the Lord—it's Marse George!" cried Tom, as he opened his eyes, bewildered. "*They haven't forgot me! They haven't forgot me!* Now, I shall die content."

At this moment Legree sauntered in and looked on carelessly.

"The old Satan!" cried George, in his indignation. "It's a comfort to think the devil will pay him for this some of these days."

"Hush, Marse George!" said Uncle Tom. "Don't feel so. He 'ain't done me no real harm—*only opened the gates of heaven for me—that's all.*"

The sudden flush of strength died away. A sense of sinking came over him and he cosed his eyes. His broad chest rose and fell heavily. The expression of his face was that of a conqueror.

"Who—who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" he whispered in a voice that contended with mortal weakness, and with a smile on his lips he fell asleep.

"Witness, Eternal God," said George Shelby, as he knelt beside the body of his departed friend, "oh, witness from this hour, *I will do what one man can do to drive out this curse of slavery from my land.*"

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HAWTHORNE

AFTER a residence of about four years at Concord, Hawthorne moved again to Salem, where he had been appointed as surveyor of the custom-house at that port. He filled the position until a change of administration led to his retirement. He seems to have written little during his official term; but, having some leisure, he read much and pondered over subjects for future stories.

While at the custom-house he found, among some old papers, a large letter "A" embroidered on red cloth, and, speculating upon the origin and history of the letter, his imagination was so stirred that, upon his retirement from office, he wrote "The Scarlet Letter."

Hawthorne was for years the most obscure of American writers, though he gradually acquired many quiet admirers. His first recognition came from England, where his genius was discovered by Henry F. Chorly, one of the editors of the "Athenæum." But the powerful romance of "The Scarlet Letter" set at rest at once any doubt there may have been as to the genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

His shorter stories are remarkable for their

originality. But in some of the longer stories he showed how deeply he pondered the great problems of life, in depicting the characters which move through his works.

He inherited the gravity of his Puritan ancestors, and was said to be "a great anatomist of the human heart."

THE SCARLET LETTER

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Condensation by
GEORGE S. BARTON

ONE summer morning over two centuries ago the grass-plot before the jail in Prison Lane was occupied by many of the inhabitants of Boston. The door opened and the town beadle appeared, followed by a young woman carrying a baby about three months old. On the breast of her gown, in red cloth, appeared the letter A, and it was that scarlet letter which drew all eyes toward her.

The place appointed for her punishment was not far from the prison door, and in spite of the agony of her heart, Hester Prynne passed with almost a serene deportment to the scaffold where the pillory was set up, and under the weight of a thousand unrelenting eyes the unhappy prisoner sustained herself as best a woman might.

A small, intelligent appearing man on the outskirts of the crowd attracted Hester's attention, and he in his turn eyed her till, seeing that she seemed to recognize him, he laid his finger on his lips.

Then, speaking to a townsman, he said, "I pray you, good sir, who is this woman, and wherefore is she here set up to public shame?"

"You must needs be a stranger, friend," said the townsman, "else you would have heard of Mistress Hester Prynne. She hath raised a great scandal in godly Master Dimmesdale's church. The penalty thereof is death, but the magistracy, in their mercy, have doomed her to stand a space of three hours on the platform of the pillory, and for the remainder of her life to wear a mark of shame in her bosom."

"A wise sentence!" remarked the stranger. "It irks me, nevertheless, that the partner of her iniquity should not at least stand by her side. But he will be known—he will be known!"

The Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale, a young minister of high native gifts, who had already wide eminence in his profession, was urged to exhort Hester to repentance and confession.

Addressing her, he advised that she name her fellow-sinner even if he had to step from a high position to stand beside her, for it was better so than to hide a guilty heart through life.

Hester shook her head, keeping her place upon the pedestal of shame with an air of weary indifference.

That night her child writhed in convulsions, and a physician, Mr. Roger Chillingworth, none other than the stranger Hester had noticed in the crowd, was called. Having eased the baby's pain, he turned and said: "Hester, I ask not wherefore thou hast fallen into the pit. It was my folly and thy weakness. What had I—a man of thought—to do with youth and beauty like thine? I might have known that in my long absence this would happen."

"I have greatly wronged thee," murmured Hester.

"We have wronged each other," he answered. "But I shall seek this man whose name thou wilt not reveal, and sooner or later he must be mine. I shall contrive nothing against his life. Let him live. One thing, thou that wast my wife, I ask. Thou hast kept his name secret. Keep likewise,

mine. Let thy husband be to the world as one already dead, and breathe not the secret, above all to the man thou wottest of."

"I will keep thy secret, as I have his."

Freed from prison, Hester did not flee, but established herself in a small cottage just outside the town, incurring no risk of want, for she possessed the art of needlework, which provided food for herself and child. She had named the little one "Pearl," as being of great price, and little Pearl grew up a lovely child. People wished to take her away, and the matter was discussed in the mother's presence by Governor Bellingham and his guests—Rev. John Wilson, Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale, and Doctor Chillingworth.

"God gave me the child!" cried Hester, and turning to the young clergyman, Mr. Dimmesdale, she exclaimed: "Speak thou for me. Thou wast my pastor. Thou knowest what is in my heart and what are a mother's rights, and how much the stronger they are when that mother has but her child and the scarlet letter! I will not lose the child! Look to it!"

"There is truth in what she says," began the minister. "There is a quality of awful sacredness between this mother and this

child. It is good for this poor, sinful woman that she hath an infant confided to her care —to be trained by her to righteousness. Let us leave them as Providence hath seen fit to place them!"

"You speak, my friend, with a strange earnestness," said Roger Chillingworth, smiling at him.

"He hath adduced such arguments that we will even leave the matter as it now stands," said the governor. The affair being so satisfactorily concluded, Hester and Pearl departed.

Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale's health failing, he consulted Doctor Chillingworth. Taking him as a patient, the doctor decided to know the man's inmost nature before trying to heal him. Arrangements were made for the two men to lodge together so that he might be constantly under the doctor's observation.

As Doctor Chillingworth proceeded with his investigation, begun, as he imagined, with the integrity of a judge desirous only of truth, a terrible fascination seized him and insisted that he do its bidding. He now dug into the poor clergyman's heart, like a miner seeking gold; and Mr. Dimmesdale grew to look at him with an unaccountable horror.

Often Mr. Dimmesdale tried to speak the truth of his past from the pulpit, but had cheated himself by confessing his sinfulness in general terms. Once, indulging in the mockery of repentance, he mounted the scaffold where Hester had stood. There was no danger of discovery, for every one was asleep. Even so he was surprised by Hester and Pearl, returning from a death-bed in the town, and presently by Roger Chillingworth.

"Who is that man?" gasped Mr. Dimmesdale, in terror. "I shiver at him, Hester. Canst thou do nothing for me? I have a nameless horror of the man."

Remembering her promise, Hester was silent.

"Worthy sir," said the doctor, advancing to the platform, "pious Master Dimmesdale! Can this be you? Come, good sir, I pray you, let me lead you home! You should study less, or these night-whimsies will grow upon you."

Hester now resolved to do what she could for the victim whom she saw in her former husband's grip. One day she met the old doctor in the woods, seeking herbs, and implored him to be merciful, saying that she

must now reveal the secret of their former relationship, no matter what befell.

A week later Hester awaited the clergyman in the forest and told him about Roger Chillingworth and their relationship, bidding him hope for a new life beyond the sea in some rural village.

"Thou shalt not go alone," she whispered.

Arthur Dimmesdale attained the proudest eminence a New England clergyman could reach. He had preached the election sermon on the holiday celebrating the election of a new governor.

Hester had taken berths to England, and on the holiday the shipmaster informed her that Roger Chillingworth had booked passage on the same vessel; saying nothing, she turned and stood by the pillory with Pearl.

The minister, surrounded by leading townsmen, halted at the scaffold, and, calling Hester and Pearl to him, mounted the scaffold steps. Telling Hester he was a dying man and must hasten to assume his shame, he turned to the market-place and spoke with a voice that all could hear.

"People of New England! At last, at last I stand where seven years since I should have stood. Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester

wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! But there stood one in the midst of you, at whose brand of sin ye have not shuddered."

With a convulsive motion he tore away the ministerial gown from before his breast. It was revealed! Then sinking down on the scaffold, he died, his head resting on Hester's bosom.

Afterward, conflicting accounts arose about the scene on the scaffold. Many testified to seeing a scarlet letter on the minister's bosom, while others denied it, saying that Dimmesdale's confession implied no part of Hester's guilt.

Roger Chillingworth died, bequeathing his property to Pearl.

Hester and Pearl lived in England for years, then, Pearl marrying, Hester returned alone to the little dwelling by the forest.

Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers

CARROLL

LEWIS CARROLL (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) was born in the village of Darebury, Cheshire, England, January 27, 1832. He was a mathematician as well as author, and while the literary life of "Lewis Carroll" was familiar to a wide circle of readers, the private life of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was retired and practically uneventful.

He took a first class in the final mathematical school in 1854, and the following year was appointed mathematical lecturer at Christ Church, a post he continued to fill until 1881. He published books of a purely mathematical nature first; but in 1865 he published, under the pseudonym of "Lewis Carroll," "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," a work that was the outcome of his keen sympathy with the imagination of children and their sense of fun. This whimsical story was an immediate success, and the name of "Lewis Carroll" has ever since been a household word.

Mr. Dodgson was extremely fond of children, and it was an open secret that the original of Alice was a daughter of Dean Liddel. A dramatic version of

the Alice books was produced at Christmas, 1886, and has since enjoyed numerous revivals.

Throughout this dual existence Mr. Dodgson persistently refused to be publicly identified with "Lewis Carroll," although his authorship of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass" was well known.

He died at Guilford on the 14th of January, 1898; his memory is appropriately kept green by a cot in the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, London, which was erected and endowed perpetually by public subscription.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

By LEWIS CARROLL

Condensation by
NEWTON NEWKIRK

ALICE sat nodding sleepily on a mossy bank beside her big sister, who was reading.

Presently a pink-eyed white Rabbit ran by, looking at its watch and crying, "Oh dear—I shall be late!" Alice bounded after the Rabbit, across a field and into a hole under a hedge. After running through the hole a distance she suddenly stepped off into space and began to fall. She fell slowly, and it was a very pleasant sensation. Alice was wondering whether she would stop at the earth's center when, bump!—she landed on a heap of leaves, unhurt.

The Rabbit was scampering down the passage. Springing to her feet, she pursued, but it disappeared around the next corner and Alice found herself in a long hall of many

doors, all locked. On a table was a golden key which fitted the smallest door, only fifteen inches high. Unlocking this, she beheld a beautiful flower-garden, but could not squeeze through the door.

On the table she found a bottle labeled "Drink Me." Alice tasted—it was delicious and she drank it all. Soon she shrank to only ten inches in height. "Now I can go into the garden!" cried Alice, running to the door, but, alas! she had relocked it and left the key on the table far beyond her reach.

Beneath the table in a glass dish she found a cookie on which were the words, "Eat Me." She ate this and soon grew nine feet tall. Presently the Rabbit entered and, seeing Alice, fled in dismay, dropping his gloves and fan. Alice picked them up and began to fan herself. Soon she was only two feet high and dropped the fan in a fright. Thereupon she stopped growing smaller and knew it was a magic fan.

Hearing footfalls, she turned to see the Rabbit standing near. It was nearly as tall as she and seemed very angry. "You go to my house and bring me a pair of gloves and a fan!" commanded the Rabbit, sternly. Alice, badly frightened, started to obey. Strangely

enough, the hall vanished and she found herself running through a deep wood. Soon she came to a little white house. The door-plate said "W. Rabbit." Entering, she hurried up-stairs to the Rabbit's bedroom and found, not gloves and a fan, but a bottle on the bureau. It was not labeled, but Alice drank the contents. She grew so rapidly that the room was hardly big enough to contain her, although she was lying on the floor with her head drawn up to her chin.

While in this predicament some one threw a handful of pebbles through the window into the room. These turned into bits of candy. Alice ate several of them and soon shrank until she could escape from the house. Running into the wood, she sat down beside a mushroom to rest.

"What can I do for you?" asked a voice. Alice looked up, and on top of the mushroom sat a blue Caterpillar, smoking a pipe.

"Oh, please, sir," replied Alice, "make me larger!"

"That's easy," said the Caterpillar; "one side of this mushroom will make you taller, and the other side shorter."

Before Alice could ask more the Caterpillar disappeared.

Alice broke off a piece from each side of the mushroom. After eating a bit of one she grew so short her chin struck her foot. Hastily eating some of the other, she grew so tall her head was among the tree-tops. "Oh dear, shall I never be my regular size again!" she cried, nibbling from the first piece and shrinking down to only nine inches.

In despair she started to walk through the wood, and soon came to a little house about four feet high. Without knocking, Alice walked into the kitchen. The Duchess sat rocking a little pig in her lap, the Cook was sprinkling quantities of pepper into a kettle of soup, and a Cheshire Cat on the hearth grinned from ear to ear at her. All three sneezed violently from time to time.

"Please go away—I don't like your grin," said Alice to the Cat.

"All right," replied the Cat, and vanished, beginning with the tail and ending with the grin—but the grin remained after the rest had disappeared.

To escape from this horrid grin Alice ran out of the house and into the wood, closely pursued by the grin. Seeing a little door open leading into a big tree, Alice slipped

through and slammed the door behind her, shutting out the grin.

Turning about, she at last found herself in the beautiful garden. Standing about a rose-tree near the entrance were three gardeners painting the white roses red. "Why are you doing that?" asked Alice.

"Because," replied one, "the Queen does not fancy white roses."

"Hush!" said another; "here comes the Queen now!"

Alice turned eagerly to behold the royal procession. There were soldiers with clubs, courtiers bedecked with diamonds, and the royal children were ornamented with hearts, while in and out among them hopped the White Rabbit. Last of all came the King and Queen of Hearts.

When the Queen came to Alice she stopped and asked, "My child, do you play croquet?"

"Y - y - y - yes," stammered Alice, much confused.

"Then here is your mallet," replied the Queen, handing Alice a live flamingo. Then the game began, and such a crazy game of croquet Alice had never seen.

The croquet balls were live hedgehogs and

the soldiers bent over to make the arches. Besides, the ground was full of hummocks and ridges. All played at once. When Alice would get ready to hit her ball with the flamingo's head, either the hedgehog would walk off, or the soldier making the arch would stand up to rest his back.

"How do you like the game?" asked a voice. Looking up, Alice beheld the grin of the Cheshire Cat. Before she could answer the Cat's head appeared, but no more of it.

"I don't like it at all," replied Alice, dropping her mallet, which at once flew off. The Cat turned to look at the King, who did not like being grinned at, and complained to the Queen, who ordered the Cat beheaded on the spot.

"That is all very well," said the King, "but I should like to know how it is possible to behead a cat which has no body?" While they were arguing the Cheshire Cat vanished, head, grin, and all.

Alice went to look for her flamingo, but could not find it. When she returned, all the players had gone to the Palace. Alice followed and, entering, found a trial in progress. The King and Queen sat on their throne hearing the evidence. The Knave of

Hearts was being tried for stealing some tarts the Queen had made. Several witnesses testified, but they talked of everything else except the stolen tarts.

"What a silly trial!" thought Alice, nibbling absent-mindedly at a piece of mushroom she had left. Almost before she knew it she grew so tall her head bumped against the ceiling.

"Call the next witness!" commanded the King.

"ALICE!" cried the White Rabbit.

"But I don't know anything about the stolen tarts," protested Alice.

"That's very important," remarked the King.

"It's against the rules for a witness over a mile high to testify," said the Queen.

"Leave this court at once!" ordered the King, addressing Alice.

"I sha'n't leave until I hear the verdict," retorted Alice.

"In that case," said the King, "let the jury consider the verdict."

"Sentence first and verdict afterward," objected the Queen.

"How absurd to have a sentence before a verdict!" said Alice, scornfully.

"Off with that girl's head!" shouted the Queen, pointing at Alice.

"Will you please stoop down so I can carry out the Queen's orders?" asked the Royal Executioner, politely.

"No, I won't!" cried Alice; "you are all nothing but a naughty pack of cards, anyhow, and I am not afraid of you!"

Thereupon the whole pack rose up into the air and flew straight into Alice's face.

"Come, Alice dear, wake up," said her big sister, shaking her gently; "you've been sleeping nearly an hour and it's time to go home."

Then little Alice knew that her wonderful journey had been only a wonderful dream.

SUE

EUGÈNE SUE was born at Paris, January 20, 1804. His father was a distinguished surgeon in Napoleon's army, and he himself served in a like capacity at the battle of Navarino in 1826. After a varied experience in the army and navy, he inherited his father's fortune in 1829 and set up to follow Cooper's example in the telling of tales of the sea, for which his experience well fitted him. The great romantic movement included him in its all-embracing sweep. Many thought him the equal of Dumas, but facility of composition is probably the only point on which he was fully able to meet his great contemporary. Socialism greatly attracted him, and in pleading for the cause of the working classes he won a large audience. He sat in the French Assembly, but his opposition to the coup d'état of Napoleon III sent him into exile. He died at Annecy in Savoy, August 3, 1857.

His "Mysteries of Paris" and "The Wandering Jew" reached enormous length and enormous numbers of readers as they appeared in newspapers, in book form, and on the stage.

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS

By EUGÈNE SUE

Condensation by
SARA WARE BASSETT

TO interpret justly the works of Eugène Sue, one must not forget to take into consideration the epoch at which they won their place in world literature.

When Sue was born the novel was still a comparatively new product. There had, it is true, been books before its advent, for the invention of printing had put reading-matter within the reach of the people; but until fiction made its appearance most of the material published had been of a religious trend, consisting of lives of the saints and treatises on theology and science. Even then such volumes were costly, to say nothing of their being of far too ponderous a nature to answer the cravings of a public scantily educated and desirous for entertainment at a time when amusements were few.

Therefore, when out of this arid literary waste the novel sprung into being, we can easily picture the eagerness with which the hungering masses fell upon it. Here, at last, was something human and within the scope of the every-day man's understanding; here, in fascinating form, were presented not only characters from the life with which he was familiar, but also adventures in those mystic realms of romance that he had imagined. It was like water to the thirsty!

Hence, if, when reading the very early novels, or even those of the later decades to which Sue belonged, we are conscious of stilted dialogue and melodramatic and improbable situations, let us remember that the writers of this era were to no small extent pioneers in a sparsely trodden wilderness of art; and that when "the world was so new and all" in literary development it is a marvel that their handiwork has endured for so many years. Sue's *Mysteries of Paris* penned in 1842, seems touched with the fires of everlasting youth. Indeed, it must possess the charm of universal appeal or it would never have held its place for almost a century. When we consider how few of our present-day novels survive a second season, we are

forced to doff our caps to this artist of the past who, like Stevenson, so well merits the sobriquet of "Tusitala, a Teller of Tales," and the secret of whose spell lies in the eternal child in us answering to the sorceries of a master story-teller.

The book in question is a labyrinth of exciting and dramatic happenings, which, cleverly woven together, embody the author's unique philosophy that the quest for good may be made quite as seductive a crusade as the quest for evil, the only difference lying in the goal toward which one turns his steps. Certainly the story bears out this theory, for we are swept along by the magician's cunning page after page, chapter after chapter, until his creative resources seem limitless. Never for an instant does our interest lag. When the book is finished we feel that, had Sue so ordained, he could have evolved just as many more plots with an equal degree of ease.

He opens his narrative with a scene in the slums of Paris, where Fleur-de-Marie, a beautiful girl of the streets, is being viciously attacked by the Slasher, a brute of the underworld. A trivial quarrel between the two has arisen and the man is about to strike this helpless creature when suddenly a stranger

intervenes and by superior strength and wit lays low the assailant. The new-comer is a M. Rudolph, who styles himself a painter of fans. Although poorly garbed and speaking the jargon of the pavements, we speedily realize that he is something other than he pretends; and in this supposition we are soon justified, for presently we learn that in truth M. Rudolph is no other personage than his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Gerolstein in disguise. The Slasher, however, does not know this, and neither does his pretty companion, and we soon find the three cronies seated amiably at a café table, relating for one another's amusement the stories of their past lives.

Rudolph has little to say. He is an artisan, he declares. The Slasher frankly admits himself to be an escaped convict who has served in the galleys for murder; but with the inconsistency of human nature he announces that while he has no scruples against murder, he will not steal. Fleur-de-Marie, or Goualeuse, as her comrades term her, is a sixteen-year-old waif who has never known any parent save Screech Owl, a cruel woman from whom she had fled when a child; nor has she had any home save prison walls

and the haunts of vice. Nevertheless, despite her vile surroundings, she has kept her soul untainted and is essentially pure of heart, being the victim of environment and circumstances rather than its votary.

Observing this, Rudolph, whose aim is ever to give another chance to those in whom good is apparent, transplants her to a home in the country, where, under the care of Mrs. George, his old nurse, she may grow up in a wholesome atmosphere. At the same time he binds the Slasher to him for life by offering him his hand with the remark that the convict has honor and a heart.

Here our story begins.

Rudolph, we soon learn, has two aims in venturing incognito into the filth of Paris. The first is to discover, if he can, the whereabouts of Mrs. George's son, Germain, who has been taken from her in his youth by a vicious husband. The second is to trace, if possible, his lost daughter, who is supposed to have died in infancy. It is around these two themes that the romance moves. In pursuing them M. Rudolph is beset by every imaginable adventure. He is locked up in a subterranean cellar, where the waters of the Seine slowly creep up to his neck, and

from which predicament the faithful Slasher rescues him.

Innumerable traps are laid for his feet; but from each successive snare he miraculously escapes. And throughout this series of entanglements he never abandons his premise that no matter how depraved the individual, there is potential good in all humanity, which, if nurtured, will blossom into virtue. In consequence he becomes a sort of "inferior Providence" to those whom he meets. He saves the blameless debtor from prison, and places an honest livelihood within his reach. He does a thousand kindnesses. On the other hand, he does not hesitate to bring the unworthy to justice. Relentlessly he causes the eyes of a wretch who has been pitiless to the weak to be put out that he may know what it means to be helpless and the prey of the strong.

The story is a network of crimes and their eventual punishment, and everywhere triumphant we find the creed that in the breast of humankind burns a spark of the divine.

The portion of the tale dealing with the kidnapping of Fleur-de-Marie from her home with Mrs. George by Screech Owl, the blinded schoolmaster, and the imp Hoppy is

a novel in itself. How these wretches wait for the innocent girl, convey her to Paris by coach, and thrust her into the arms of the police, who in turn deposit her in prison, is exciting reading. From prison she is released by a written order, only to fall a victim to a band of hired ruffians who try to drown her in the Seine. As she is floating down the river, one of her old comrades from Saint-Lazare leaps in and saves her life. Next we see her in a great Paris hospital, and it is at this juncture that the Grand Duke Rudolph of Gerolstein obtains trace of her, discovers that she is his own daughter, and bears her in triumph to his magnificent palace to be transformed from a fugitive of the streets to her Royal Highness Princess Amelia. Here, for a brief period, we behold our little Fleur-de-Marie the idol of the court and sought in marriage by a prince of the realm.

But the stigma of the past is ever fresh in the girl's mind. She cannot shake it off. Though she adores her lover, she refuses to wed him, saying that she "loves him too much to give him a hand that has been touched by the ruffians of the city." Poor, brave Fleur-de-Marie! She at last seeks peace in a convent; and when she dies there

we have no regrets that her blameless but troubled life is ended.

In the mean time what of Germain?

We search for him through an equally ingenious train of happenings. With all M. Rudolph's wealth and astuteness it is no easy task to find this missing boy who is lost in the great city of Paris. But he is found. Like Goualeuse, the young hero has kept his soul unsullied by evil Urged to rob his employer, he has not only refused, but has given information against those who plotted the crime, that they might be brought to justice. As a result of this good deed, however, he has been hounded from one end of Paris to the other. At last he falls a victim to a monster of crime, Jacques Ferrand, a corrupt notary, who casts him into prison on a fictitious charge. Here he is no favorite, for by scorning to mingle with the vicious creatures about him he incurs their wrath and suspicion, until at length they dub him a spy and resolve to murder him. From this fate he is saved by the Slasher, who appears in the prison just in time to fell his assailants and pilot him to liberty. Eventually he is restored to his mother's arms and to his pretty sweetheart, Rigolette, whom he now marries.

The skill with which Sue constructs his story, introducing character after character, and bringing these varied elements into a unified whole, is a marvel of artistry. It is also interesting to note throughout the novel the author's knowledge of medicine—his handling of drugs, his portrayal of hospital practices, and other technical touches relative to his profession. Wherever such data can be turned to use he does not hesitate to employ them, fearlessly setting forth in black and white specific evils of the day that should be righted. Nor does he shrink from proclaiming to France, as did Dickens to England, the defects of the legal and penal systems of his country.

A voice so boldly upraised at a time when injustices were many must have won a hearing, and we honor Eugène Sue not alone as a pioneer in the novel-writing field, not alone as a prince of story-tellers, but as a reformer of the social and political evils of his generation.

BESANT

SIR WALTER BESANT, novelist and biographer, lover of London and of the poor folk who lived in the slums of the British metropolis, was born at Portsmouth, England, August 14, 1836. He died on June 9, 1901.

Besant was one of the most many-sided men of his time. He was educated at King's College, London, and at Cambridge; he taught in a college on the picturesque island of Mauritius; he was secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund. He earned the undying gratitude of scores of struggling young writers by establishing the Society of Authors, which kept them from being duped by unscrupulous publishers and editors. He labored indefatigably to improve the conditions of the poor.

Of his many novels, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" stands out above the others—a tale of the poor that gripped the minds of his readers. So profound was the impression that it made that it may be said to have raised the People's Palace, the "Palace of Delight" described in the novel, where the oppressed had some chance to know social improvement and recreation.

The author, who was knighted in 1895, wrote many other novels, among them "The Children of Gideon," "Armorel of Lyonesse," and "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice." He also wrote numerous biographies of writers and men who had lived adventurous lives, and he left unfinished "A Survey of London," a book published after his death, which is a storehouse of information for all who are interested in the past and present of the great city.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN

By WALTER BESANT

Condensation by
CHARLES H. LINCOLN

THE girl was the greatest heiress in England. On the morrow she was to leave the university where, in anticipation of assuming the responsibility of her fortune, she had acquired all of the theory of political economy that text-books could give her. Speaking to a girl friend, she summed up the sources of her wealth:

"To begin with, there is the brewery. You cannot escape from a big brewery if it belongs to you. You cannot hide it away. Messenger, Marsden & Company's Stout, their XXX, their Old and Mild, their Bitter, their Family Ales (that particularly at eight-and-six the nine-gallon cask, if paid for on delivery), their drays, their huge horses, their strong men—these things stare one in

the face wherever you go. I am Messenger, Marsden & Company, myself, the sole partner in what my lawyer sweetly calls the Concern."

Also there was an unconscionable sum of money in the Funds. And whole streets of houses. They lay all about Whitechapel way. Her grandfather had bought houses just as other people buy apples.

Yet Angela Messenger never had been inside one of her own houses. Never had visited her brewery. She knew all the theories about people, but she didn't know people themselves. She resolved:

"I efface myself. I vanish. I disappear. Your Angela will be a dressmaker, and she will live by herself and become—what her great-grandmother was—one of the people."

This was in June, 1881.

For a long time to come, fashionable London would see Angela Messenger no more.

But in Whitechapel district, a charming young woman claiming the name of Kennedy appeared from nowhere in particular, to open dressmaking-rooms.

At Mrs. Bormalack's boarding-house she met the man.

The man had all of personal refinement,

education, and aristocratic poise that was to be expected in the favorite member of the family of Lord Jocelyn Le Breton. Reaching the age of twenty-three, he had been told the secret of his birth: his only claim upon that home of wealth and social distinction was one of gratitude. For, in truth, he had been the child of a sergeant in the English army; and instead of Le Breton, his name was Goslett—Harry Goslett, the first name being pronounced 'Arry in the neighborhood where he had been born.

Free to make his choice, he resolved to go back to his own people.

Mrs. Bormalack's boarding-house was old and mean. Everything was old and shabby; everything wanted polishing, washing, brightening up.

The boarders numbered an elderly couple from a New Hampshire town, hugging the delusion that they were rightful owners of a peerage, and awaiting the day when their rights would be recognized; a sleight-of-hand performer out of employment, who bored his fellows by practising his magic upon them; a learned scholar from Australia, who claimed the discovery of the original tablets of stone upon which the Ten Com-

mandments had been written, but who was deprived of the glory due such an achievement by the jealousy of rival scholars; a clerk in the great brewery, who for thirty years had labored under suspicion of stealing certain valuables from a safe of the Concern —holding on to an ill-paid position through the decades, without hope of promotion or fear of discharge, until guilt might be proven or the missing valuables discovered.

In such surroundings, Angela and Harry naturally gravitated toward each other. Without question, they took each other at face value: she, a dressmaker with a little money to set herself up in business; he, a cabinet-maker with wages of a shilling an hour for mending broken furniture and doing similar jobs at the brewery.

Their talk naturally would come around to the wealthy Miss Messenger—whom none of those concerned with the story except Miss Kennedy ever had seen. They would speculate as to what they would do with her money, if they had the opportunity.

The cabinet-maker, Harry, had ideas. He had observed a lack in the life of the East End of London, with its two millions of people. "We have no pleasures—a theater

and a music-hall in Whitechapel Road. That has to serve for two millions of people. Now if this young heiress wanted to do any good, she should build a Palace of Pleasure here."

"Let us talk over your Palace of Pleasure," she said.

And as time went on they elaborated and amplified the idea, as the needs of the people among whom they lived became more apparent to them. To him it was a fanciful idea, largely of interest because it gave him opportunity to talk with the little dressmaker. To her it was the opportunity for which the greatest heiress in England had gone searching in Whitechapel.

But first came the "Stepney Dressmakers' Association." Never before had London seen such a business, conducted upon such extraordinary principles. The young women employees actually were encouraged to leave their work at certain hours, to exercise and play. They were furnished appetizing food at the expense of the shop. Lawn-tennis courts were provided for them. In the evenings they were encouraged to dance and sing. And a share of the earnings of the establishment was theirs.

Miss Kennedy's backer in this venture was supposed to be the wealthy Miss Messenger, of the brewery. The young cabinet-maker, already deep in love with the dressmaker, suggested that Miss Kennedy might persuade Miss Messenger to start the Palace of Delight, as he now called it.

"What is a Palace of Delight?" he was asked.

"Truly wonderful it is," said Harry, "to think how monotonous are the gifts and bequests of rich men. Schools, churches, almshouses, hospitals—that is all; that is their monotonous round." Then he proceeded to give his imagination full sway in a day-dream that, unknown to him for the time being, was to become a wonderful reality through the magic of the Messenger millions.

While the Palace was growing, Miss Kennedy, through her supposed influence with the unseen Miss Messenger, was bringing sunshine into the lives of the poor folk of Mrs. Bormalack's boarding-house. The seekers for a peerage were set up in the Messenger mansion in the city and had a taste of all that wealth could bestow. The discoverer of the Tablets of Stone had his discovery put into a book, and was sent home to Australia

glowing with joy and pride. The sleight-of-hand man was given opportunity to prove his skill, and proposed marriage in return. All this through the dressmaker's "influence" with the heiress of the brewery.

The young cabinet-maker, for his part, found the long-missing valuables and freed the old clerk from the suspicions he had labored under for thirty years. At the same time, Harry discovered proof that he himself was a fairly well-to-do person.

He laid his heart and fortune at the feet of the dressmaker. The day for the wedding was set.

All this time, be it remembered, the young man had no inkling of the girl's identity; nor did he know that his imaginary Palace of Delight actually was taking form in brick and stone. The girl, however, had long since discovered the secret of Harry's life.

Harry saw his Palace of Delight only when all was completed. It contained a great hall where a thousand couples could dance without crowding. On wet days it was to be a playground for children. There was a concert-room, with organ and piano and a platform; billiard-rooms, card-rooms, rooms with chess and dominoes laid out, school-

rooms for painting, drawing, wood-carving, and all manner of small arts.

"In the Palace of Delight," said Angela, "we shall not be like a troop of revelers, thinking of nothing but dance and song and feasting. We shall learn something every day; we shall all belong to the same class. This is our own palace, the club of the working-people; we will not let anybody make money out of it. We shall use it for ourselves, and we shall make our enjoyment by ourselves."

The first notes of the great organ of the Palace were the wedding-march of the girl and the man. The first festivities within the walls attended their wedding-feast.

And still the man whose imagination had given birth to these marvels had never guessed that his bride was anything but what she seemed; and he rejoiced in her possession.

The truth came to him only when, in the evening, she came to him no longer clad as a simple dressmaker, but radiant in white satin, mystic, wonderful, with white veil and white flowers, and round her white throat a necklace of sparkling diamonds, and diamonds in her hair.

"Take her, my boy," said Lord Jocelyn, proudly. "But you have married—not Miss Kennedy at all—but Angela Messenger."

Harry took his bride's hand in a kind of stupor.

"Forgive me, Harry," she said, "say you forgive me."

Then he raised her veil and kissed her forehead before them all. But he could not speak, because all in a moment the sense of what this would mean poured upon his brain in a great wave, and he would fain have been alone.

TOLSTOI

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI was born in 1828 at Yasnaya Polyana, near Toula, the family estate that has become famous throughout the world as the residence of the great novelist, reformer, and dreamer. He died in 1910 at a little railroad station which he had reached on a journey the object of which was to let him end his days in solitude. But a whole world was looking on.

At first he studied Oriental languages, then law, and finally became a soldier, taking part in the Crimean campaign. His long series of writings began with "Childhood," "Boyhood," "The Morning of a Landed Proprietor," and articles on his experiences as a soldier. His realism was already a dominant note, as well as his power to see through shams and conventions. He soon retired from the army and began his life of service to the peasants about him at his own estate. "War and Peace" appeared in 1864–69, and the great novel "Anna Karenina," 1875–76. Already he was dealing with the mighty problems of life and humanity and trying to solve them in whatever way seemed to him right, no matter what answer the world had given to

them. "My Religion," "The Kreutzer Sonata," "Resurrection," are perhaps the best-known books, which have been translated into many languages, including two editions published in America, of some two dozen volumes each, one by Nathan Haskell Dole and others, one by Prof. Leo Wiener. A whole library of books has been written about him in many languages.

Tolstoi is one of the unique figures in the history of the world. Seer, prophet, fearless seeker after truth no matter where the quest might lead, he drew to himself the respectful attention of all thinking people, no matter how divergent their thoughts from his. His belief that Christianity is a faith to be actually lived by and his championship of the doctrine of non-resistance are the outstanding points of a thought which covered all humanity.

ANNA KARENINA

By LEO N. TOLSTOI

Condensation by
MARY FRANCES RUSS

"AND . . . Anna had friendly relations with the society . . . which with one hand lays fast hold of the court lest it fall absolutely into the demi-monde which its members affect to despise, but whose tastes are precisely similar."

Anna Karenina's intimates were of this circle in St. Petersburg society. Practically forced into a loveless marriage with Aleksei Karenin, twenty years her senior, Anna had been a faithful wife for eight years. Karenin held a high official position and everything in his life was subordinated to his career. He was a tireless worker, and such social hours as he enjoyed were spent in circles best suited to his advancement, but his charming and adaptable wife made friends in all quarters. While a man of admirable character, Karenin

had an utterly unlovable personality. He was very calm, cool, absolutely just, but love —warm, human love—was a stranger in his household. All the affection of Anna Karenina's heart was lavished on her seven-year-old son, Serozha, who adored his mother.

Into this setting, so cunningly fashioned for it, stepped Trouble, in the most attractive person of Aleksei Vronsky.

In the city of Moscow lived Anna's brother, Stepan Oblonsky. Stepan, lovable and popular, had a wife, children, a salaried official position and some money, but, being always in debt, this fact and his little *affaires du cœur* kept him just sufficiently worried to enable him to really enjoy life.

While on a visit to Moscow, Anna Karenina met Vronsky.

Count Vronsky was rich, handsome, loved his regiment and his horses, and was voted a "capital good fellow." He had appeared in Moscow that winter and had been attracted slightly to Stepan's sister-in-law, Kitty. Kitty was a pretty and popular débutante, daughter of Prince Scherbatsky of the old nobility. Among many admirers, she was sure of two serious suitors. One was Vronsky, the other Levin.

Konstantin Levin was also of the old Muscovite nobility and had known Kitty all her life. As his mother had died in his babyhood, the family life of the Scherbatskys had appealed to him strongly. He was now thirty-two, and, although feeling unworthy of Kitty, was determined to offer himself to her. He was really a splendid match. He had a magnificent country estate of eighty-one hundred acres, plenty of money, and his share of masculine attractions. He was a thinker, always immersed in the deepest problems concerning the world, everything in it, on it, and beyond it. He had been brought up in the orthodox faith, but, since attaining manhood, has been assailed with all kinds of doubts, until now he was practically an unbeliever. "He could not believe; he was also equally unable to disbelieve." After completing his university course he spent most of his time on his great estate, wrestling with his problems of agriculture and peasant labor. He came into Moscow on occasions and dipped into its social life, but his own life was so clean and simple that he had little patience with the dissipations of his town friends.

Kitty's parents had many quarrels over

her prospects. Her mother favored the brilliant Vronsky; her father said "Levin was worth a thousand men." Kitty herself had set her heart on Vronsky, although fond of Levin. In due time she experienced the pleasing pain of refusing Levin, but, to her chagrin and deep humiliation, the proposal from Vronsky did not materialize. The latter did not dream that his attentions to her were regarded seriously. Poor Kitty met her crushing disappointment at a large ball, when, instead of choosing her as his mazurka partner, Vronsky led out—Madame Karenina!

In spite of their endeavors to hide the magic glow which enveloped them, it was obvious to Kitty, as to others, that Anna and Vronsky had both been touched by the same flaming torch.

Anna Karenina had met her man. She knew it. She was afraid. Her customary serenity deserted her so completely that she left for Petersburg the next day, cutting short her visit. The calm routine of her daily life took on a new and attractive aspect; she longed to see her son—even her husband. But—Vronsky took the same train to Petersburg.

They met constantly in society. Anna called all the forces of reason, prudence, pride, to her aid, but she could not conceal the rapture she felt in Vronsky's presence. Her intimates became extremely interested. This was, indeed, an affair after their own hearts. According to their code, anything was proper so long as outward conventions were observed. Karenin coolly pointed out the danger of her course. He assured her he looked upon jealousy "as a humiliating and wounding sentiment." (Anna would have respected some truculent conversation.) His spineless attitude enraged her, and by the end of a year she and Vronsky had become all in all to each other. They had but one object in life—to be together.

Karenin waited for the blow to fall. It was finally accomplished by Anna's public exhibition of emotion when Vronsky met with a racing accident. Upon being upbraided by her husband, she confessed her love for Vronsky. Mingled with the pain Karenin felt a sense of relief. He immediately began to plan on getting out of the mud without being splashed. He considered dueling, divorce, separation. Being afraid of a pistol, he concluded that his services to

the government were too valuable for him to risk his life. The scandal of a divorce might react against himself and a separation would throw Anna into Vronsky's arms. The latter was the last thing he wanted. It would not punish Anna. His decision was to allow her to remain in his home—perhaps resume their old relations. He knew this would make her most unhappy. His justification for this attitude was its religious significance.

In the mean time Levin was trying to forget Kitty by devoting himself to work. He became much interested in uplifting his peasants, who did not appreciate his efforts. He reached the conclusion that he had found the way to happiness, but one glimpse of Kitty showed him his error and stirred up his old feeling for her. Kitty's health had so failed after her disappointment in Vronsky, that she had been sent abroad to take a cure. Now, having been restored to health and having a new outlook on life, she realized that it was Levin whom she really loved, and when he again asked her for her hand she gladly consented.

According to Karenin's decision, Anna still had her place as mistress of his household.

Karenin was aware that she and Vronsky still maintained their relations, but could do nothing about it. In time, Anna gave birth to a daughter and was thought to be dying. Karenin's conduct was magnanimous, even toward Vronsky's baby. Vronsky attempted suicide through sheer humiliation. But Anna recovered, which Karenin had not counted on, and with her returning health came the conviction that Vronsky was the light of life to her. She became so unhappy that, in a moment of weakness, Karenin was prevailed upon to consent to divorce, even to take the blame and give her the boy. This generosity she could not accept, and with Vronsky and her baby left her husband's home and her son, on that inevitably fatal journey of love without the law.

They went abroad and at first were radiantly happy. Then Vronsky tired of the aimless life. They returned to Russia and settled in the country. Anna's position became so unbearable to Vronsky, who adored her, that he finally urged her to appeal to Karenin for a divorce. When Karenin refused, owing to various circumstances, matters grew worse than ever. Anna could not go into society, so became introspective.

Without cause, she grew very jealous of Vronsky. She took to morphine as a sleeping-potion.

Suicide—under the rushing wheels of a railroad train—was Anna Karenina's way out.

Vronsky's grief was overwhelming. After many weeks of illness he organized a squadron of cavalry and entered the Serbian war.

Konstantin Levin found his happiness with his wife and small son, and found that his old faith had lived in his heart, although hidden, when an old peasant explained why a certain man was good in the words "he lives for his soul, he remembers God."

John Lane Company, authorized publishers.

DISRAELI

BENJAMIN DISRAELI (Lord Beaconsfield), the eldest son of Isaac D'Israeli, was born in London in 1804. Although all the children were born into the Jewish communion, the father, with all his household, withdrew from the faith when the son Benjamin was but twelve years old.

"None of the family was akin to Benjamin for genius and character, except Sarah, the eldest child, to whom he was indebted for a wise, unswerving, and sympathetic devotion, when, in his earlier days, he needed it most."

At fifteen Disraeli was sent to a Unitarian school at Walthamstow. He soon, however, left there and went to school no more. With his father's guidance and the help of his fine library, Benjamin started out to educate himself.

The vivid imagination and wonderful perceptive quality of Disraeli was much helped by his association with persons of distinction in literary pursuits; and his keen powers of observation and wide range of reading helped him in the writing of his novels, as well as in the political career which he chose.

In 1837 Disraeli won the election to Parliament,

being returned from Maidstone. Many years later he became Prime Minister, but for a brief period only, resigning in 1868 in favor of Mr. Gladstone.

His greatest gift was not the romantic imagination which he possessed so abundantly, but the perceptive, interpretative, judicial, or divining imagination, "without which there can be no man of great affairs." His novels contain many character portraits of the men and women of his time. "Vivian Grey" is said to be a pen-picture of the author.

Disraeli died at his home in Curzon Street on the 19th of April, 1881. Then the greatness of his popularity and its warmth were first declared. "No such demonstration of grief was expected, even by those who grieved the most." He lies in the Hughden Churchyard, but within the church is a marble tablet to his memory, placed there by Queen Victoria. The anniversary of his death has ever since been honored and is called "Primrose Day."

Among Disraeli's works are: "Vivian Grey," "Coningsby," "Endymion," "Sibyl," "Lothair," "The Young Duke," "Venetia," "Tancred," "Contarini Fleming," and other novels, besides many political articles and like literature.

VIVIAN GREY

By BENJAMIN DISRAELI

Condensation by
ALICE G. GROZIER

DISRAELI'S story of Vivian Grey, like others of his novels, deals largely with politics, and contains character portraits of well-known persons of the period.

When Vivian Grey reached the age of five years it was discovered that the treatment of a doting mamma and over-attentive nurses had spoiled the child, and it was decided that he had better be sent away to school; when, however, the subject was under discussion, there was a strenuous protest from Vivian against curls and going to school.

"I won't have my hair curl, mamma; the boys will laugh at me," bawled the spoiled youngster. "Charles Appleyard told me so; his hair curled, and the boys called him girl. Papa! give me some more claret. I won't go to school!"

But in spite of these protests he was sent to school, where he stayed some four years, when it was decided that he should remain at home for a time and do his studying there; but he was later sent off again, this time to the school of Mr. Dallas at Burnsley Vicarage.

The rumor of the arrival of "a new fellow" circulated rapidly through the inmates of the Vicarage, and the fifty young rascals were preparing to quiz the newcomer when the school-room door opened and Mr. Dallas, accompanied by Vivian Grey, entered.

"A dandy, by Jove!" whispered one. "What a knowing set-out," squeaked a second; "Mummy sick," growled a third; this last exclamation was, however, a scandalous libel, for certainly no being ever stood in a pedagogue's presence with more perfect sang-froid and with a bolder front than did, at this moment, Vivian Grey.

The young savages at Burnsley Vicarage had caught a Tartar; in a very few days Vivian was decidedly the most popular fellow in the school; "he was so dashing! so devilish good-tempered, so completely up to everything!"

Vivian developed talents of a literary nature which inspired great admiration among his fellow-pupils and also in the mind of Mr. Dallas.

But there are other attributes which will win the admiration of a school of real boys; and this proved to be the case at Burnsley Vicarage, when, as so often happens, some of the boys, jealous of Vivian's popularity, found, as they thought, an opportunity to triumph over him. There was trouble between the followers of Vivian and those of Mallet, the head usher; one of the latter made an insulting remark to Vivian which he promptly resented and the battle was on, and Vivian Grey showed that he could fight as well as write.

Vivian's chief characteristic was a burning ambition; with this he had a great amount of courage and self-assurance, and besides these attributes, tact combined with a pleasing personal presence and manners.

At a dinner in his father's home, when Vivian was still a very young man, he made the acquaintance of the Marquess of Carabas. He came to the rescue of the marquess and his opinions in an after-dinner discussion, during which he quoted a whole passage from

Bolingbroke in support of the marquess; this was challenged by Vivian's father, who knew his son's habit of quoting the opinions of others, which were more often his own opinions put into the mouth of some one else; so Mr. Grey, looking smilingly at his son, remarked, "Vivian, my dear, can you tell me in what work of Bolingbroke I can find the eloquent passage you have just quoted?"

"Ask Mr. Hargrave, sir," replied the son, with perfect coolness; then turning to Mr. Hargrave he said, "You know you are reputed to be the most profound political student in the House, and more intimately acquainted than any other with the works of Bolingbroke."

Mr. Hargrave knew no such thing, but he was a weak man, and, seduced by the compliment, he was afraid to prove himself unworthy of it by confessing his ignorance of the passage.

Vivian carried this same self-assurance into politics and won many triumphs by tactics of the kind. He attached himself to the marquess, and was responsible for his entering politics, spending much time at the estate of the marquess, "Château Désir," with large house parties of famous per-

sons, some interesting to him and some otherwise.

Among the guests at one time was a relative of the marquess, a young matron, Mrs. Felix Lorraine, who was much impressed with Vivian and tried her charms upon him, but to no avail; then in pique she attempted intrigue to make trouble between the marquess and Vivian, which she came very near to accomplishing.

Meantime Vivian kept his eyes and thoughts for the pawns upon the political chessboard, among which was a Mr. Frederick Cleveland, who attracted his attention, and when the marquess's party was looking for a leader, Vivian suggested the name of Mr. Cleveland. Now it happened that these two, the marquess and Cleveland, had been at odds, which Vivian did not at first realize; when he was alone he said to himself: "What have I done? I am sure that Lucifer may know, for I do not. This Cleveland is, I suppose, but a man; I saw the feeble fools were wavering, and to save all made a leap in the dark. Well, is my skull cracked? We shall see."

Again was Vivian's assurance to the fore; he was certainly "all things to all men."

He had the power, with his silver tongue, of conciliating many persons, but not so Mr. Cleveland.

The first great trouble came to Vivian when, after many attempts at diplomacy and the political game, he estranged both the marquess and Mr. Cleveland; the latter, while under the influence of wine, met Vivian at their club and in a fit of anger struck him, and a duel was the result. Vivian fired into the air, hoping that the affair would end safely, but Cleveland insisted upon another shot; Vivian shot at random, but his bullet pierced Cleveland's heart.

A great remorse seized Vivian and for many weeks he was ill with fever at his father's home, under the loving care of his mother. "But the human mind can master many sorrows," and after a desperate relapse and another miraculous rally Vivian Grey arose from his bed. He left England and traveled in Germany, visiting, among other places, Frankfort during the time of the fair.

On a bright sunshiny afternoon, while crossing the square, Vivian was attracted by an excited crowd of people around a conjurer, whose appearance was of the oddest kind

and held Vivian's attention; he was called Essper George. Later he became serving-man to Vivian, who had offered to protect the fellow against the crowd he had in some way angered.

Vivian and Essper George had many lively adventures during their travels, all of which experiences, whether of politics or romance, gave Vivian new ideas of the world, and proved to be a most interesting school for him. He one day rescued a German nobleman from a wild boar, and was invited to visit at his castle; while there a romantic attachment between him and a young German lady of title engaged Vivian's attention for a time, but his thoughts, in spite of himself, constantly returned to two of his English friends.

Like many a knight and his serving-man of olden times, Vivian and Essper George found themselves on several occasions in very dangerous situations; sometimes it was Vivian to the rescue, and at others Essper.

On leaving that part of Germany where he had been entertained as honored guest of his titled acquaintances, Vivian passed through a small settlement where there were going on preparations for a wedding, and Vivian dis-

covered that the bridegroom was an old friend from Heidelberg, Eugene von Konongstein, and he was persuaded to stop and assist at the wedding. All was so quiet and peaceful there that it set Vivian to speculating about his own future.

In the morning the travelers were on their way again; the day being intensely hot and sultry, they withdrew to the shade of the woods, and while resting there Vivian asked Essper about his history. For a time they sat in quiet conversation, then were rudely interrupted by the approach of a terrific storm during which a lake on the top of the mountain burst and became a falling ocean, carrying all before it.

Essper's horse being swept from him, he climbed into a tree, but the lightning struck, felling the tree and killing Essper—then "Vivian's horse, with a maddened snort, dashed down the hill, his master clinging to his neck; finally, standing upright in the air, he flung his rider and fell dead."

HALÉVY

LUDOVIC HALÉVY, French author, was born in Paris on the first of January, 1834. His father was a clever, versatile writer of verse, prose, vaudeville, and drama; his uncle, Fromantal Halévy, was for many years associated with the opera; hence the double and early connection of Ludovic with the Parisian stage. At the age of six he might have been seen playing in that "Foyer de la Danse" with which he was to make his readers so familiar.

At eighteen he joined the ranks of the French administration and occupied various posts, the last being that of secrétaire redacteur to the Corps Législatif. In that capacity he enjoyed the special favor and friendship of the famous Duke of Morny, then the president of the Assembly.

In the spring of 1860, being commissioned to write a play for the manager of the Varieties, Halévy asked the collaboration of Henri Meilhac, and the proposal was immediately accepted, thus beginning a connection which continued for more than twenty years.

The joint work of the two authors had a great vogue, but Halévy is best known to more recent

readers by his "L'Abbé Constantin," published soon after the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War.

It has been claimed that Zola had presented to the public an almost exclusive combination of bad men and women; in "L'Abbé Constantin" all are kind and good, and the change was eagerly welcomed by the reading public. Some enthusiasts still maintain that the Abbé will rank permanently in literature with the "Vicar of Wakefield."

Halévy died in Paris on the 8th of May, 1908. Among the most celebrated works of the joint authors were: "La Belle Hélène," "Barbe Bleue," "La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein," and "La Périchole."

ABBÉ CONSTANTIN

By LUDOVIC HALÉVY

Condensation by
CHARLES E. L. WINGATE

WITH a step still valiant and firm the old Abbé Constantin walked along the dusty road of the little village where for more than thirty years he had been the curé. At the entrance of the Castle of Longueval he stopped and mournfully regarded the big blue posters fixed on the pillars.

They announced the sale of the castle, the former home of the curé's dear old friend, the marquise, who had recently died.

And the result of that auction?

The great estate bought by two entire strangers!

"Do you know who they are?" asked Madame de Lavardens.

"Yes. Mrs. Scott is an American possessing a colossal fortune. Ten years ago Mrs. Scott begged in the streets of New York, they say. They are rich parvenus

who amuse themselves by throwing handfuls of gold out of the window, and who will turn up their noses at us and care nothing for our traditions or our life."

Such was the story.

But when young Mrs. Scott and her beautiful sister arrived, to take possession of the castle, and called immediately upon the abbé, he learned a different tale. Religious, generous, amiable, and lovable they proved.

And they were certainly beautiful, particularly the younger sister, Bettina Percival. Both had the same large eyes, black, laughing, and gay, and the same hair, not red, but fair, with golden shades which daintily danced in the light of the sun.

At the curé's little home they met Jean Reynaud, the son of that gallant doctor of the village who, while advancing with the soldiers in the war of 1870 to carry on his work of mercy side by side with his dear old friend the abbé, had suddenly been struck by a bullet and killed on the spot. Jean, inheriting the noble traits of his father, was beloved by the whole village.

But he was poor, while the American sisters were immeasurably rich.

As acquaintances and friendships grew,

very pleasing it was to the gentle, lovable old curé to learn that his new parishioners were most anxious to extend their benefactions among the poor in the hamlet, asking him, indeed, to be their medium. And it delighted him to learn that those stories about begging in the street and questionable life were mere calumnies.

They had, indeed, been poor until an inherited silver-mine made them fabulously rich. Now they had hosts of admirers—Mrs. Scott because she was frankly flirtatious, and Bettina because, as she realized, the fortune-hunters—thirty-four of them she counted, including a French duke and a Spanish noble—sought her wealth. But through it all they retained their genuine simplicity and sweetness of heart.

And when, one day, they all went over with Jean to visit the little church, and Bettina at the organ played a reverie of Chopin, good gentle Abbé Constantin's heart was filled with such joy that the tears came to his eyes.

But all this left a deep problem in Jean's mind—"Which of the two sisters is the prettier?" At first he was convinced that it was the coquettish Mrs. Scott who charmed

him the more; then he would see Bettina, smiling and blushing amid the sunlit clouds of her floating hair, and he would declare to himself, "I was mistaken—the prettier was Miss Percival."

So, in the confusion of his meditations, he would say, "Is it possible that I have fallen madly in love at first sight? No; one might fall in love with a woman, but not with two women at once."

The days went on and Jean and Bettina were often thrown into each other's company. What resulted is best pictured in Miss Percival's own remark to her sister when one day she exclaimed:

"He is the first man, positively the first, in whose eyes I have not read, 'Oh how glad I should be to marry that little body's millions!'"

And then, as Mrs. Scott went up-stairs to kiss her sleeping children, Bettina remained long leaning on the balustrade of her balcony.

"It seems to me," said she, "that I am growing to be very fond of this place!"

One day when Jean was telling of his expectations of promotion and the probability that he should wander from garrison to garrison, finally coming back to the little house

that was his father's, as an old colonel on half pay, she exclaimed:

"Always quite alone?"

"Why quite alone? I certainly hope not."

"You intend to marry?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Yet you have refused several good opportunities. Tell me why."

"Because," he replied, "I think it best not to marry rather than to marry without love."

"And I think so, too."

She looked at him; he looked at her; and suddenly, to the great surprise of both, they found nothing more to say—nothing at all.

But now Jean is no longer tranquil; with impatience and at the same time with sorrow he sees the moment of his departure approach. Yet how could he stay and resist the temptation of Bettina's charm?

As an honorable man Jean felt for Bettina's money horror, positive horror.

In Bettina's mind the sensation of love had come at the same time that it had to Jean's. But while he, horrified, had cast it violently from him, she, on the contrary, had yielded in all the simplicity of her perfect

innocence to this flood of emotion and of tenderness.

As Bettina grew more tender, Jean became more gloomy. He was not only afraid of loving; he was afraid of being loved. He felt he ought to remain away, but he could not; the temptation was too strong.

He tried to avoid Bettina at receptions and even to leave without saying good-by.

"If I touch her hand," he thought, "my secret will escape me."

His secret! He did not know that Bettina read his heart like an open book.

When Jean descended the stairs these words were upon his lips:

"I love you, I adore you, and that is why I will see you no more!"

But he did not utter them; he actually fled into the darkness.

Bettina, standing in the hall door and taking no notice of the rain driving across her bare shoulders, watched him go.

"I knew very well that he loved me," she thought, "but now I am very sure that I. too—oh yes! I, too—"

Meanwhile Jean hastens to his dear old friend the curé to tell him that he is going away immediately to Paris to seek exchange

into another regiment, to leave the little hamlet forever. And then in his emotion he confessed to the abbé that he adored Bettina.

"It is a madness which has seized me," he exclaimed. "Ah! if she were only poor!"

"Do you know what I think, Jean?" exclaimed his good friend. "Jean, I believe that she loves you."

"And I believe it, too; but that is the very reason I must go. Her money is the great obstacle."

At that moment some one knocked gently at the door.

It was Bettina.

Going directly to Jean, she cried, "Oh, how glad I am you are here."

Then she took both his hands in hers and, addressing the curé, she said, "I have come to beg you, Monsieur le Curé, to listen to my confession."

And to herself she was saying, "I wish to be loved! I wish to love! I wish to be happy and to make him happy! And since he cannot have the courage to say it, I must have the courage for both!"

"I am rich, Monsieur le Curé," she continued, aloud, "very rich, but I love money

most for the good which it allows me to do. So I have the care of this money, and I have always wished that my husband should be worthy of sharing this great fortune in order that he should help me make good use of it. I thought of another thing, too—'He who will be my husband must be some one I can love!' There is a man who has done all he can to conceal from me that he loves me, but I do not doubt that he loves me. You do love me, Jean?"

"Yes," said Jean, in a low voice, his eyes cast down, looking like a criminal, "I do love you."

"I knew it very well, but I wanted to hear you say it. And now, Jean, I say to you, 'I love you!' Do not come near me, yet. Before I came here I thought I had a good stock of courage, but you see I have no longer my fine composure of a minute ago. And now, Monsieur le Curé, I want you to answer me, not him. Tell me, if he loves me and feels me worthy of my love, should he not agree to be my husband?"

"Jean," said the old priest, gravely, "marry her; it is your duty."

And as Jean took Bettina in his arms the girl continued: "You have often told me,

Monsieur le Curé, that Jean was almost like your own son. Now you will have two children, that is all."

A month later Bettina, in the simplest of wedding-dresses, entered the church. The old curé said mass. Jean and Bettina knelt before him. He pronounced the benediction. Then floated from the organ the same reverie of Chopin's which Bettina had played the first time she had entered that village church where was to be consecrated the happiness of her life.

And this time it was Bettina who wept.

BURNETT

THE very large number of novels credited to the name of Mrs. Burnett includes important studies of life in both countries she has known. "That Lass o' Lowrie's" (1877) and "Haworth's" (1879) are remarkable stories of the English mining districts and of Lancashire manufacturing life. "Through One Administration" (1883), as its name implies, takes her to Washington. Perhaps the most notable of her other stories are "A Lady of Quality" (1896) and "His Grace of Ormonde" (1897), though "Editha's Burglar" and "Sara Crewe" (1888) have achieved a wide reputation.

The book and the play of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" probably spread Mrs. Burnett's name the broadest. It had a prodigious run; the pretty pathos of the story appealed to grown-ups, though it seemed silly twaddle to the innumerable kids who were dragged by fond parents to see it, and was said to be a great nuisance to that one of the author's own children from whom it was drawn. The play of "Esmeralda," done with W. H. Gillette from one of her short stories, ran three years in America. "A Lady of Quality," dramatized with Stephen Townsend (as were other plays), had a considerable run.

THE SHUTTLE

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Condensation by
ELIZABETH M. LEE

BETTINA VANDERPOEL was ten years old when her sister Rosalie married Sir Nigel Anstruthers, an English baronet. Betty hated Nigel with a child's instinctive hatred for a bully, but in spite of his coarseness there was a certain fascination about him which blinded Rosalie to his real character. They were married in the whirl of gaiety which befitted the daughter of a multi-millionaire, and left New York for England. Long before the honeymoon ended, Rosy discovered that Nigel cared only for her money, and nothing whatever for her pretty, rather shallow self, and by the time Stornham Court was reached Rosy was desperately homesick and frightened. Her life in the little English village, even while she was the lady of the manor, was made a

nightmare by Nigel and his mother; and when, bewildered and terrified, Rosy sought spiritual consolation and comfort from Mr. Ffolliott, the vicar, Nigel accused her of having a lover. He intercepted her letters, lied to her about her parents, and at last, furious at her refusal to ask her father for money, he struck her so that she fell in a little heap against a chair, and cried out, with a crazy, awful little laugh:

"Nigel, be careful! You don't know how valuable I am! I might—I might have—a son!"

Fifteen years passed, and the Shuttle of Life, weaving back and forth between the two countries, weaving a ceaseless web over the ocean, twisted a thread in the life of Betty Vanderpoel that stirred her with the spirit of adventure that had been born in her Dutch forefathers, and always a voice cried out to her to go to Rosy, to see why the letters from England had been so few and so unsatisfying. Betty was a lovely woman of twenty-five, very different from the gawky, long-legged little school-girl who had angrily defied Nigel Anstruthers, but she kept her determination and her will-power, and booked her passage on the *Mauretania* with a party

of friends. At sea a storm came up that threatened to send the ship to the bottom of the ocean, and rallying the frightened people who were with her Betty had the unexpected assistance of one of the second-class passengers, a silent, gentlemanly Englishman, who helped her to keep order among the passengers, and then, as suddenly as he came, disappeared into the second cabin. The storm abated at last and England was reached in safety, but Betty did not see the man again.

When Betty reached Stornham Court, her worst fears were confirmed. Rosy was changed from a dainty, pretty, lovable girl into a faded wreck, timid and dowdy, old before her time. Her son Ughtred, was a hunchback, and, with the cringing nature of his kind, tried to hide himself from the world. Nigel was on a trip to the Riviera, and his mother had died, which left Rosalie alone in the Court, which was tumbling down for lack of repair. With plenty of money at her call, and with plenty of courage, Betty set about her work of transforming Rosalie and building up the house, which soon changed from a dingy, gloomy pile to the stately English country-house it should have been. She

superintended the repairing of several of the houses in the village, and one day, during her regular drive about Stornham, she went farther and visited the grounds of the Mount Dunstan estate.

Mount Dunstan was almost as badly in need of help as Stornham. There was a superstition which had come down through the years that the earls of Mount Dunstan were cursed, and the last earl, James Hubert Saltyre, shared the dislike which had been given his father. Going through the grounds, Betty found the man who had been the second-class passenger on the *Mauretania*, and, assuming from his dress that he was the keeper, she talked to him and learned something of the family of Mount Dunstan. As she was going she offered him money, when to her surprise she learned that he was the earl. More annoyed than confused, Betty forgave him for the deception, and gradually friendship sprang up between the two houses.

Then, as if to cement their friendship, the Shuttle twisted in the web of G. Selden, the junior salesman for the Delkoff Typewriter Company of New York, who made Mount Dunstan's acquaintance, and, learning that the daughter of Reuben S. Vanderpoel was

in Stornham, went to see her, in the faint hope of selling her a typewriter, and contrived to break his leg in front of Stornham Court. They carried him into the house and cared for him, and through his slangy, care-free manner he unconsciously broke down the barrier of prejudice that surrounded Mount Dunstan, and went back to America happy in the possession of a letter to Mr. Vanderpoel, the establishment of a longed-for "territory," and the order for six typewriters which were to be sent to England.

The long summer days found Rosalie very nearly restored to her former self and perfectly contented to have Betty there; when Nigel tired of the Riviera, and, having exhausted his resources, returned to Stornham, there to find the place built up and repaired, Rosalie almost free of her fear of him, and Betty, rich and beautiful, in full charge. No sooner did he appear than Rosy fell back into her old timid ways, but, with a view to propitiating Betty, Nigel treated his wife with as much kindness as he could assume. Everything he did was done with the hope of making Betty like him, until at last he found that Mount Dunstan, penniless as he was, loved Betty, and, although she did not con-

fess it, Betty loved him. Nigel was crafty, however, and bided his time, until there came a dreadful scourge of fever that swept the villages and terrified the people. Mount Dunstan gave up his home as a hospital, and, heedless of his own well-being, he acted as doctor, nurse, and minister, and won from every one the love and respect that was his due; and then, as the fever was abating, he was taken ill.

An awful day followed for Betty, for they had told her of his illness, and she knew that if the worst happened they would toll the bell in the church tower. Sundown came, and with it the ominous tolling of the bell, the pitiless notes that froze her heart, and blindly she rode away from Stornham, trying to shut out the sound of the bell. Her horse stumbled in a hole and threw her, injuring her ankle, and then it was that she knew Nigel had followed her. He found her hiding in a little hut and claimed her for his own, and in answer to his demands she said:

"There is one who stands between us—one who died to-day."

He laughed at her and tried to take her in his arms, but she managed to evade him, and ran, as best she could, with her injured foot,

and hid from him in a tiny clump of bushes, whispering ceaselessly, "Come—you who died to-day—you who died!"

And then—he came—the man she thought had died, the man she loved and who loved her, and, finding her there, and finding Nigel with evil in his eyes, he led her gently to the little hut and then went back to Nigel. What followed would not be good to repeat, but Betty heard sounds like the howling of a dog, and when Mount Dunstan finally came back to her, it was with flashing eyes and clenched fists, his broken horsewhip trailing on the ground. Then he told her how it had happened—how he had simply had a headache, and the bell had tolled for some one else, and how, when he found she had gone, he knew that it had been for love of him.

For a few months Nigel lingered, stricken with paralysis, and then the kindly Weaver of the Shuttle slipped out his black thread, leaving Rosy contented with her father and mother, while the golden threads of the love of Betty for her man wove themselves in and out, forming the perfect web of happiness.

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HOMER

THE Greeks were princes of story-telling, and Homer was their king. Who he was and where he lived is one of the unanswered questions of history. Seven cities and more claimed him as their greatest source of pride. The most we can be sure of is that to us have come down two of the many poems that bear his name, the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey."

Like the Hebrew Bible, they have become part of the heritage of universal humanity. We call them epic poems; they are rather great historical romances.

Each has a story of its own; in the "Iliad" it is the wrath of Achilles against King Agamemnon; in the "Odyssey" it is the wanderings of Odysseus on his way back from the wars at Troy. Back of them both as remoter cause is the tale of the fatal beauty of Helen. In each are innumerable short stories, which have been storehouses of romance for writers ever since first they became known.

It is one of the marvels of the Greeks that they step out of the mist of unrecorded history with a highly developed civilization, portrayed in two of the world's

masterpieces of literature. The Greeks in later years wrote "lives" of Homer with great exactness and minute detail. They knew no more about the "blind bard" than do we. Indeed they were not even sure that one poet wrote both tales. But that the stories were the work of supreme genius they were as sure as have been all men since their day who have read them.

Homer was the Greeks' "best seller"; they thronged in thousands to hear him recited; their religion, their thought, their education were all based on him under whose name is told the great story of their heroes.

HOMER'S ILIAD

Condensation by
PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

THE elders of the Trojans from their seats upon the Scæan gate looked down upon the hosts of Greeks and Trojans marshaled in the plain. For nine long years the armies had contended. Why had Agamemnon brought the men of many cities to fight around the walls of Priam's Troy? What was it all about?

Homer sings of the wrath of Achilles, but the beginning of all the trouble goes far back of that, to the tale of a princely shepherd on a night surprised as he watched his flocks upon Mount Ida. The goddesses Hera, Athene, and Aphrodite make him choose one of the world-old wishes; the judgment of Paris is for a fair face and love. To fulfil her promise Aphrodite leads him to King Menelaus's court in Sparta. Back to Troy Paris brings Queen Helen and great treasure. A hue and cry follow throughout Greece;

Menelaus calls to his help the great overlord, his brother Agamemnon, Achilles the sacker of cities, wily Odysseus, venerable and genial Nestor, and all the chivalry of the land with men and ships to make war on Troy.

Others must pay for the wrong-doing of Paris—old King Priam of the Ashen Spear, his venerable Queen Hecuba, Hector and his noble wife Andromache, his little son Astyanax, Cassandra, and all the rest whom the toil of war involves. Other stories of the many Greek epics, now lost, bring the tale of warring years up to the tenth, where the "Iliad" begins. Hector is the leader of the Trojans; Achilles has been the great fighting force of the Greeks, though now he has withdrawn in anger to his tent because of a slight put upon his honor by King Agamemnon.

The hostile hosts are advancing to the battle; a dramatic moment brings Menelaus and Paris in sight of one another. The wrath of Hector blazes out against Paris for all the evil and shame his theft of woman and wealth have brought. The gay and debonnair Paris, however, can show splendid moments. "Hector, thy taunt is just. But throw not at me the lovely gifts of golden

Aphrodite. The glorious gifts that the gods give are not to be flung away; no man could take them by mere willingness. But if thou dost wish me to battle and fight, make all the rest of the Trojans and Achaians sit down, and put me in the midst with warlike Menelaus to fight for Helen and all her goods, to see which shall conquer and prove the better man; let the rest conclude a friendship of trusty oaths; may ye dwell in fertile Troyland, and the others go back to Argos, nurse of steeds, and Achaia of fair women."

So it was that the hosts sat in high expectation in the plain, and Priam and the Trojan elders were gathered on the Scæan gate. And Priam, who bore no grudge against Helen for all the misery her fair face had brought to him and Troy—for he saw the hands of the gods in it all—called her to his side to tell him of the chiefs among whom she had once lived. Then those elders, who had long since seen their fighting days, paid the finest compliment a woman's beauty has ever received—how many thousand years ago?—as they saw Helen advancing. "No cause for anger that Trojans and well-greaved Achaians for such a woman long time should suffer sorrow." Not another

word! But those old men upon the wall have drawn for you and me a picture of The World's Desire. "But even so," they continued, "let her go home upon the ships and stay not as a source of sorrow to us and to our children after us."

The high hopes raised of settling all the troubles by the duel of the champions were in vain. The contest was inconclusive and the truce was broken.

The scene changes to Troy itself. In an interval of the battle great Hector of the Glancing Helm had gone to the citadel. And there he said farewell to Andromache, his wife, and to his little boy, a picture that has never been surpassed for true tenderness, although it was so many hundred years ago. He smiled and looked upon the little boy in silence. "Ah, Hector," she cried, "stay here upon the wall! Thou art to me father and mother and brother, too, as well as lord. The foe will attack thee alone!"

"I know the day shall come," he answered, "when holy Ilios shall perish, and Priam and the folk of Priam of the goodly Ashen Spear. But thought of him, of my mother, of my brothers, does not trouble me so much as that some warrior of the Achaians shall rob thee

of the day of freedom." He stretched out his hand to the little boy, who shrunk back to his nurse's breast in fear of the bronze and the horsehair crest that nodded dreadfully from the top of the helm. Straightway Hector took off the helm and placed it on the ground. And when he had kissed his son and tossed him in his arms, he spoke in prayer to Zeus and the rest of the gods. "Grant, ye gods, that this son of mine prove foremost among the Trojans, a good and mighty king. And as he comes back from battle may many a man say of him, 'A far better man than his father,' and may his mother rejoice in heart." And then he handed him back to his mother, who received him smiling through her tears, and so departed to the battle with words of high cheer.

There follow many scenes of varied action —the "Iliad" is one of the great collections of short stories in the world's literature—in which is given a perfect picture of the life of that lordly society of so long ago. The plain people play little part, although their champion, Thersites, is the first democrat mentioned in literature. Mighty deeds of derring-do, high adventure, love of lords and ladies, the pranks of merry children—are all pre-

served as it were in amber, and the sentiment for the most part is so modern that it is almost impossible to believe that we are reading of people who lived many hundreds of years before Christ was born.

But over all impends one dreadful fate. It is a Greek tale—yet Hector, prince and leader of the foe, is the hero of the story. Of course he is not quite so strong, not quite so great a fighter as Achilles, the Greek champion, and all know that in the end Achilles will win. The great scenes are worked up to with consummate artistry. Achilles is still sulking in his tent; Hector is pressing the Greeks hard; Patroclus, Achilles's dearest friend, begs his chief to let him don his lord's armor and save his people; he has his way and Hector slays him. Achilles's anger blazes forth in all its passion. What now a petty slight? The great scene of the battle between the two inspires the poet to all his noblest power. They fight; Achilles pursues Hector thrice around the walls of Troy; Zeus weighs in golden scales the fates of the two; Hector is doomed to die; inexorable destiny may not be stayed. Achilles slays Hector and every heart but that of the victor is wrung with the pity of

it all. And in the end, even Achilles's heart is moved. For old King Priam can neither sleep nor eat while his son's body lies dead in the camp of the foe. Against the will of all that was dearest to him he gathered great store of ransom and made his way by night under the kindly guidance of the gods to Achilles's tent and sought for the body of his dear son. It is a scene of love and pity, of chivalry and greatness of heart that all the years since then have never seen surpassed. "Be not angry with me, Patroclus," prayed Achilles, "if thou shalt learn in Hades's house that I have given back noble Hector to his dear father." And Patroclus, one may be sure, shared the pity of all brave men and all true women ever since.

HOMER

IT is the charm of the stories of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" that has allured readers in all ages. As the "Iliad" is the first great romance of high adventure, of deeds of perfect chivalry and wild fighting, of brave men and noble women, so the "Odyssey" is the first great novel of adventure in strange parts, of miscreants thwarted and brought to justice by the hero, who in the end comes to his own and rescues the true wife who bides at home and waits the triumphant return of him who shall free her from the trials that beset her.

The Greeks started the modern world going. As with Icarus they thought of the flying-man, with Agamemnon of wireless telegraphy in the message he sent leaping across the sea from Troy to Argos in the flames upon the hilltops, and with Odysseus of the motion-picture in the vision of all past men and women who flitted before his eyes on his trip to the lower world, so, too, they introduced us to practically every form of human expression. The prose-romance came late in their development. The novel and the short story as they knew them for centuries were embodied in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey."

Whether one poet wrote the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" has been a question that has busied many thousands of minds. The perfect form in which they have come down to us proves clearly that many centuries contributed to the perfecting of the literary style in which they are written. The discussions over the "Homeric Problem" have laid the basis for literary and biblical criticism in modern scholarship.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY

Condensation by
PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

IT is the tenth year since Troy has fallen. Though the "Iliad" did not go beyond the death of Hector at Achilles's hands, other stories carried on the tale through the death of Achilles, the capture of Troy by the Greeks by means of the stratagem of the wooden horse, the sacking and burning of the city, the death of Priam and his queen, the slavery of Andromache which Hector had foreseen, the slaughter of the little son he loved so dearly, the escape of Æneas with his aged father.

After the booty had been divided, the Greek chiefs took leisurely courses to their homes. The great King Agamemnon sent his dramatic night letter, announcing to his queen at home by the light of flames leaping from hilltop to hilltop across the sea that Troy had fallen; for his pains he met the dramatic death at the hand of Queen Kly-

taimnestra which Æschylus has made forever famous in his great play, "Agamemnon"; the latter has in it the beginning of the story of Orestes, the close Greek counterpart of Hamlet. The king's brother, Menelaus, had better fortune; he had journeyed homeward with his erstwhile Queen Helen, as if the great Trojan episode had never been, and was reigning again in peace and quiet with The World's Desire by his side at Sparta, with no dread of a marauding Paris sent on the quest of beauty by Aphrodite. And so, too, the other princes had returned with varying fortunes.

But not so the Great Adventurer. Troy had taken ten years to capture; ten years more still found the wily Odysseus detained in the Isle of Ogygia by the fair Calypso. Meanwhile the patient Penelope bides at home, beset by the riotous suitors who make Liberty Hall of the absent king's palace and would force the queen to wed one of them. She, ever as alert and resourceful as her wandering lord, puts off her promise till she has woven a web—of which she each night unravels what she has done during the day.

This first great story of wandering adventure has a much more perfect unity than

the "Iliad." It centers closely about the person of Odysseus, and divides itself into three parts, the adventures of Telemachus in quest of Odysseus, the wanderings of the hero, and his return home, where with the few still faithful to him he makes himself his own detective, lays the scene for the destruction of the villains, and finally brings about the happy ending which has so constantly distressed critics of the novel and the theater since man began to write and ordinary folk to listen or to read.

In the first chapter, which comprises the first four "books" of the "Odyssey," young Telemachus, amidst the mockery of the suitors, starts in quest of his father and makes the rounds of the courts of our old friend Nestor, King of Pylos, and of Menelaus and Helen at Sparta, where he learns the whereabouts of his father, and then starts homeward.

At this moment it is at last made possible for Odysseus to start on his way home. But the sea, ever his enemy, again plays him false, and he is wrecked once more, though he is cast ashore on the land of the Phæacians. There begins in the land of this fabulous folk one of the most marvelous

adventures of the man of marvels. Probably the scene that remains in the minds of the great majority of readers of Greek literature as the fairest bit of idealized beauty in it all is the picture of the young Princess Nausicaa. She had gone down to the river mouth with her handmaidens to wash linen; their work done, they fell to playing ball upon the shore, where Odysseus, beneath the shade of the bushes, was sleeping off the weary travail of his long swim. "Then having bathed and anointed themselves sleekly with olive-oil, they took their meal by the banks of the river and waited for the clothes to dry in the bright rays of the sun. And when they had cheered themselves with food, maids and mistress alike, they began to play at ball, casting aside their veils. And for them fair-armed Nausicaa began the song. As Artemis the archer-goddess goeth down from a mountain, either lofty Taygetus or Erymanthus, taking her sport with boars and swift deer, and with her the wood-nymphs sport, daughters of ægis-bearing Zeus, and Leto rejoiceth in heart, and over all she holdeth head and brows, and easy to mark is she, though all be fair—so was the unwed maid conspicuous among her attendants."

The day's work and the sport were over; they were about to depart and leave the weary sleeper under the bushes—when one last throw sent the ball spinning into the water. Instant and unanimous scream from princess and from maids!

So Odysseus was introduced to Phæacia, and the introduction proved well that the hero knew not only the ways of men, but of maids as well. Of the many pleasing things he said to the princess to win her favor, one stands out conspicuous—his comparison of her perfect youth to the young shoot of a palm-tree he had seen in Delos. Whoever has a gardener's eye knows instantly the perfect tribute.

Then followed the presentation of the royal wanderer at the court of King Alcinous and Queen Arete and the tale of his adventures since leaving Calypso's isle. The king is moved and promises to help the stranger on his way. A feast is held; the court bard sings of Troy—the stranger weeps; the king presses him to tell his story. It was a wondrous tale he had to tell, the like of which was never heard before or since. Beginning with the fall of Troy, he had made his course to Thrace, to the Lotus-eaters,

to the land of the Cyclops, when befell the adventure with Polyphemus, whose one eye he put out; next the trying experience with the perverse winds of Æolus, with the Læstrygonians, and with the enchantress Circe, who turned her visitors into swine. Then came the descent to Hades, which set the fashion for Virgil and for Dante and all the others who have essayed that great adventure. The sirens, Scylla and Charybdis, and other adventures brought the tale up to Calypso once more.

Alcinous and the Phæacians sent Odysseus on his way to his home at Ithaca. But his old enemy, Poseidon, turned the ship to stone, and the wanderer reached home alone, in the guise of an old beggarman, where he arrived as his son Telemachus was returning from his travels.

Then began the thrilling tale of the wiles and guiles to win his own from the suitors who had taken his place, the harbor of refuge with faithful old Eumæus, the swineherd, the recognition by Telemachus, the death of the true old dog Argos on sight of his long-absent master, the interview with Penelope, the recognition by his old nurse who knows him by a scar upon his leg, the final great

trial of strength between the old beggarman and the suitors; they cannot even bend the famous bow of Eurytus; he, however, strings it with ease and sends an arrow singing through the holes of twelve battle-axes, set up one behind another.

At that instant the beggarman throws off his disguise and, with Telemachus and only two faithful followers, slays the evil suitors, wins back his true wife who has waited patiently all these long years, and hastens to greet his old father Laertes.

Impossible romance? I dare say. Yet one of the most human stories ever told.

VIRGIL

PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO was born 70 B.C. and lived till 19 B.C. Like so many of the great writers of Rome he was not born at the great city, but near Mantua, in a region that produced many of the great men of the empire. He was of humble stock and constantly shows in his writings his familiarity with farm life, but despite his simple origin he received an extremely liberal education on both the Latin and Greek sides; the farmer's son finally became a friend of the great men of the time and one of the cosmopolitan figures of the empire. Despite misfortunes with his ancestral property, the patronage of Mœcenas and the friendship of Augustus allowed him to travel freely and to devote himself to a life of letters. The Greek literature of Alexandria made a great impression on him and shows itself in the "Eclogues," poems of pastoral life modeled largely after the charming Greek poet Theocritus, which in their turn have had a very great influence on that type of poems so popular in all ages. Somewhat in the same line are the "Georgics," which in charming form display a very profound knowledge of farming on the part of the poet.

They were perhaps written with the patriotic motive of starting a movement back to the farm.

The great work of Virgil was the "Æneid," which he left, however, in an unfinished state and wished to have destroyed at his death. It was to be the perfect story of his nation's origin. It has remained one of the possessions of the world's literature.

Virgil was one of the great figures of the Middle Ages. He was supposed to have foretold the birth of Christ and was regarded as the greatest pagan. It was claimed that he shared with the Bible the power of settling all difficulties; one had only to open the "Æneid"; the first passage on which one chanced gave an omen. The rôle he plays in Dante shows the esteem in which he was held.

VIRGIL'S AENEID

Condensation by
PROF. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

ARMS and The Man of Destiny are the subject of Virgil's story, in which he portrays the birth of a nation.

The author goes far back into history as Homer told it, to find a national hero for his people. But his story has one great difference from the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," from which it borrows so much besides a hero. Homer's tales are spontaneous stories of the great chiefs who stand at the beginning of Greek history, while Virgil, a man of letters and a patriot, who would make plausible the divine mission of his race to rule the world, deliberately chooses his hero and then makes for him a history to suit his needs. One wonders sometimes whether Æneas or the Italian nation is the hero of the great national story.

In Homer, Æneas stands alongside Hector as one of the great champions of Troy.

When the city falls he is one of the few Trojans to escape destruction. With his venerable father Anchises on his shoulders, his son held by the hand, and his wife following, he makes his way to the shore and takes ship with a large company of his following to seek a new land and found a new kingdom. But he has hanging over him the inveterate hostility of the goddess Juno, the persistent foe of all that was Trojan. It is at this point that Virgil takes up the tale of his Man of Destiny. After the fashion advised by Horace, he plunges into the midst of things.

After some six years of wandering Æneas sets sail for Italy, after he has lost his father in Sicily. His wife had long since perished. At Juno's orders the god of the winds sends forth a tempest which drives the ships to Africa. His mother, the goddess Venus, does her best to make up for the harshness of Juno, foretells to him the greatness that lies in store for him and his race, and directs him to Carthage, the rising city of Queen Dido. Happy chance brings the hero and the queen together, a generous and kindly hospitality follows, the ever-watchful Venus produces in place of Æneas's son Ascanius

her own mischievous Cupid. The Queen of Carthage can no more resist.

A regal entertainment is set before the visitors in a scene of vast magnificence. At the end of the banquet the queen demands his story from the royal wanderer, just as King Alcinous had asked the same from Odysseus. With all the magnates of her court gathered around, with Æneas's companions as well, the queen fondling the little Ascanius in her arms—remember that rogue Cupid was playing the part—the prince began the famous tale of the last night of Troy, the stratagem of the wooden horse, the story of Laocoön, and all the rest, to which follow his own escape with his people, and his many years' wanderings, his meeting with Andromache in Epirus, and all the events that had taken the six years of his life.

Then follows the famous fourth book of the "Æneid," the great story of the passionate love of Dido for the Man of Destiny. It is one of the most widely read, the most admired, the most discussed stories in the world's literature. Virgil summoned to it his greatest art; he did not hesitate to borrow from the great writers of the past, particularly from the "Medea" of Apollonius Rhodius, the

fine tale of romantic love which has come from Alexandria in the late days of the Greek genius. Virgil is not a supreme artist in the portrayal of character as Homer was, but in the picture of the tender and pathetic passion of the queen he rose to his highest point. The queen's confession of her love to her sister; the great hunting-party for her lover's entertainment; the storm that separates the hunters and drives the royal pair to a cave alone; the queen's tenderness; and then the flight of the pious Æneas; the queen's entreaties; the portrayal of all the passion of a slighted woman; and finally her own self-inflicted death as the hero flees to a higher duty—it is splendidly done. For the hero as an individual there can be nothing but the most perfect contempt. His only excuse is that he is the Man of Destiny; individuals must play a subordinate rôle in the great drama of a race. The Italian who reads the story remembers the bitter enmity between Rome and Carthage, remembers the years of trouble Hannibal was later to lay on the descendants of Æneas, and must have a reason for it all. The modern reader has a different point of view and wishes that the poet had found a more glorious rôle for the

national hero, the mighty founder of a race destined to rule the world. For Æneas thoroughly deserved the imprecations heaped upon his head by the dying Dido. Homer would have found a more human way out of the difficulty.

For the modern world the interest in the "Æneid" grows less after the great tale of Dido's passion is told. The Trojans set sail for Italy once more, and once more are driven to Sicily. There the prince celebrates great funeral games on the anniversary of his father's death, after the fashion of those which Homer pictures Achilles celebrating in honor of the dead Patroclus. The Trojan women, weary of the long wanderings, try to burn the ships, but are only partly successful. Æneas leaves them and all who wish to tarry, and at last reaches Italy, where he makes the famous descent to the lower regions to consult his father; he perhaps, after the episode of Dido, feels the need of being told again of the great destiny of himself and his race. The journey is, of course, in imitation of Odysseus's descent to Hades, and was the great model for Dante.

Æneas journeys on to the mouth of the Tiber and forms an alliance with King

Latinus, which includes marriage with the king's daughter, Lavinia. If the reader is inclined to murmur: "What, again? Naughty man!" the answer is that good Æneas has been under the burden from the first of being the Man of Destiny, and the union with the daughter of King Latinus is to produce the Latin race. But not without a final struggle on the part of the jealous Juno, who raises up enmity under the leadership of Turnus, one of the suitors for the hand of Lavinia. He can compete with fate no more successfully than could poor Dido, and after glorious battles perished in single combat at the hand of the Man of Destiny.

MARRYAT

FREDERICK MARRYAT was born in 1792 and lived till 1848. His father was an Englishman of wealth, who sat in Parliament and was a writer of verse and political pamphlets. The son, however, had the sea in his veins, and even before he was allowed to enter the navy at fourteen he had made numerous attempts to run away to his favorite element. He served under Lord Cochrane in the famous "Imperieuse" and at once began to lay the foundation of that inexhaustible store of knowledge and experience which made him the prince of story-tellers of the sea. The daring Lord Cochrane was an admirable master; during two and a half years he showed his young midshipman some fifty engagements and bold enterprises of every sort. And the latter was an apt pupil whenever there was anything strenuous doing. Honorable mention came his way frequently; in 1818 he received the medal of the Humane Society for "at least a dozen" gallant rescues; he invented a code of signals; he became a Fellow of the Royal Society.

He began his series of twenty-four books with "Frank Mildmay" in 1829, and kept them going

for twenty years, to the delight of an expectant public. As happened in the case of so many writers included in this series of one hundred books, instant success came to one who had found a new field to interest the public.

"Mr. Midshipman Easy," "Snarley-yow," and all the rest of the two dozen tales hold a thrill for whoever loves the sea.

MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

By CAPTAIN MARRYAT

Condensation by
JAMES B. CONNOLLY

MR. EASY was for natural equality and the rights of man, which Mrs. Easy did not mind, she being allowed to have her game of patience. Behold then a contented couple to whom, after eleven years of married life, was born our hero Jack. For nurse to the baby the family doctor introduced a strong, healthy young woman. Mrs. Easy, catechising her, was horrified. "What—not married! And you had a child!"

"If you please, ma'am, it was such a little one!"

The young woman joined the Easy household, where she aided every other member there to spoil young Jack; and so we have at five years of age a complete specimen of the headstrong young male. To save him from utter ruin the family doctor urged that he

be sent to a school which he could highly recommend. The parents agreed, but with the proviso from Mr. Easy that he must not be flogged.

The benevolent-looking master of this school was against flogging also. Caning, in his judgment, was more efficacious; so without troubling to tell Mr. Easy of it, he caned our hero beautifully. Thus, when at fourteen Jack came home to live, all the bully was gone from him. In place thereof was a great disposition to argue things, with natural equality and the rights of man as his favorite themes.

Two disputatious people under one roof were too many. Jack's father packed him off to sea in H. M. sloop *Harpy*, where he very soon learned that the natural equalities were not in high favor. If he was not towed ashore on a grating by a court-martial order for some of his socially anarchistic opinions when his ship arrived at Gibraltar, it was probably because the captain of H. M. S. *Harpy* was indebted to Jack's father for the loan of one thousand pounds.

Jack's radical opinions did not lessen his naval zeal. As midshipman in command of the ship's second cutter in a certain expedi-

tion he ignored the recall signal and so lost sight of his own ship; but losing sight of her led to the capture of a fine big enemy ship; and among this ship's passengers was a lovely Italian girl whom Jack treated with great courtesy, even to seeing her safely ashore in a near-by port.

Being the only officer in his force, it was Jack's duty to navigate the prize back to Gibraltar. "Simple enough," he said. "The land was on our left hand coming out; it should be on our right hand going back"; and he was doing pretty well on that theory when a gale of wind came along and blew him out of sight of land.

In the cargo of their prize the crew had found some casks of wine, to which they helped themselves, and, coming to a group of islands where Jack put in to reconsider his navigation, they went ashore and got gloriously drunk. Their wine gave out. They hailed the ship for more. Jack said no. They set out to swim to the ship after it, but sharks caught three of them; the others returned aboard on Jack's terms.

Jack sailed his prize over pretty much the whole Mediterranean before he found his own ship again. He had been gone two

months. But such a story as he had to tell! and fourteen thousand dollars he found in the cabin of the prize helped out the telling it. His captain commended him, but also advised him to give a little time to the study of navigation.

As Jack grew older he began to have his doubts of the natural equalities. For one thing the ship's boatswain, Mr. Biggs, was getting on his nerves; likewise Easthupp, the purser's steward, forever insisting that a gentleman should be treated as a gentleman. Having been a London pickpocket before entering his Majesty's Service, he was probably over-sensitive.

One day, after what Mr. Easthupp termed "hinvidious" remarks had been passed all around, Jack challenged Easthupp and Biggs to a duel, adding that he would fight them both or none, and at the same time. The arrangements were intrusted to Mr. Tallboys the gunner, a man of most exact mind. "Both or none, and at the same time—what did that mean exactly?"

"Ah, of course! Three combatants, three positions." Mr. Tallboys got out his *Art of Gunnery*, and drawing an equilateral triangle of twelve paces on a side, he said:

"Each principal will take a corner. By this method each party will get in his shot and be at the same time shot at by another party. A fair proceeding all around, you see."

The arrangement pleased Jack mightily. Mr. Biggs, after a while, also agreed. "Shot for shot, I dare say it's all right," admitted Biggs. Nobody cared what Easthupp thought—he was stood on his corner. The question came up as to who was to fire at whom. "As sailors," explained Mr. Tallboys, "you should of course fire with the sun. That is, Mr. Easy will fire at Mr. Biggs, who will fire at Mr. Easthupp, who will fire at Mr. Easy. And now, if you please, take stations. Cock your locks! Take good aim! Fire! Stop your vents! Very well done."

Where Easthupp's bullet went nobody could say, probably into the ground. Jack's passed through both of Mr. Biggs's cheeks. "A pretty business!" sputtered Mr. Biggs. "How am I to pipe to dinner with my wind escaping through these holes in my cheeks?"

The boatswain's bullet had caught Mr. Easthupp in a tender rear spot, which caused that gentleman to roar so loudly that

every one said he must be dead, or dying at least. Jack was scared, or pretended to be. He wrote a note to Captain Wilson, saying he feared he had killed Mr. Easthupp, and so he would stay ashore for a time to see what came of it.

This happened in Malta. With Midshipman Gascoigne, his second, carrying a pair of dueling pistols, Jack sailed on a speronare with a crew of four men and a boy to Italy. During the night the crew, having seen too many of Jack's doubloons, tried to kill the lads; but the lads killed them instead —all but the boy, who providentially fell overboard and was drowned.

A storm overtook their little craft and threw her high up on the shore of Sicily. While looking about them, they saw an elderly and a young lady beset by two robbers with long swords. An old gentleman was lying unconscious on the ground. Jack and Gascoigne drove off the villains. The old gentleman turned out to be a Don Ribiera de Silva, the lady to be Donna Clara, his wife, and the brunette young beauty, Donna Agnes, their daughter. On a second look at Donna Agnes, Jack knew her for the young lady passenger of his prize ship. At

the home of Don Ribiera, where the lads were later made welcome, he fell deeply in love with her.

Easthupp did not die; and the boys returned to their ship, where their captain read them a fine lecture on discipline and conduct, and the value of a regular study to develop their minds. Jack at once began the study of Italian.

His general conduct in the next two years was such as to promise an early promotion; but one day there came a letter from home informing him that his mother had died, and also that if his father was not mad he soon would be. Jack went home on leave, and there found his father working on a mechanical invention which was to rectify the mistakes of nature—to preserve to the human species the finer organs and destroy the baser. While demonstrating this invention the poor man had his neck broken.

A midshipman with eight thousand pounds a year was an anomaly in the service. Jack secured his discharge, the better to look after his estates. But as time went on he found himself thinking of Donna Agnes; so much so that one day he purchased a fast little armed brig, named her the *Ribiera*, procured

letters of marque, and sailed for Italy. Here Agnes became his excellent and affectionate wife; eventually, in England, she became the mother of four children.

Having given up the sea and his early theories about the equalities, Jack stood for Parliament on the Conservative ticket and was elected; and all without too much expense, which was remarkable.

DICKENS

IN G. K. Chesterton's searching study of Charles Dickens, he points out what an extraordinary difference there is between the popularity of Dickens and the popularity of the most eagerly read English writers of to-day. People read a Dickens story six times, says Mr. Chesterton, because they know it so well. If they can read a modern popular novel six times, it is only because they can forget it six times.

One reason for this difference is the vividness with which the people of Dickens stand out. There are dozens of characters in Dickens whom readers feel they know better than they do their most intimate friends. One has but to think of Dick Swiveller or Quilp in "The Old Curiosity Shop" to see them moving past. And there are others in this book and in all the novels who are so familiar that the mere mention of their names conjures them into life. Much as we like and are thrilled by the men and women who dare and love in the popular stories of to-day, there are none of them whom we should recognize as quickly if we saw them in the street as we would Micawber or Mrs. Gamp or Sam Weller

or a host of others created more than half a century ago.

It was the writer's imagination that made his characters seem giants when they are placed beside the characters of later men. It is this imagination, "now humorous, now terrible, now simply grotesque," that Professor Saintsbury terms "of a quality which stands entirely by itself, or is approached at a distance, and with a difference, only by that of his great French contemporary, Balzac."

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by
FREDERICK H. DOLE

A LITTLE child—the beautifully-drawn character sketch of such a one as the Divine Master so often chose to hold up as a model for His followers—this is our heroine.

Though not yet fourteen years old, she could look back on better days gone by. Then her grandfather was happy and contented and had often talked of her angel mother. She had walked with him in the fields beyond the city's noise, and they had there enjoyed many delightful hours.

Now he has changed. He is anxious, worried, and secretive. He often sends the child on business to the house of the hateful dwarf, Quilp. He is away from home every night, returning just before day, and is filled with gloom whenever he comes back. The

child cannot comprehend the reason for this change.

She tells this to the sympathetic Mrs. Quilp, while the monster who has loaned her grandfather money listens at the door. He has supposed the old man to be possessed of great secret wealth and to be in the way of making much more money if only he could be carried over a temporary emergency. But the child's statements to his wife make the dwarf suspicious. He investigates and finds that Nell's grandfather has taken his loans to the gaming-table and has lost.

"I am no gambler," cried the old man, fiercely, when accused by Quilp. "I call Heaven to witness that I never played for gain of mine or love of play; that at every piece I staked I whispered that orphan's name and called on Heaven to bless the venture—which it never did."

He cried out that his winnings would have been made from evil men and would have been spent on a sinless child. Quilp was unmoved by his appeals for further aid. He had a legal hold on the old man's curiosities and other property and brought his lawyer to take possession of the premises. Kit, the servant-boy of Nell's grandfather, had

angered Quilp by calling him names, and the dwarf took revenge by telling the old man that Kit had informed of the gambling.

Early one morning, before Quilp and his lawyer awoke, Nell and her grandfather crept softly out and left their home forever. They had visions of fair fields and country scenes through which they would journey. The child had learned that she must be the leader, and he followed willingly. She had a little money, but they must depend upon charity when that was gone.

The first day they made a long journey and were given a ride by a kind countryman. They stayed that night at an inn with two Punch and Judy showmen for whom Nell had done a bit of mending. With them they went to the races the next day, but Nell became suspicious of the men and escaped with her grandfather into the open country.

Nearly exhausted by another long walk, they arrived at a school playground. The schoolmaster kindly took them home, and they stayed there a few days, obtaining needed rest.

Continuing their journey, they next met with a traveling wax-figure show, and Nell so favorably impressed Mrs. Jarley, the

manager, that she received employment. Her bitterest experience came at this time.

Her grandfather fell in with some gamblers and lost nearly all their money. She had a gold coin of which he knew nothing. She changed this in payment for their night's lodging, but awoke to find her grandfather robbing her purse of every coin in order to gamble again. A short time later Nell heard the gamblers persuade him to steal from Mrs. Jarley, holding out the hope that he would win much more than enough to repay her secretly.

Poor Nell was now in absolute terror. She woke him that night and told him of a terrible dream wherein she saw men like him robbing those asleep. She made him flee with her at once.

On and on they walked, farther and farther from London. Finally they came to a smoky town. A poor workman took the tired child in his arms and led the way near the furnace-room of a huge factory, where they could sleep warmly.

The poor girl was nearly exhausted, but in the morning they pressed on their journey. At last they saw a familiar form. The child screamed and fell senseless at the feet of the

schoolmaster. He carried her gently into a near-by inn, and there she gradually recovered by means of stimulants, food, and rest.

The schoolmaster had received what was to him a princely appointment. He had been given a position paying thirty-five pounds annually in a distant town, and he was walking there. He had loved Nell since he first saw her and begged them to go and live near him. Entirely friendless except for him, they went gladly. Their new home was in a beautiful, peaceful village. Nell obtained a position as caretaker of the church, and they lived next door to the schoolmaster.

Now the old man's servant, Kit, had obtained an excellent position near home by being strictly honest in his dealings with a kind old man, Mr. Garland. He had never lost his desire to find and help Nell and her grandfather.

A strange gentleman appears in the story in search of the same personages. He proves to be the old grandfather's younger brother, who has lived abroad many years. He has made much money and has returned to share it with his aged relative, who has now disappeared. After one unsuccessful journey,

he found out where Nell and her grandfather were living. Taking Kit and Mr. Garland along, the younger brother traveled to the village. They arrived there late at night, but Kit discovered the old man at once. He asked for Nell, and her grandfather said she was asleep. Then the younger brother, Mr. Garland, the schoolmaster, and an old man who had befriended Nell entered.

Poor Nell had been dead for two days. "There upon her little bed she lay at rest. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death." Worn out by her long journey, her lack of food, her exposure, and the anxiety for her grandfather, she had never recovered from the strain, although her last days had been spent in perfect peace and joy.

The old man was found dead upon her grave not long afterward.

How Kit's honesty had once been questioned because of a plot laid against him by the wretched Quilp and his lawyer; how his innocence had been proven through the testimony of the lawyer's servant-maid, a

starved, abused child; how the humorous Dick Swiveller assisted in freeing Kit, and how he was rewarded; how the horrible dwarf met a well-deserved death by drowning —all these side-lights to the main story of Little Nell are told in Dickens's own inimitable way. But they must ever be regarded as mere accessories in the development of the short life history of one of the most pathetic and lovable characters in our literature.

O mightiest master of the pen of English fiction, we thank thee for the gift of Little Nell, to show us by her love and innocence and faith how much of God may reside in humanity.

COOPER

TO James Fenimore Cooper's boyhood may be traced his genius for picturing primeval forests and adventures alive with thrill. Son of a hardy and vigorous pioneer, he lived by a rushing stream at the very edge of a deep, mysterious wilderness, in which lurked wild men and wild beasts. About the great roaring fire in his father's hospitable hall sat men of indomitable will and daring. They had grappled with nature and with men in their most primitive ferocity. They told true but lurid tales of doings that profoundly stirred the child's imagination. These men risked death and torture to carry on the life of their new country; so the boy James was saturated with that patriotism which vividly rings through his life and characterizes so clearly his writings.

Small wonder is it that this child later set himself the task of describing the frontier scenes of his native land, and achieved the famous "Leatherstocking Tales" which have kindled the hearts of so many adventure-loving boys. Of these "The Pathfinder" and "Deerslayer" seemed to Cooper himself his best novels. They were both violently assailed when they

first appeared, because their author had created so much personal hostility. Nevertheless, they had large sales, and of "The Pathfinder" no less a personage than Balzac writes: "It is beautiful, it is grand. Its interest is tremendous. I know no one in the world save Walter Scott who has risen to that grandeur and serenity of colors. Never did the art of writing tread closer upon the art of the pencil."

The early influences of Cooper's life probably led also to the activities of his last years, when he devoted himself to vast agricultural experiments. His father had helped to conquer the forest; he set himself to conquer the soil.

THE DEERSLAYER

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Condensation by
ALFRED S. CLARK

WHEN the young white hunters, Deerslayer and Hurry Harry, reached the Lake Glimmerglass, the Hurons were on the warpath. Floating Tom Hutter, the only settler on the lake, knew the red men's ways and had built his house on piles, a quarter of a mile from shore. With him lived his daughters, Judith, handsome and flirtatious, and Hetty, a young woman with the mind of a child. Hurry Harry, a handsome giant of the woods, had been one of Judith's many wooers.

Floating Tom had another home, the *Ark*, a crude houseboat propelled by sweeps and a sail. Here the hunters found him. As the *Ark* passed an overhanging sapling, warriors, bedaubed by war-paint, leaped for the roof. They fell into the lake, but yells and pat-

tering bullets from shore told that they were out in force.

Hutter was a hardy fighter, Hurry had the strength of ten ordinary men, and Natty Bumppo had won his name of Deerslayer because of his unerring aim with the rifle. They might have withstood a siege of weeks. But Hutter and Hurry, tempted by the bounty for scalps, determined to raid the Indian encampment, where they expected to find only squaws and children. Deerslayer refused to join this cowardly warfare. But warriors were in the tents and the raiders were captured. Deerslayer, now the sole reliance of the girls in Hutter's lake-girdled house, could not attempt their rescue.

His simple honesty and his modesty made a profound impression upon Judith, who had hitherto listened too willingly to the honeyed words of English officers. Her arts were forgotten in the presence of this naïve woodsman who was blind to feminine wiles.

Although the Indians had no canoes, Deerslayer knew that they could quickly make rafts, and he was glad enough that he had agreed to meet at the lake that night his dearest friend, the young Delaware warrior, Big Serpent. At sunset he ma-

neuvered the *Ark* near the rendezvous and Big Serpent leaped aboard. The bank resounded with exultant yells, and a score of savages splashed into the water. Deerslayer and Big Serpent bent to the sweeps and foiled them. Big Serpent's hatred of the Hurons was white hot, for they were carrying into captivity his betrothed, the lissome Hist-oh-Hist.

It was simple-minded Hetty who first went to the rescue of Hutter and Hurry. She believed that reading her Bible to these savages would soften their hearts. She was allowed to converse freely with the captives, for the Indians had a superstitious belief that the gods spoke through those whose wits were weak. Her pleading words, however, fell upon deaf ears. Deerslayer, with keener knowledge of Indian character, ransomed Hutter and Hurry with some ivory chessmen that the red men deemed idols.

While the released captives slept and the girls watched, Deerslayer and Big Serpent paddled away to rescue Hist-oh-Hist, who had sent word by Hetty that she would be on a conspicuous point of land when a bright star came out over a hilltop. The star came out, but Hist did not appear. The Delaware

and his paleface comrade crept noiselessly to a ridge where they could overlook the encampment. Big Serpent chirruped like a squirrel, and Hist, guarded by an old hag, was so suddenly silent that they knew she understood.

At last the two women passed them. Big Serpent dragged his beloved toward the canoe; Deerslayer clutched the old woman, but her screams alarmed the camp. He ran for the canoe, but as he pushed it off an Indian landed squarely upon his back. Deerslayer thought not of himself, but gave the canoe so powerful a shove that it glided a hundred feet away. He tumbled into the lake, arose with his assailant, and they floundered in breast-high water. He was quickly surrounded, so he surrendered quietly.

Morning came and the *Ark* was swept toward the house. The keen eyes of Hist detected a moccasin floating against a pile and Big Serpent was sure the Hurons were within. Hurry and Hutter laughed at him and clambered inside through a trap-door. Hardly were they within before there was a heavy fall. To the sharp ears of Big Serpent, the whole house seemed alive. Now and

then an Indian yell sounded or a deep bellow from Hurry.

Big Serpent dared not desert the three girls. Suddenly the door burst open and Hurry came raging forth upon the small platform. He stood panting, eying his enemies. Then he seized one brave by the waist and flung him far into the lake; two others quickly followed. Four were left. They were without arms and had little desire to close with this demon. He kicked one into the water, he doubled up another by a prodigious blow. The bigger of the two remaining closed with his white foe. They wrestled fiercely upon the narrow platform. Then Hurry raised the red man high above his head, hurled him down, and fell heavily upon him. But at that moment of conquest his arms were bound from behind. The Indians whom he had flung into the lake had scrambled out in time to pinion him.

As the *Ark* drifted past, Hist cried out to Hurry to roll off. He obeyed and fell with a great splash into the water. Hist threw him a rope, which he clutched with hands and teeth, the bullets of the outwitted Indians fell short, and Big Serpent pulled the exhausted giant on board. The Hurons

left the house, and when Judith reached it her father was dying. He had been scalped while still alive.

The two men were soon rejoined by Deerslayer, who had accepted a furlough, promising to return at noon the next day if Hist and Judith refused to become Huron squaws. To Hurry's disgust, Deerslayer announced that he intended to keep his pledge. It meant death by torture, and Hurry could not understand how honor could drive a man insane. The giant left the lake stealthily that night, but promised to guide back a company of soldiers.

Judith, having dismissed Hurry forever, tried to tell Deerslayer that she loved him. But the hunter was so humble and Judith so beautiful, that he would not understand. He knew, moreover, that Judith had not always resisted the caresses of an English officer.

The sun was directly overhead when Deerslayer strode back into the Huron encampment. He haughtily refused to save his life by wedding the widow of a warrior he had shot, whereupon her brother hurled a tomahawk at the captive. Deerslayer's hand shot up and caught the weapon as it flew.

An instant later it drove back and struck his foe between the eyes.

It gave him his opportunity to escape. As the Indians ran to the dead man's side he burst away with the speed of a deer. Behind him he heard the savage yells of his pursuers. Bullets whistled past, but he ran on untouched. At the edge of a gully, he leaped upon a fallen tree, shouted as if gloating over a free trail ahead, and then crept beneath the tree. His foes jumped upon it as they bounded along, but one after one they raced into the gully. Deerslayer doubled back, reached the lake, and threw himself into the canoe. The paddles were gone and he had to drift, lying flat in the bottom. Bullets cut the sides, making peep-holes. Just as he thought himself safely away, the fickle wind changed and he was driven back, again a prisoner.

The Hurons were now enraged. They bound him, and the young warriors flung tomahawks at him, trying to see how close they could come. This was but preparatory to the tortures. Then Judith, desperate in her love, stalked out of the trees to save him. Her impassioned words had no effect and the fires were kindled at his feet. Hetty leaped

forward and stamped out the flames. Then Big Serpent bounded forth and with a rapid thrust cut Deerslayer loose. In his hands were two rifles, and for a moment the Hurons were dismayed. The warrior who had hoped to wed Hist hurled his knife at his rival, but Hist struck up his hand and he fell, Big Serpent's knife quivering in his breast. The red men scattered for their guns, but now a tramping was heard. Redcoats appeared among the trees, led by Hurry. Deerslayer's rifle crackled and two Hurons fell. The rest, cut off from escape, were butchered or made prisoners.

Hetty was mortally wounded, but none of the others were hurt. Judith flung away her reserve as they were leaving this scene of bloodshed and implored Deerslayer to marry her. But he remembered her past, and her beauty could not move him. She turned away and walked on with the soldiers. The captain had been her ardent wooer of the past, and rumors came later to America that on his great English estate lived a lady of rare beauty who did not bear his name. Whether or not it was Judith, Deerslayer never knew.

He trod another trail, with Big Serpent

and Hist, back to the Delawares. The Hurons long knew his wrath, but fifteen years passed before he saw Glimmerglass again. His heart beat faster as he looked upon the ruined house and *Ark*, upon that silent sheet of lovely water fringed by deep woods and green hills.

AUERBACH

BERTHOLD AUERBACH, German novelist, was born on the 28th of February, 1812, at Nordstetten in the Württemberg Black Forest. His parents were Jews, and intended their son for the ministry; but after studying philosophy at Tübingen, Munich, and Heidelberg, and becoming estranged from the Jewish orthodoxy by the study of Spinoza, he devoted himself to literature.

Auerbach's beginning was a most fortunate one, as he wrote a romance on the life of Spinoza (1837) "so interesting in itself, and so close in its adherence to fact," that it may be read with equal advantage as a novel or as a biography. He also translated the works of Spinoza.

The author won his fame chiefly through his stories of peasant life in the Black Forest, in which he depicts the life of the South German peasant, as Albrecht Bitzius painted the peasantry of Switzerland.

After writing many stories of this order, Auerbach later returned to his first phase as a novelist, and wrote "On the Heights," and other romances of a more speculative and philosophical tendency, turn-

ing upon plots invented by himself; but with the exception of "On the Heights," which has always been a great favorite, these romances were not very popular.

Auerbach died at Cannes, France, on the 8th of February, 1882. A list of his works contains "Dichter und Kaufman," "Schwarzwälder Dorfgeschichten," "Barfüssele," "Edelweiss," "Das Landhaus am Rhein," and a number of others.

ON THE HEIGHTS

By BERTHOLD AUERBACH

Condensation by
REV. R. PERRY BUSH, D.D.

A GERMAN court. A king stately of bearing and of good report. A queen sweet and beautiful, but abhorring those who in the least digress from the straight and narrow path, and intent above all else in preserving her own immaculate purity.

The Lady of the Bedchamber, Countess Irma von Wildenort, daughter of a noble sire, who spent his life in improving his domains and serving his neighbors, but who lived alone and self-centered, leaving his children to grow up with little of his advice and not too much expression of his affection. Doctor Gunther, Physician to the Queen, a man straightforward and truthful, whose wife and daughters never appeared at court.

These, with Countess Brinkinstein, the high-priestess of etiquette and decorum—

Bruno, Countess Irma's brother, and others who appear less prominently, were the characters, the intermingling of whose lives furnishes a story of the expiating of sin, full of warning to those who are on the brink of wrong-doing and replete with suggestion to the self-sanctified.

The story opens with the birth of a prince in the royal household. A nurse from the highlands is found in Walpurga, wife of Hansai, a humble peasant, whom the queen kissed upon her arrival, and this, being so contrary to the etiquette of the court, is taken up by the scandal-mongers and recorded in the newspapers, offending the king and awakening his thought that the queen is weak and sentimental.

Countess Irma, because of her official position, has access at all times to the young prince's apartments, and it is soon apparent that she is fast attaining royal favor. One day the king lays his hand upon hers and looks at her in such a manner that Walpurga tells her it is improper, but is advised to attend to her own affairs, and the countess, writing to a friend, boasts that the king prefers her above all others and that he has given her a feather from an eagle that he shot.

Later, when they are alone together, the king asks the countess if, when they are by themselves, he may call her his "true comrade," and makes remarks implying that the queen and he are not in closest harmony.

The devotion of his wife, however, is abundantly attested by a mighty struggle through which she passes. She was a Protestant and the king a Catholic and out of love to him she resolves to give up her religion, but instead of pleasing his Majesty this only makes him angry, because he takes it to be another token of her weakness, and he gets Doctor Gunther to dissuade her from such a course. He also sends flowers every day to Countess Irma, who is flattered, but away down in her heart she is offended and she writes her friend that she feels herself altogether alone in the world.

Soon after this the king goes on a hunting trip and he asks the queen to have the countess write to him about the baby prince. The queen begins to be suspicious of her husband and the scandal concerning the relations of the king and Irma increases.

In the midst of the turmoil the countess is called home to her father, but he and she did not understand each other, and when,

after a while, a letter signed by the king and the ladies of the court requests that she return to them, Irma, after some hesitation, complies, and one day near a statue of liberty for which the countess was the model the king clasps her in his arms and imprints the "kiss of eternity" upon her lips. Later at a ball he tells her that she is beautiful and that he loves her, and she consoles herself with the thought that "the priest gave him to the queen, but nature gave him to her."

At an opportune moment her brother Bruno tells Irma that her actions are the talk of the town and the best way out of the matter is for her to get married. Colonel von Bronnen, a noble courtier, proposes to her but is rejected, and the countess begins to realize that, "It is hell to be conscious of guilt and yet remain beside a pure and happy creature."

In the mean time Walpurga completes her term of service, and before leaving for home calls upon Irma, who gives her a bag of gold won at the gaming-table the night before.

In the little village in the highlands, every one at first patronized Walpurga and Hansai, but, receiving no favors at their hands, the people show that human nature is the same

there as at court, for they circulate all sorts of scandalous tales concerning them; but when the happy couple purchase an extensive "freehold" the good wishes of all their old friends go with them to their new abode. At this juncture some one at court writes to Irma's father, informing him that she is "the king's mistress," and at the news he is fatally stricken, but before he passes away he presses his hand to his daughter's brow and she interprets the act as setting there the mark of Cain and wears a bandage over it forever after.

Irma is now in a terrible state of mind, and when the king writes to her, "I alone can kiss away the shadows that cloud your brow," it only increases her desperation and she resolves upon suicide.

She writes thus to the queen: "I expiate my crime in death." And to the king: "We are treading the wrong path. You belong not to yourself alone, but to your people. Death is my expiation for sin. Life must be yours. God knows we did not mean to do wrong."

On the way to end her life the countess meets a pitiable woman who had been ruined by her brother Bruno. This woman drowns

herself in the lake and Irma stumbles on, bruised and bewildered, and is found by Walpurga and Hansai on their journey to their newly purchased freehold. Concealing her identity from all but Walpurga, she accompanies the party to their mountain home.

Report of the countess's death soon spreads abroad and search is made for her body, but no trace of it is found, yet a tablet is erected by the lake bearing this inscription: "Here perished Irma, Countess of Wildenort, in the twenty-first year of her life. Traveler, pray for and honor her memory."

Back at court, the king, upon receiving Irma's letter, is deeply repentant and saddened by the reflection that "there is no greatness without morality." He goes to the queen's room to ask her forgiveness, but she is full of bitterness and feigns to be asleep, and later she vents her spite and vituperation upon him.

The king thinks that Doctor Gunther is responsible for this, and the physician is discharged and goes back to live in his old home in the highlands.

For three years Irma lives with Walpurga, supposedly dead, but really expiating her

sins and so growing in sweetness and purity that all who enter her presence look upon her as an angel and are lifted and inspired.

At length on a day when the king and queen and the court are at a near-by village Irma, fatally ill, sends for Doctor Gunther, who hastens to her side and, placing his hand upon her forehead, pronounces this benediction: "In your father's name I bless you and with this kiss I kiss away your burdens. You are free."

Walpurga hastens to the queen, who is now stricken with self-condemnation for her hateful spirit and her unjust pride in her own virtue. She realizes that Irma's penance is one through which she herself ought to pass, and when she reaches the shepherd's hut there is mutual forgiveness.

The king has been hunting in the vicinity. Since receiving Irma's letter he has lived a manly life and in penitence has sought to promote the welfare of all his people. Word is conveyed to him of what is taking place, and he rides with all haste, but arrives on the scene only to find that the countess has passed away; but his heart leaps with joy when the queen turns to him with the cry: "Forgive me, Kurt. You have expiated.

You—alone. She—alone." Her Majesty takes out an amulet, which she has worn next to her heart. It is the betrothal ring the king had given her, and he puts it again upon her finger and clasps her in his arms.

The countess was laid at rest at early dawn. Down in the valley the king and queen were reading her journal. "They gazed at the rosy dawn and lifted their eyes to the mountains—to where Irma had been buried, On the Heights."

DUMAS

ONE man could hardly have written the extraordinary number of books that are credited to Alexandre Dumas. The fact was angrily brought up in the novelist's lifetime, some hostile critics pointing to an output of sixty volumes in a single year and asking how this could be justified.

Dumas did employ a host of collaborators and his partiality for jokes made his practice seem worse than it really was. On one occasion an ardent admirer ventured to remark that he had found a mistake in geography in one of the novels. "Which one?" asked Dumas. The worshiper gave the title. "Oh, the devil!" cried the novelist. "I have not read it. Let me see, who did that for me? It was the rascal Auguste. I'll fix him for that."

The truth about "Dumas and Company" is involved and difficult to reach. There are novels bearing his name that the great romancer probably had little to do with. But these are not his great tales.

His principal collaborator was Auguste Maquet. He was an able writer, but, as many critics have pointed out, Maquet without Dumas would hardly be remembered to-day, while Dumas without Ma-

quet would still be Dumas. Almost always when he worked with Maquet, Dumas would suggest the subject for a story. Then he would draw up an outline and put down chapter headings and divisions. Maquet would then fill in the outline and afterward Dumas would rewrite the whole story, usually adding and altering a tremendous amount and infusing it with the genius that was lacking. It was Maquet who worked with Dumas upon "The Three Musketeers" and its sequels.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Condensation by
CAPT. ANDRÉ MORIZE

"ALL for one; and one for all!"

This was the oath of the four comrades: of d'Artagnan, the young guardsman, and of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, the three musketeers.

Only three months had d'Artagnan been in Paris, yet already he was the chosen companion of the noblest three in M. de Treville's picked company of Musketeers, in the service of Louis XIII. A true Gascon, fiercely proud, ready to fight at a word, the eighteen-year-old provincial lad had won the respect of the glorious three by challenging them, and their friendship by helping them to drive off the cardinal's guards who would have arrested them for dueling. Indeed, this latter exploit had won for d'Artagnan more than a glance from the king himself,

who was not displeased to see Richelieu's men worsted by his own.

At Meung, even before reaching Paris, d'Artagnan had had an honorable encounter, his adversary being a tall, commanding stranger of olivine complexion and scarred on the cheek. A beautiful woman had accompanied this man. Both their faces were stamped on d'Artagnan's memory.

Before he could be admitted to the Musketeers d'Artagnan was to serve probation as a guardsman; but already he was a Musketeer in spirit and his comrades longed as keenly as he for the day when he would be allowed to join their company. Athos, Porthos, and Aramis were alike only in soldierly qualities. Athos was of noble bearing, and when he was drunk he would talk of a secret sorrow; Porthos was a great lover of ladies, and declared that his conquests would bring his downfall; Aramis, who had friends in the Church and a sweetheart at court, pretended that he was only temporarily a Musketeer, and would willingly change his plumed hat for a monk's cowl when the time came.

One day d'Artagnan's landlord, Bonancieux, burst into the room with news that

Mme. Bonancieux, a pretty seamstress in the service of the queen, had just been abducted. From the landlord's description d'Artagnan recognized the abductor as his man of Meung and was anxious to help, the more so when he learned that the object of the abduction was to force the lady to tell what she knew of the love-affair between the queen and George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was coming secretly to Paris.

It was in their resolve to protect Mme. Bonancieux, for whom the impressionable d'Artagnan had suddenly conceived an undying affection, that the four comrades came together in their oath.

"Remember," said Aramis, "henceforth we are at issue with the cardinal."

Aided by d'Artagnan, who fought off the cardinal's officers, the lady contrived to escape. He declared his love for her, but she would promise nothing. Next time he saw her she was conducting the Duke of Buckingham, disguised as a musketeer, toward the royal palace. If d'Artagnan had followed he would have learned that the queen did indeed love Buckingham, but was loyal to the king. As a token she gave

Buckingham twelve diamond studs that the king had given her.

A spy reported this to Richelieu, who saw in it an opportunity to attack the king, the queen, and the duke all at once. First Richelieu asked the king to give a ballet for the queen and to ask her to wear the diamond studs, and then he sent a message to Lady de Winter in London, telling her to steal two of the studs from Buckingham. Learning of this plot through Mme. Bonancieux, d'Artagnan resolved to serve both his lady and his queen by recovering the jewels. For London the four comrades set out. Beset by the cardinal's men on the road, three were wounded, and only d'Artagnan reached London. There was just time to replace the stolen studs and return to Paris, which d'Artagnan reached on the night of the ballet, foiling Richelieu's plot.

He now set out to find his comrades. Porthos he found in bed at an inn, Aramis disputing with doctors of theology, and Athos drunk in a wine-cellar, airing his secret sorrow and defying the landlord to eject him. In his youth, Athos confessed, he had been tricked into marriage with a beautiful fiend, who, he later discovered, carried on her

shoulder the executioner's brand, the fleur-de-lys. Horror-stricken, he had slain her.

In church next day d'Artagnan's eye was caught by a very beautiful lady whom he recognized as the one who had been with the stranger at Meung. Following her from the church, he saw her talking with an Englishman, and, drawing close, he heard her call this man her brother-in-law, Lord de Winter.

D'Artagnan fell deeply in love with Lady de Winter, but his ardor cooled when he learned that she was a cardinalist plotter. By a trick he obtained from her a sapphire ring, which he showed to Athos.

"Where did you get this?" cried Athos. "It was my mother's."

D'Artagnan told him.

"Renounce that woman," said Athos. "She is a fatal creature."

That night d'Artagnan accused Lady de Winter of treachery. She rushed upon him and, in avoiding her blow, he pulled her dress from her shoulder.

There was the executioner's brand—the fleur-de-lys.

At this time the war between England and France was at its height and the siege of La Rochelle was beginning. Richelieu, learning

all that d'Artagnan had done, tried to buy him into his own service. D'Artagnan refused, knowing that refusal might cost him his life. The three musketeers set out now to discover the cardinal's next move. Eavesdropping, they heard Richelieu instruct Lady de Winter to go to London and there tell Buckingham to order that the English surrender, warning him that if the war continued Richelieu would expose the queen. If Buckingham refused, he was to be assassinated. For her part, the lady asked Richelieu for the death of d'Artagnan, who knew her secret, and of Mme. Bonancieux, who had thwarted her so often.

Half an hour later Athos was alone with the woman.

"The Count de la Fère!" she cried, deathly pale.

"Yes, my lady," said Athos. "You thought me dead, as I thought you dead, and the name of Athos concealed the Count de la Fère, as the name of Lady de Winter concealed Anne de Breuil."

Athos took from his false wife the carte-blanche passport Richelieu had given her and sent her to the coast, where a boat waited to take her to England. She could

not disobey, knowing that Athos could expose her.

Back to the siege the four comrades then went, and, in order to be together to discuss their plans, they spent an hour in the Bastion of St. Gervais, withstanding all assaults. Between attacks they talked, and as a result they sent messages to Lord de Winter, exposing his false sister-in-law and heiress, and to an influential friend of Aramis, asking for the name of the convent where Mme. Bonancieux was confined.

Thus on her arrival in England Lady de Winter was seized and imprisoned in her brother-in-law's castle; but, exercising her wiles upon her young jailer, she contrived to escape, and so poisoned the jailer's ears against Buckingham that he was ready to do her deadly work. Sent by de Winter as a messenger to the duke, he plunged a dagger into Buckingham's side. De Winter arrived in London one minute too late to save the duke, but a messenger from Paris was just in time to deliver to Buckingham the queen's pledge of love. He died with the queen's name on his lips.

Now Mme. de Winter had fled to France—to the convent of Bethune, where Mme. Bo-

nancieux was. By poison she accomplished her purpose, and when d'Artagnan and his comrades arrived at the convent they found the body of the pretty seamstress. They set out in pursuit of the murderess, and when they found her they held a formal trial and condemned her to death. An executioner was found — the very man who had put the brand upon her shoulder years before.

The next day d'Artagnan was arrested and taken before the cardinal, his captor being none other than his "man of Meung," who now called himself the Chevalier de Rochefort. D'Artagnan told the cardinal of the crimes of Lady de Winter, and finally produced the cardinal's own passport, absolving the bearer.

Admiration overcame anger in the cardinal. Instead of ordering d'Artagnan's imprisonment, he wrote out there and then a lieutenant's commission in the Musketeers. D'Artagnan offered the commission to his three friends in turn. All three refused it, protesting they did not deserve it. Besides, Aramis announced that he was about to enter the Church, and Porthos said he was about to be married. Athos thereupon wrote

upon the blank commission the name of d'Artagnan.

As for Rochefort, d'Artagnan fought him many times, but at last they decided that they were both too good to die, and they became friends.

DUMAS

OF the romantic heroes of all time, the d'Artagnan of Dumas may be rightfully ranked as king. He stands best the test of rereading. Other figures, even the most glowing, pale a little from their first glory when you read about them a second time; many are but ghosts on a third reading. But the gallant d'Artagnan grows clearer and brighter as you read and reread the three matchless romances wherein his memory is enshrined.

Dumas found his material in a book called "Les Mémoires d'Artagnan," by Courtils de Sandras. Here were not only the hero, but the grave Athos, the subtle Aramis, and the burly Porthos, Milady and many others familiar to all who love the romances. Thackeray liked this d'Artagnan of the memoirs better than the d'Artagnan of Dumas, but it was a partiality that few others have shared.

Who that has once read the romances will forget his first thrill as the Gascon rode into Meung? It might have been a rainy day without, but it was bright indoors. And then the plunge into stirring fighting and d'Artagnan's introduction to the three musketeers who were thereafter to be four. The loyal

comradeship, the glow of adventure and romance—these thrill the world to-day as they did seventy-five years ago when "The Three Musketeers" was first published.

And then, eighteen years after the murder of Buckingham, the curtain rises again and the musketeers are seen in England. And again the curtain falls and rises and we are with them once more in France. You have no feeling of relief when you come to the end. You echo Stevenson's words, "Adieu—rather than au revoir! Yet a sixth time, dearest d'Artagnan, we shall kidnap Monk and take horse together for Belle Isle."

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Condensation by
REV. R. PERRY BUSH, D.D.

FEW of us with red blood in our veins ever lose our interest in deeds of chivalric valor and adventure, and Dumas is a master in his delineation of soldiers of fortune—their fatal marksmanship, their matchless wielding of sword and rapier, and their hair-breadth escapes.

In *Twenty Years After* he presents his "three musketeers" somewhat more matured and not as rollicking as when we met them in their early manhood, but just as ready to champion the needy and unfortunate.

Louis XIII of France is dead. His son, the king, is but ten years of age. The mighty Richelieu is in his grave. Mazarin is cardinal, and though but a ghost of his illustrious predecessor, he holds almost ab-

solute control over the queen — Anne of Austria.

The conditions are opportune for a story of personal daring and bloody encounter.

Mazarin is an Italian and is universally hated. Paris is leagued against the ministry, and the soldiers of the royal guard are attacked and their lieutenant, Cummings, is wounded. Everywhere there are forebodings and cries of "Down with Mazarin." The cardinal disguises himself and inspects the city. He finds the "Frondeurs"—the insurrectionists—in full sway. Somehow he must secure trusty servants or downfall awaits him. D'Artagnan, the lieutenant of the Musketeers, is recommended, together with his three sturdy colleagues. Count de Rochefort is brought from confinement in the Bastile to testify to d'Artagnan's allegiance, and is freed by the mob while being taken back to prison. Mazarin is in despair and he tells the queen that "the whole world conspires to break their bonds," and d'Artagnan is directed to find his three friends and attach them to the royal service. Aramis—Abbé d'Herblay—is an ecclesiastic in love wth Mme. de Longueville. He hates the cardinal and refuses.

Porthos—the giant—living in luxury as M. de Valon de Bracieux de Pierrefonds, desires above all else to be a baron. He enlists.

Athos — M. de la Fère — reformed from drink and devoted to a young ward — Viscount de Bragelonne—is still, as of old, a noble-minded lover of the people, and will not serve the cardinal.

Two for, and two against Mazarin, therefore, the musketeers make their way to Paris, where there is great excitement because of a prophecy that Duc de Beaufort—the grandson of Henry IV and the idol of the populace—will escape from the dungeon of Vincennes before Whitsuntide. Beaufort hates Mazarin and uses ingenious means of ridiculing him. Grimaud, a servant of Athos, is set to guard him, and he, with Count de Rochefort, effects his escape; and d'Artagnan and Porthos, seeking to recapture him, have an encounter in which they are taken prisoner by Athos and Aramis, but are set free and the four pledge mutual friendship. Meanwhile the preparations for insurrection are intensified and a new ally of the popular cause is found in Abbé Scarron—"the queen's invalid," who is in control of the mendicants

of Paris and whose pension has been cut off by Mazarin. Another important character is also introduced at this juncture—a wounded soldier calls for a priest, and he who responds proves to be the Monk Mordaunt, a desperate character whose sole aim is to avenge the death of his mother, in which the "three musketeers" participated. Learning from the man to whom he ministered that he had been the executioner of Milady, Mordaunt stabs him to the heart and then makes his escape.

At this time Lord de Winter, uncle of Mordaunt, comes with a letter from Charles I of England to Queen Henrietta, who is an exile in France, telling of the desperate straits in which he is placed by the troops of Oliver Cromwell and directing her to entreat Mazarin to grant him asylum. Henrietta goes to plead with the cardinal, but is preceded by Mordaunt, who is an envoy of Cromwell, bearing from the Puritan leader the message that "to receive King Charles will be equal to flagrant hostilities."

The queen's petition is accordingly refused and she is in great despair; but de Winter tells her there are four men who might be able to save her husband. Of the four

Athos and Aramis are persuaded to make the venture and they leave for Boulogne secretly, followed and spied upon by Mordaunt, leaving d'Artagnan and Porthos in the service of Mazarin.

But affairs grow worse in Paris. The archbishop of the city is ridiculed at court when he warns the queen not to provoke civil war, and, though the cardinal tries to assuage his anger by a gift of gold, he goes forth as a leader of the Frondists and instructs his curates to excite insurrection. Count de Rochefort commands a detachment of soldiers, and Abbé Scarron, the Beggar of St.-Eustache, displays a signal from the tower of St.-Jacques which summons thousands to barricade the streets.

Every Frondist wears a straw in his hat. Everywhere there are cries of "Down with Mazarin"—"Long live Broussel." Riot is rampant in all parts of the city and the tumult swells to a revolution. The mob presses forward to the very gates of the royal palace, demanding the release of Counselor Broussel, who has been imprisoned. "Never!" cries the queen, but the gates are stormed and she yields, and Broussel is enthusiastically welcomed by the populace.

Affairs are now so serious that the queen resolves to leave Paris. D'Artagnan and Porthos effect her escape, and that of Mazarin, and the court is established at St.-Germain; after which the two cavaliers are sent to England with a message from Mazarin to Cromwell. They are ordered to obey an officer who proves to be Mordaunt, of whom Aramis has by letter warned them to beware. They make their way to the royalist camp at Newcastle, where Mordaunt bribes the Scotch Highlanders to desert their king, and when Charles attempts to escape an engagement takes place, during which d'Artagnan and Porthos take two prisoners, who turn out to be their old friends Athos and Aramis. Mordaunt recognizes them and is, by Cromwell, allowed to dispose of them as he will, but they get away before he can seize them.

The four musketeers meet and resolve to rescue King Charles. They get the captain of his guard into a game of cards and make the attempt, but Mordaunt appears with soldiers and they flee to London, disguise themselves and attend the trial and execution of the king. They corner Mordaunt in Cromwell's house, but he escapes from them

by a secret passage and they plan to get back to France.

They engage a vessel to take them across the Channel, but Mordaunt is ahead of them, hiding in the cabin. There are five barrels of powder aboard which he intends to explode after making his escape in the small boat. But his diabolical plan is discovered; the four friends with their servants cut the small boat adrift; the vessel blows up and Mordaunt, trying to drown Athos, is killed.

The musketeers reach France and find the Parisians furious. The queen, having been asked to retire, had answered with a threat, and the populace demanded that Mazarin retire at once from court, and in a week from France. Civil war ensues, and at the battle of Charenton Aramis and Athos learn that d'Artagnan and Porthos have been arrested. Athos goes to the queen to secure their release and is himself seized, and all three are imprisoned in the pavilion of the orangery at Rouel; but they overcome the guard and seize Mazarin and bear him away to Porthos's château, where they make him sign a treaty with the Frondists, which is afterward confirmed by the queen.

Porthos obtains his baronetcy and d'Ar-

tagnan is made captain of the Musketeers. The queen returns to Paris. Aramis leaves for Normandy, accompanied by Mme. de Longueville. Athos retires to his estate at Bragelonne. Porthos goes back to Bracieux.

D'Artagnan remains in the royal service, hoping some day to be maréchal of France, saying to Madeleine, his hostess: "Give me your apartment on the first floor. Now that I am a captain in the Musketeers I must make an appearance. Nevertheless, still keep my room on the fifth story for me; one never knows what may happen."

COLLINS

WHEN Wilkie Collins met Charles Dickens, his future was shortly decided. The lives of the two were intimately connected thereafter. Dickens was conducting "Household Words," and for it Collins contributed, as he did for "All the Year Round," also in charge of Dickens, a large number of tales.

The close friendship and co-operation of Dickens not only found the direction for Collins to follow, but it seemed to lead him to the type of story on which rests his fame, that in which the skilful unwinding of an intricate and exciting plot, and the construction of a thoroughly involved mystery, baffle the reader in a maze of details and circumstances. He might lack humor, fail to appreciate the finer shades of character, but he certainly conceived some striking personalities; for his own type of story he was unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries.

"The Woman in White" (1860) was his great success; "The Moonstone" (1868) was a close second in the opinion of a large and devoted following of readers.

THE MOONSTONE

By WILKIE COLLINS

Condensation by
JESSIE A. PARSONS

BEFORE the Mohammedan conquest the moon-god, in his Brahmin shrine, wore upon his forehead one of the most beautiful diamonds in creation. "Partly from its peculiar color, partly from a superstition which represented it as partaking of the nature of the deity whom it adorned, and growing and lessening in luster with the waxing and waning of the moon, it first gained the name by which it continues to be known in India to this day—the name of 'the moonstone.' After passing from one lawless hand to another, in 1850, 'after the lapse of eight centuries the moonstone looks forth over the walls of the sacred city in which its story first began.'"

Throughout this long period the moonstone had been sought diligently by three Brahmins

and their successors. Their vigilance was, in 1848, rewarded by the sight of the resplendent gem gleaming on the bosom of a light-hearted girl. Rachel Verinder had received the moonstone as a legacy from an unscrupulous uncle who was in high disfavor with the family. And he, knowing that the moonstone brought ill-luck, had made the gift in revenge.

Although thoroughly admired at Miss Verinder's birthday dinner, the stone began to exert its uncanny influence on the atmosphere of the party. Two rival suitors were present—both cousins of Rachel Verinder. One, Godfrey Ablewhite, persuasive in manner and eloquent as chairman of many charitable organizations, lived in the neighborhood and had hitherto gained the advantage which propinquity gave him over Franklin Blake, lately returned to England, bringing the moonstone, after several years spent on the Continent. The latter was a guest of Mrs. Verinder three weeks before the birthday, where his graciousness and congeniality to Miss Verinder made him most welcome. Hence it was not surprising that Rachel fell in love with him and refused the importunities of Godfrey Ablewhite just before the

birthday dinner. This major tension, accompanied by various misunderstandings on the part of other guests, ended in a dispute between the family physician and Franklin Blake over the latter's sleeplessness, in which the doctor failed to convince him that medicine could triumph over his nerves.

On hearing a drum the guests rushed to the terrace to be confronted by three Indian jugglers. At a word from one of the diners, a celebrated Indian traveler, the intruders hurriedly retreated. This surprising turn of events argued for putting the moonstone into especially safe keeping, but Miss Rachel, with ideas of her own, insisted on placing it in an unlocked Indian cabinet in her dressing-room. The company then dispersed, leaving Franklin Blake, who looked wretchedly, and Mr. Ablewhite together. After much urging Mr. Blake decided to take brandy and water to help combat his sleeplessness.

The household was startled next morning at the disappearance of the moonstone. Franklin Blake, always alert, was instrumental in bringing in the nearest police. Rachel became exceedingly angry at their intrusion and was deeply offended with Franklin Blake for securing them. The

chief of police succeeded in making a mess of affairs and was superseded by the famous detective Sergeant Cuff.

The chief of police had aroused the resentment of the servants by examining their boxes; Sergeant Cuff wished to begin with the personal effects of the family, not looking for the moonstone, but rather for an article of clothing bearing a paint stain from the door of Rachel's boudoir. Every one acceded but Miss Verinder, who gave a most decided refusal. The only servant suspected by the sergeant was Rosanna Spearman, who had been rescued from misfortune by Lady Verinder. She was discovered by Sergeant Cuff to have bought a quantity of plain white cloth and made and laundered a new garment in her room when supposed to be ill with a headache. Miss Rachel's point-blank refusal to have her possessions searched and her decision to leave her home ended in gaining her point and the dismissal of the detective, who left the Verinder home convinced that Miss Rachel had disposed of the diamond through the connivance of Rosanna Spearman in order to pay some pressing debt.

Rachel and Lady Verinder spent some

little time in London, where Rachel was ordered by her physician to have as much gaiety as possible to counteract the depression of recent events. Franklin Blake left for the Continent and Godfrey Ablewhite again resumed his attentions to Rachel. Shortly after leaving Lady Verinder's country home for London, Godfrey Ablewhite was summoned to a strange house by an unknown person, bound, gagged, and searched by a tawny-skinned individual. On the same day a notorious money-lender met with a like experience in the exact spot where Mr. Ablewhite was maltreated, only that in his case a receipt for a valuable left at a banker's was removed from his loose papers. The news of the disappearance of the moonstone having reached London, an ugly suspicion began to attach itself to Godfrey Ablewhite, only to be dissipated by the emphatic assertion of Rachel Verinder: "I know that Godfrey Ablewhite is innocent!" Soon after this Rachel became engaged to Mr. Ablewhite, although she told him her heart was elsewhere. He seemed, however, to be quite satisfied with this condition until after Lady Verinder's death, when he had an opportunity to examine her will. When Rachel's

lawyer found this out and communicated it to Rachel she dismissed Godfrey Ablewhite, on suspecting him of wishing to marry her for pecuniary reasons. He accepted his dismissal more gracefully than his father, in whose house Rachel was residing after the death of her mother. Mr. Bruff, her lawyer, then made arrangements for her to live with one of her aunts.

At this time Franklin Blake was quickly summoned to England by the death of his father. In his unhappiness he visited Lady Verinder's old home, where he found things sadly changed, with no one in charge except a faithful old steward. This servant told him that there was a letter waiting for him from Rosanna Spearman which her confidant would deliver into no other hands than his. The short letter contained directions to search on the seashore for a hidden box. The box held a garment stained with a smear of paint from Miss Rachel's boudoir and marked with the name of Franklin Blake. A long letter explained that the garment had been hidden there by Rosanna Spearman on account of her love for Franklin Blake and her hopes of shielding him from discovery. Immediately knowing that there must be

some mistake, Mr. Blake tried in vain to see Rachel in London by all fair means. His resort to a trick to accomplish this ended unfortunately and they parted in great bitterness. Rachel's words, "You villain, I saw you take the diamond with my own eyes!" spurred him to do all in his power to prove his innocence.

He returned to the country house and soon met the assistant of the family physician, with whom he had disputed at the birthday dinner. Doctor Candy had caught a severe cold that night, which with complications still affected him mentally and bodily. His assistant had taken in shorthand the doctor's delirious ravings, and after studying them had found out what was preying upon the doctor's mind. In the tumbler of water measured for Franklin Blake the night of the birthday a small quantity of laudanum had been placed. Sleep-walking results were immediately suspected and even Rachel was persuaded to have the experiment repeated under conditions as nearly possible like those of the year before. Her aunt came with her to chaperon this strange house party, and all eagerly awaited the experiment. Franklin Blake walked in his sleep as far as the

cabinet, which held a mock diamond. Although he let this stone drop to the floor as the effects of the medicine wore off, his innocence was established and the two lovers were reconciled.

The time had nearly come when the money-lender was to take from the banker's the valuable which he had deposited there. Detectives watched the bank and several people near the money-lender were followed on wrong suspicion. A shrewd office-boy took upon himself to follow a large man with a dark beard. This man had taken refuge in a low-class boarding-house, awaiting the sailing of his steamer for Rotterdam. Franklin Blake and Sergeant Cuff hastened to this house and found the man had been murdered, presumably by an Indian. The detective, on removing the black beard and pasty complexion, revealed to the onlookers the fair hair and ruddy features of Godfrey Ablewhite.

Thus the Brahmin priests, after patiently waiting for eight centuries, were able to restore to the moon-god his famous moonstone.

WILKINS-FREEMAN

MRS. MARY ELEANOR WILKINS-FREEMAN is a direct descendant of the Puritans. In her was born an understanding of old New England, its quaint and lovable people and their ways. She spent her childhood and youth in Randolph, the place of her birth (January 7, 1862), and in Brattleboro, Vermont. So she knew her New England characters through intimate contact during many years.

Wide reading and keen observation were most important factors in Mary Wilkins's early education, although she took a course at Mt. Holyoke Seminary. Nevertheless, her first manuscript was so ungrammatical and involved that it was rejected.

The girl writer, however, knew in her heart that she was destined to tell the stories that filled her imagination. Quite undaunted by rejections, she toiled at writing until "The Humble Romance" and "The Revolt of Mother" established her fame. "But," says the first publisher who read her work, "the hard work, the reading, and the study that the little sensitive-faced woman put in must have been stupendous."

These stories, with "A New England Nun and Other Stories" and "Silence and Other Stories," won her distinction as a skilful writer of short stories, rich in suggestiveness and charm. She excelled in sympathetic interpretation and analysis of the wonderful patient life about her. This is true in her novels as well as in her short stories.

"Jerome: a Poor Man," "The Jamesons," and "The Portion of Labor" are among those which have been widely read.

Miss Wilkins is married and lives in Metuchen, New Jersey.

JEROME: A POOR MAN

By MARY E. WILKINS-FREEMAN

Condensation written by special request by
MARY E. WILKINS-FREEMAN

FOR a poor New England boy, Jerome Edwards, the tragedy of life began at the age of ten. His father, Abel Edwards, had gone, that morning, with his wagon and old nodding white horse, to his wood-lot to cut wood for Doctor Prescott.

Doctor Prescott had an obsession for owning land. When there was a lack of ready money to pay his exorbitant bills, he seized with avidity upon a mortgage, and he foreclosed without grace or mercy.

Doctor Prescott had held a thousand-dollar mortgage upon the Edwards house for years. Jerome had always a fancy of it as a huge black bird with hissing beak perched upon the ridge-pole.

The old white horse coming home, turning out at the beck of a phantom driver for the

bad places in the country road, was met upon his arrival at the Edwards cottage with wild shrieks in a woman's voice, a child's frightened sob, and a boy's sober answer to the eager questions of a small mob of men and boys following after.

There was an immediate rush to the woodlot, but Jerome had reached the spot the first of all. On the shore of a black pool of water, reputed among the boys to be bottomless, he found his father's hat. Jerome weighted it with stones and flung it in. Then he bolted for home by another route. "Let 'em say father drowned himself now," he gasped out as he ran.

Abel Edwards had been missing two years when Jerome, studying the situation day and night, knew the truth: They could never, although they half starved themselves, meet the interest of the mortgage. He made a plan.

He went to consult Squire Eben Merritt. The squire was a notable hunter and fisher and had been bent that morning upon a fishing excursion. He was the kindest man in the place, not rich as had been his ancestors, but lived as a rich man, being possessed of generosity which is the real Horn of Plenty.

Jerome looked straight at the squire and made his little speech. He had rehearsed it often. When he had finished, the squire burst into a great roar of laughter and caught the boy by the shoulder. "You don't mean you planned this all yourself?"

"Yes, sir. I've been layin' awake nights, plannin'."

"How old are you?"

"Twelve, sir."

"By Jove!"

Then a lovely, gentle little girl stole into the room. Her dimpled arms and neck were bare and her shower of gold curls fell to her waist. She wore a frock of soft blue below which showed the finest starched pantalets and little blue Morocco shoes. The squire turned and caught her up, and she sat on one shoulder, with his golden beard spreading over her blue skirt.

The squire told Jerome to call on Doctor Prescott and show his plan.

A small, dark, very kind, and quick lady, who was the squire's wife and Lucina's mother, showed Jerome the door, and he went down the street in a daze. Jerome almost forgot the important paper he carried.

He had never seen a little girl like Lucina Merritt.

Jerome called on Doctor Prescott, who deigned to read his paper and then summarily dismissed him. He hated him in a strange way for a man to hate a boy. On his way home Jerome encountered Squire Merritt coming out of a woodland road with a great string of fish. "What luck, son?" he called out.

"He turned me out. I'd like to kill him."

The squire laughed and made Jerome walk along with him to his sister Camilla's, who kept elderly maiden state in the old Merritt house.

Jerome always remembered that hour of tea-drinking and cake-eating in the arbor with Squire Merritt and his sister and little Lucina, as he would have an especially beautiful turn of his kaleidoscope of life.

Until he was much older Jerome did not fully comprehend in what way Eben Merritt had solved his financial difficulties. Then he discovered that the squire had made great sacrifices of his none too large competency to buy from Doctor Prescott, and take the Edwards mortgage into his own hands.

Now life began to look brighter for Jerome. He could not go to school in the ordinary sense, so he went direct to Nature. He, in his scanty free time, roamed fields and woods. Jake Noyes, a queer character who ostensibly was Doctor Prescott's coachman, but who had been permitted to assimilate, and some said had even been taught, much of the doctor's medical lore, taught Jerome much about simples.

Jerome attained a local under-celebrity, since he gave aid for nothing and with success.

Gradually Jerome's business ideas developed and strengthened. There was an exceptional chance for a sawmill in the village. He went one evening to Lawyer Means with a request that he should sell two hundred and sixty-five dollars' worth of his land on Graystone Brook, and came away with the deed. He then began to save for the mill.

In those days he worked like a tiger, for he was in love. That meant he had become a conqueror of all foes in his path and achiever of the impossible.

Lucina Merritt had come home from school and he had seen her in church Lu-

cina Merritt was a very great beauty and her father contrived to deck her out like one. He bought a little white horse for her. Then Lawrence Prescott came home, and was often seen cantering about with Lucina, on a blooded horse his father owned.

Jerome worked harder. Occasions multiplied during which he and Lucina met. At first she wondered at him obviously with dilating blue eyes; then she began to blush softly.

Jerome's looks at her could have but one meaning.

In the mean time Elmira Edwards had her own little romance with Lawrence Prescott, but it promised to be an unhappy one. Lawrence was threatened with disinheritance, and Elmira dismissed him. Then she fell ill, and that night was in a high fever. Lawrence came and she did not know him. Lawrence went home and had a scene with his father.

As under the circumstances Prescott could not be employed, a doctor from Westbrook was sent for. Elmira was ill several weeks. Lawrence and his mother were assiduous in care and attention.

Her illness cost so much that Jerome had

not been able to make good the deficit caused by a loan to Ozias Lamb, to prevent a foreclosure of a mortgage on his little home. The loan had postponed his mill. Sometimes Jerome reflected with bitter amusement upon the bet made in the village store a few years ago. Egged on by some village wags, Doctor Prescott and Simon Basset had signed before Lawyer Means a document whereby they promised to pay, for the benefit of the poor, ten thousand apiece, if Jerome Edwards should ever have twenty-five thousand and give it all away.

Jerome thought it the safest business deal in all creation. Meanwhile he worked so hard he seldom saw Lucina. He had not the time to call upon her. He was sure that they understood each other, although no formal engagement had been made. He was sure that Lucina understood that he could not call because he was working so hard for her sake. But Lucina did not understand. She grew thin and pale, and her parents, fearing a decline, sent her West for a change.

But he was not sure when she returned from the West, looking blooming, and sent him a little note informing him sweetly but

firmly that they would be friends but nothing more.

Even then Jerome did not believe. His faith in the girl was almost sublime. However, he made no attempt to see her and did not answer the letter. He worked harder and harder.

The mill was built and work began. Jerome set himself a certain sum to be earned before he went to see Lucina.

One day the village was startled by the news that Col. Jack Lamson had come into a fortune of sixty-five thousand dollars from some old mining stock, and had gone to Boston with Lawyer Means upon business connected with it.

Shortly after that the village had another shock. Abel Edwards came home. He had been all the time on a farm fifty miles away, and had brought home all his earnings in a tin box.

But nobody in the village knew that the box had been robbed in a country tavern where Abel had stayed overnight, and Jerome had replaced the stolen gold with some from a secret hoard of his own.

Jerome was prospering, when one night there came a rain that was almost a cloud-

burst, the brook ran in flood, and the next morning the mill was carried away.

Jerome for the first time gave up hope, when Colonel Lamson suddenly died and left twenty-five thousand dollars to him, twenty thousand to Lucina, five thousand to Eben Merritt, ten thousand to John Jennings, five thousand to Lawyer Means.

People at once remembered the old bet in the store. Would Jerome give away the money? He soon set doubts at rest. He gave the money to the poor of the village, and a factory was to be set up, using the money as capital stock.

The bet was not binding legally. Prescott knew, but did not fail to abide by his word. Simon Basset hung himself before he knew he need not pay a dollar unless he chose.

Squire Merritt's wife took a hand. She offered Jerome the five thousand dollars which her husband had inherited, to build a new mill, but Jerome refused, although he knew that it meant giving up Lucina.

Mrs. Merritt said that she inferred that he did not wish to marry Lucina. Jerome burst out with mad vows of his love for Lucina.

Mrs. Merritt returned that he loved his

pride more. Finally Jerome yielded. They were standing outside under a tree, talking, and in the parlor were Elmira and Lawrence Prescott, talking. Everything was settled happily for them. Doctor Prescott had given his consent.

When Jerome met Lucina in the parlor she clung to him and wept at first, then she drew him to a little damask sofa and took a letter from her pocket. They read it together. It was from Col. Jack Lamson, dated just before his death. In it he begged that the sum of twenty thousand dollars be regarded by Lucina as a dowry,

to be employed by you both when you wed Jerome Edwards, for your mutual good and profit during your married life.

I am, dear Miss Lucina, your obedient servant to command and your affectionate foster-father,

JOHN LAMSON.

P.S.—I meant Jerome's twenty-five thousand to be used as he used it.—J. L.

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DICKENS

DICKENS did not live to be an old man, as "old age" is reckoned in our own time. When the end came, on the evening of the 9th of June, 1870, he had lived only four months beyond his fifty-eighth year. The news of his death was received as a universal calamity throughout the civilized world. The "London Times," in suggesting that the only fitting resting-place for the remains of such a man was in the Abbey in which the most illustrious Englishmen are laid, declared:

"Statesmen, men of science, philanthropists, the acknowledged benefactors of their race, might pass away, and yet not leave the void which will be caused by the death of Dickens. . . . However pre-eminent in station, ability, or public services, they will not have been, like our great and genial novelist, the intimate of every household. Indeed, such a position is attained not even by one man in an age."

Dickens had left instructions that he be buried privately, without previous public announcement of time or place, and without monument or memorial. He had preferred to lie in the small graveyard under Rochester Castle wall, or in the little churches of Cobham or Shorne; but all these were found to be

closed. The demand that he be placed among England's great dead in Westminster Abbey, united in by all England from the dean of the Abbey to the humblest citizen, finally prevailed. It was arranged that there should be only such ceremonial as would be consistent with the injunction for privacy. And on the morning of Tuesday, the 14th of June, all was carried out with the knowledge of those only who by right might assist at the burial.

Flowers were put upon the stone flag in the floor under which the body lay; and for years after the burial fresh flowers were newly strewn there by those who came to the spot as to a shrine. The inscription upon the stone is:

CHARLES DICKENS
BORN FEBRUARY THE SEVENTH 1812
DIED JUNE THE NINTH 1870

Near him lies David Garrick; and facing the grave on its left and right are the monuments of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Dryden.

Dickens's last spoken words were, "Yes, on the ground," in reply to the words of his sister-in-law, when he was stricken at the last, she having exclaimed, "Come and lie down."

Of his own life and work he once said: "I rest my claim to the remembrance of my country on my published works," as a reason why he desired no laudatory inscription over his grave.

BLEAK HOUSE

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by
WILDER DWIGHT QUINT

THE celebrated case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce had droned its way through the dusty, musty Chancery Court in London for how many long years only a few bewigged and fuzzy barristers knew before I, Esther Summerson, came to feel something of its deadening touch. This scarecrow of a suit had become so complicated that no man alive knew what it meant. It was once about an old Jarndyce will, but was now only a question of costs, and they were eating up the original property every day. People were dragged into it whether they would or no. More than one tragedy it had occasioned. I was told that Tom Jarndyce, a despairing suitor, had said one day of Chancery: "It's being roasted at a slow fire; it's being stung to death by single bees; it's being drowned

by drops; it's going mad by grains." And then he went and shot himself. But Chancery brought me many strange experiences, some bitter sorrows, and a great happiness.

My childhood knew no mother. My earliest recollection was of a kindly woman who called herself my godmother. Once I had asked her about my real mother, and she had replied: "Your mother, Esther, is your disgrace, and you were hers." When my godmother died I was told by Kenge and Carboy, great London lawyers, that a guardian had been appointed for me and that his name was John Jarndyce; that he had been asked to receive into his home a ward of the Chancery Court, a young lady, and that I was to be her companion and was to go to Bleak House, down in Hertfordshire, to live. Then first I met my beautiful, darling Ada Clare, and her handsome distant cousin, Richard Carstone (also a ward in the terrible Chancery), a gay, unstable boy whose love Ada soon returned—alas—for in the end they were married and Richard, chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, passed out of the world forever.

Through my guardian, a kindly, hearty gentleman nearer sixty than fifty, perhaps,

I met many people of low and high degree. Of the latter were Sir Leicester Dedlock and my Lady Dedlock, great personages in rank and fashion, with a fine town house in London and a superb country estate, Chesney Wold, off in Lincolnshire. Sir Leicester had married for love, rumor had it, a bit beneath him. But my lady showed no signs of that. She was proud, cold, haughty, they said, with beauty still, not yet in its autumn. Sir Leicester, twenty years older, was a man of worthy presence, ceremonious and stately. He had supreme faith in two things—the British aristocracy and Lady Dedlock.

My lady was in Jarndyce and Jarndyce through some almost forgotten ancestor. One afternoon in her London mansion Mr. Tulkinghorn, the family lawyer, was with her in connection with the case. Mr. Tulkinghorn, I came to know, was a rusty, silent man, the butler of the legal cellars of the Dedlocks; grown rich out of aristocratic marriage settlements and aristocratic wills; an oyster of the old school whom nobody could open.

"Who copied that?" cried my lady, impulsively, as she caught sight of some handwriting on a legal document before her.

"Why do you ask?" queried the keen lawyer, struck by her animation and unusual tone. "Anything to vary this detestable monotony," she returned, then fainted.

With Mr. Tulkinghorn to wonder at anything was to investigate it. Why had my lady asked about that handwriting? Why had she fainted? Perhaps Snagsby, the law stationer, who had had these papers copied, could enlighten him. Yes, Snagsby knew. It was the work of a gloomy, poverty-stricken recluse calling himself Nemo and lodging over one villainous Krooks's rag-and-bottle shop. Thither they go and up into the squalid chamber. Nemo is lying on his wretched bed, his eyes staring, his body motionless. "God save us, he is dead!" exclaimed Mr. Tulkinghorn.

I heard of the inquest through Mr. Guppy, a shrewd young law clerk who made hopeless calf love to me. The only witness who seemed to have known the dead man was Jo, a forlorn boy crossing-sweeper, and he knew little except "'E wos good to me, 'e wos." But Mr. Tulkinghorn docketed Jo for further use. Meantime, "I have seen the man whose handwriting attracted your attention," he wrote Lady Dedlock. And

soon after, on a visit to Chesney Wold, "I found him—dead," he tells my lady face to face. And whether each evermore watches and suspects the other, what each would give to know how much the other knows—all this is hidden for a time in their own hearts.

The faithful Mr. Guppy, whom I could never encourage because—well, because there was Dr. Allan Woodcourt, for one thing—gave me the news of Jo's arrest for loitering, and of the strange story he told in explanation of money found on him. They took him to Snagsby's, and this was Jo's tale: "They're wot's left, Mr. Snagsby, out of a sov'ring as wos give me by a lady in a wale as said she was a servant, and as come to my crossin' one night and asked to be showed this 'ere 'ouse and the 'ouse wot him as you give the writin' to died at, and the berrin'-ground wot he's berried in. And I done it."

And now why did Snagsby hurry off to grim old Tulkinghorn with this odd tale? And why did Mr. Tulkinghorn at once call in Bucket, a great London detective, to go and fetch Jo? And was there any dark import to the bit of melodrama in the lawyer's office where the waif was shown a veiled woman dressed as a servant? "It's 'er, an' it ain't

'er," he had said, gazing raptly at the figure. "I know the wale an' the bunnit an' the gownd; but it ain't 'er 'and, nor yet 'er rings, nor yet 'er woice. It's 'er, an' it ain't 'er."

"There ain't a doubt," Bucket had whispered to Mr. Tulkinghorn, "that it was the other one with this one's dress on."

Meantime I had had my first glimpse of the celebrated Lady Dedlock. My guardian had taken us all down to Lincolnshire to visit a friend, and it was in the little parish church I saw her. Shall I ever forget the rapid beating at my heart occasioned by the look I met as I stood up? Shall I ever forget the manner in which those handsome, proud eyes seemed to spring out of their languor and to hold mine? And, very strangely, there was something quickened within me, associated with the lonely days at my godmother's. I was soon to know what this meant, and, curiously enough, through Mr. Guppy.

My impossible suitor, it seemed, had noted a resemblance between myself and Lady Dedlock. He had learned by chance that my name was not Esther Summerson, but Esther Hawdon. Hoping to help me,

straight to Lady Dedlock he went with his news. She received him haughtily, but when he informed her that he had found that his cherished Esther was Esther Hawdon, "My God!" had burst through her icy reserve.

Life went on for a while with charming grace and pleasantness at Bleak House. Then the darkness of a terrible disease encompassed me, and when I had recovered my face was so sadly changed that I hardly knew myself. To recuperate, my guardian took me down to Lincolnshire, near Chesney Wold. And there I met Lady Dedlock again.

I was resting on a bench in the beautiful wood near the great mansion one day when she came and sat down on the seat beside me. Suddenly she caught me to her breast, kissed me, fell down on her knees, and cried to me: "Oh, my child, my child, I am your unhappy and wicked mother! Oh, try to forgive me! I had thought you dead in infancy. My cruel sister told me so." Then I felt a burst of gratitude, through all my tumult of emotion, that I was so changed that I could never disgrace her by any trace of likeness.

But at once I knew that our secret was not safe. My mother told me of the cold and crafty Tulkinghorn, already suspicious

of her and ready to charge her with the truth.

"Could you not trust him?" I had asked.

"I shall never try," she replied. "The dark road I have trodden for so many years will end where it will. I follow it alone to the end, wherever the end be."

Soon I knew that the merciless Tulkinghorn was hot on the scent. Journeying down to Chesney Wold, he told my mother that he knew everything and would hold her in his ghastly grip, awaiting his own time for revealing the story to Sir Leicester. Nor did the pitiless solicitor give her much time of grace. When the Dedlocks returned to their stately London house he sought my lady and declared to her that soon, perhaps on the morrow, his duty demanded that he inform Sir Leicester of his wife's former disgrace.

"I am quite prepared," she said, icily, as he started for home. But, with an inward fire consuming her, she would walk in the garden for an hour or more, she told a flunkey. No, she would need no further escort.

The next morning London rang with the news that the great lawyer, Mr. Tulkinghorn, the trusted solicitor of nobility, the impregnable guardian of family confidences,

had been found by terrified servants in his bedchamber in Lincoln's Inn Fields, lying face downward on the floor, shot through the heart.

Oh, with what fear I heard this. If—but then came the newspaper report that Mr. George, a fine and hearty ex-soldier, who had been heard to threaten Mr. Tulkinghorn because the lawyer had squeezed him financially, and who had been seen at Lincoln's Inn Fields on the night of the murder, had been arrested, charged with the crime. But why? The mystery was not solved, it seemed. Mr. Bucket, I found, was still on the trail of—some one. Then one day Mr. Bucket told my lord that it was not the soldier who had killed Mr. Tulkinghorn, but a woman. And he went on with all the story of my mother's early disgrace with Captain Hawdon, and how Mr. Tulkinghorn had discovered it, threatening her with exposure; how my lady had been seen going out on the night of the tragedy and how a veiled woman had been noticed near the lawyer's rooms at the same time. "It is my duty to tell you this," said the detective, "to prepare you for the revelation I am about to make. Others know of it; you must." Then in was brought

Hortense, my lady's discharged French maid (who hated my lady and hated Mr. Tulkinghorn still more because he had refused to pay her hush-money on account of the masquerading scene before Jo), and Mr. Bucket proved her guilty of the murder and arrested her on the spot. But they left my lord stricken with paralysis, his proud figure beaten to the earth.

Next I heard that my poor mother had fled the great London mansion, leaving a letter for Sir Leicester confessing her youthful shame, but protesting her innocence of the murder. "Full forgiveness; find—" wrote the baronet on a slate for Mr. Bucket.

Then began the strangest chase that was ever known. Bucket came for me, and we left the inspector's office in London before two of the morning in a barouche with postilion and post-horses, Mr. Bucket seated on the box. A wild, uncanny ride it was, down by the waterside, over the London bridges, crossing and recrossing the dark river; out of the empty city streets into the country white with snow. On and on, with little rest for two days and more, toiling through the sleety, sloppy roads; snatching a bit of rest here and there; suddenly back to great,

roaring London, hot on the scent now, and fetching up on foot at last at the grim gate of the terrible paupers' graveyard where my father was buried. And there on the steps, with one arm creeping around a bar of the gate as if to embrace it, lay my mother, cold and dead.

. . . . . .

But sunshine came again, as it always comes to the young and hopeful. My dear guardian brought it the sooner. I had promised him that I would be mistress of Bleak House some day. He had been kind; I was grateful. I thought Allan Woodcourt, who had been absent from England, had grown away from me. Returning, he had spoken too late. Ah, dear guardian, how did you know, and why did you take me down into Yorkshire so soon to show me a pretty, rustic doll's house of a cottage on pretext of getting my opinion of it as a residence for Doctor Woodcourt, who was to settle in those parts? And "Bleak House"? Yes, that was the name over the cottage door. And on that beautiful day you, my generous, self-sacrificing guardian, gave it to me and me to Allan Woodcourt. Thus was I made the happy mistress of Bleak House.

Happy in the knowledge that widowed Ada with her boy was to live at the older Bleak House always. Happy to learn at last that Jarndyce and Jarndyce was devoured by its own costs and that its curse was laid for evermore.

HAWTHORNE

SOON after the publication of "The Scarlet Letter," Hawthorne moved to Lenox, Massachusetts, where he wrote "The House of the Seven Gables." There has always been more or less discussion as to which house in Salem was pictured in this story, some persons claiming one, some another.

It has become somewhat of an accepted fact that the house on Turner Street, now kept as a memorial, is the original house of the story. It was purchased by Miss Emerton of Salem, and during the work of restoration there were found two more gables than at first appeared; these were uncovered, so that now, at least, it is a house of seven gables.

Some years ago it was stated that Hawthorne himself, when asked about it, claimed that he had no particular house in mind when writing the story, but made a composite picture of several.

Hawthorne went back to Concord, going on with his literary work and publishing "Tanglewood Tales," also a "Life of Franklin Pierce"; during this period the author lived at "Wayside."

The writings of Hawthorne show a subtle imagination and a curious power of analysis. Besides

great mental traits, he possessed the literary quality of style, a grace and charm, a perfection of language, which no other American writer possessed in the same degree, and which places Hawthorne among the great masters of English prose. His friend and college-mate, Longfellow, in reviewing "Twice Told Tales," said that "it came from the hand of a genius," and praised it for its style, which, he said, "was as clear as running water."

While Hawthorne lacked the accomplishment of verse, he was in the highest sense a poet.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Condensation by
JOSEPHINE VAN TASSEL BRUORTON

OF your courtesy, I beg you to call this tale a Romance, rather than a Novel; for it makes attempt to connect a bygone time with the present that is even now drifting away from us. It is a legend, bringing with it the Mist of the Past floating round each character and event—even round the old house itself.

Sometimes it drifts aside and you catch a glimpse of older days—days when Colonel Pyncheon, out of pure covetousness, despoiled old Wizard Maule of his house and little plot of land—days when Maule cursed the colonel for his sins and foretold, "God would give him blood to drink!"—days when Thomas Maule, son of the Wizard, built for

Colonel Pyncheon, over his father's very threshold, the House of the Seven Gables.

On the day when Hepzibah Pyncheon trod her pride underfoot and opened the little cent-shop, built in the front gable of the old house, there were but few of the Pyncheon blood left. Judge Pyncheon, his son (who died abroad and enters not into this tale), Hepzibah and her brother Clifford, little Phœbe Pyncheon (who had come for a long visit) and a few cousins, were all. The race of Maule was supposed extinct—at least there were none known.

Long since Hester had let one of the gables to a daguerrotypist named Holgrave; and none others were in the old house save herself and Clifford (now pardoned out after serving sentence for the supposed murder of an uncle), and little Phœbe.

Judge Pyncheon was the great man of the town, but, despite his ever-ready smile and studied benevolence, he was not greatly liked. Hepzibah shrank away from him and Clifford shrieked when he would have forced his way in to see him.

Hepzibah and Clifford scarce left the house even for the garden; but Phœbe and young Holgrave met there often, and the kindly

Mist made itself thin between them till they saw each other clear and their hearts drew close and love came to them—but so softly and sweetly they knew it not for love, but called it by that other sweet name—friendship.

Then Phœbe must needs go home—and with her went all the sunshine; and the Mist drifted back—and all the scant happiness that had come with her to Hepzibah and Clifford for a little, fled away.

When she had gone, the judge became even more determined to see Clifford.

"Cousin Hepzibah," he begged, with his most benevolent smile, "let me see Clifford."

"You cannot," said Hepzibah. "Since yesterday he hath kept his bed."

"What?" cried the judge. "Is he ill? Then I must and will see him. There is none who would so delight to promote his happiness and well-being. I beg of you to let me see him, Hepzibah."

"In the name of Heaven!" cried Hepzibah, her anger overcoming her fear, "give over, I beseech you, this loathsome pretense of affection for your victim. You let him go to prison under false accusation. You hate him! Say so, like a man! At this moment

you cherish some black purpose against him in your heart! Speak it out! But never speak again of your love for my poor brother."

The judge's benevolent countenance became hard.

"Cousin Hepzibah," he said, "it is my fixed purpose to see Clifford before I leave this house. I will give you my reason. Of my uncle's estate, which I inherited, not one-third was apparent when he died. Clifford can give me a clue to the recovery of the remainder. It is as certain as that I stand here!"

"And what if he refuse?"

"My dear cousin," smiled the judge, blandly, "the alternative is his confinement for the remainder of his life in a public asylum for the insane."

"You cannot mean it!" cried Hester; but the judge only shrugged his shoulders and said: "Time flies. Bid Clifford come to me." And Hester turned and went slowly up the stair and knocked at her brother's door, and called. None answered. After long waiting, she knocked again; then she undid the door and entered—the chamber was empty.

Back she ran down the stair, calling frantically:

"Clifford is gone! Help, Jaffrey Pyncheon! Some harm will come to him!" She ran through the hall, calling and searching for him. When she approached the parlor door again Clifford stood in the door, coming from within. He pointed his finger back into the room.

"Come, Hepzibah!" he cried, with a wild gesture. "The weight is gone from us! We can sing and laugh now. Aye, we can be as light-hearted as little Phœbe herself."

Horror-stricken at his looks and motions, Hepzibah slipped past him into the parlor. Almost immediately she returned, a cry choking in her throat.

"My God!" she cried. "What will become of us!"

"Come with me!" cried Clifford, still with that wild gaiety. "Put on your cloak and hood, take your purse with money in it, and come!"

Still with that wild gaiety so foreign to him, Clifford led the way, first to the depot, where he made her take the train. When they left it at an out-of-the-way station, still leading, he drifted away with her into the cold, sullen Mist.

With the day came many people to the

cent-shop, but none gained admittance; but when Phœbe came the garden door opened for her. A hand clasped hers and she was led into the disused reception-room. The sun streamed in through the uncurtained windows and she saw her companion was Holgrave.

He told her the judge was dead—in the same manner as his ancestor, "To whom God had given blood to drink!" He convinced her that the uncle, for whose supposed murder Clifford had suffered for thirty years, had died in the same fashion.

"We must not hide it a moment longer!" cried Phœbe. "Clifford is innocent! God will make it manifest! Let us throw the door wide and call the neighbors to see the truth."

"Wait!" begged Holgrave. "Phœbe, in all our lives there can never be another moment like this. Is it all terror? Are you conscious of no joy, as I am, that has made this the only point of life worth living for?"

"It seems a sin," faltered Phœbe, "to speak of joy at such a time."

"Phœbe," cried Holgrave, "before you came my past was lonely and dreary, my future seemed a shapeless gloom. With you

came hope, warmth, and joy. I love you, Phœbe. Do you love me?"

"Look into my heart," said Phœbe, dropping her eyes. "You know I love you."

At that moment, the mingled voices of Hepzibah and Clifford came to them. Phœbe and her lover went to meet them. Hepzibah, when she saw them, burst into tears; Clifford smiled and murmured that the rose of Eden had bloomed in the old house at last.

By the death of Judge Pyncheon, Hepzibah, Clifford, and Phœbe became rich. They decided to live at the judge's country-place. At the very moment of departure, through Clifford's troubled mind drifted a recollection of the time when, a mere boy, he had discovered the secret spring which caused the portrait of the colonel (before which they stood) to swing forward, disclosing a recess wherein were important papers. But he had forgotten the secret of the spring.

"Perhaps I can recall it," said Holgrave, and touched the spring.

It was much rusted, and, therefore, when released, the portrait tumbled to the floor. There was the recess, and there the title-deeds to vast Indian lands—old Jaffrey Pyncheon's missing property.

"But how came you to know the secret of the spring?" Phœbe asked of Holgrave, apart.

"My dearest Phœbe," smiled Holgrave, "how will it please you to take the name of Maule? This secret is the only inheritance that has come down to me from that ancestor. When Thomas, son of Wizard Maule, built this house he took the opportunity to construct this recess and hide away those title-deeds. I would have told you all this before, but I feared to frighten you."

Phœbe's smile forgave him, and as their carriage rolled away, the old House of the Seven Gables, freed from its burden of secret and curse, smiled after them brightly as the Mist lifted and fled away.

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TWAIN

"I AM sorry to know you are smoking so much, Mr. Clemens," remarked a lady in Mark Twain's early days. "This is the second time within the week I have seen you with a box of cigars under your arm."

"Don't be disturbed, dear madam," replied Mark, in a confidential tone, "I'm just moving again."

With characteristic humor Samuel Langhorne Clemens indicated the vicissitudes of his early days. He was born in Florida, Missouri, November 30, 1835. The common schools gave him all the formal education he got. He became an expert compositor, wherein he resembled William Dean Howells, with whom he later became linked in a lifelong friendship of deep attachment. In 1851 he became a Mississippi pilot, where he picked up his pen-name from the soundings of the river. He started in to fight for the Confederacy, later drifted to reporting, turned to mining in California, when he made Calaveras County famous by the well-known "Jumping Frog," moved on to the Sandwich Islands, and then made the trip to Europe which resulted in

"Innocents Abroad" (1869). In 1871 he married Olivia L. Langdon, and made Hartford his home for many years afterward. "Roughing It," "The Gilded Age" (in conjunction with Charles Dudley Warner), "Tom Sawyer," "A Tramp Abroad," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Huckleberry Finn," "The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson," were some of the various books which kept Americans and Europeans laughing for many years. The failure of the publishing venture in which he had engaged led him to repeat the chivalric deed of Sir Walter Scott in repaying debts for which he held his honor responsible; a splendid failure!

Despite the picturesque and never-failing humor of Mark Twain, he had a deep vein of seriousness. In "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" he has described a phase of American life which will become a permanent part of American literature.

He died April 21, 1910.

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON

By MARK TWAIN

Condensation by
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

DAWSON'S LANDING, on the Missouri side of the Mississippi, in 1830, was a modest village with few claims to distinction. Conspicuous among her first citizens was York Leicester Driscoll, forty years of age, judge of the county court, of unblemished Virginia stock, unhappily childless, and esteemed by everybody that knew him. Another citizen of repute was Col. Cecil Burleigh Essex, who, except for one important particular later disclosed, has nothing to do with this story. Resident here also was a certain Percy Northumberland Driscoll, brother to the judge, married, and a prosperous owner of slaves, among whom was a likely wench of twenty, Roxana by name, into whose home on the first day of February, 1830, two boy babies were born.

One of these, christened Tom, was the son of Percy Northumberland. The other, tagged with the name of Valet de Chambre, or "Chambers" for short, was the son of the slave girl Roxana, by a father at first unknown, but later revealed to be Colonel Essex. Within a week of the birth of Driscoll's son the mother died, and in the natural course of events both boys were intrusted to the maternal care of the slave mother.

About the same time into this quiet community came one David Wilson, hopefully anticipating a successful legal career, a hope blasted in the borning, since a gift of irony, one of David's most tangible assets, fell upon ears so literal as to be unappreciative and suspicious of humor.

"I wish I owned half of that dog," said David one morning, when a snarling yellow cur disturbed him.

"Why?" asked somebody.

"Because then I would kill my half!" replied David.

His hearers fell away from him in alarm. How could a man kill half of a dog without killing the other half also? Surely this man must be out of his mind.

"A lummox," said one.

"A perfect jackass," said another.

"He's a pudd'nhead, that's what he is!" said a third.

And from that day forward "Pudd'nhead Wilson" he was.

Now Pudd'nhead had two fads—palmistry and finger-prints. The first he occasionally practised, lacking clients to practise law upon, and the second he collected with great assiduity. No man, woman, or child ever entered the circle of Pudd'nhead's acquaintance without leaving a finger-print, or his thumb-mark, behind, and all of these were carefully named, recorded, dated, and filed. Thus it happened that one day came Roxana and her two charges, Tom, the son of Driscoll, and Chambers, the son of herself and another. As like as two peas were the babies, in color, size, and lineaments—so like that save to a mother's eyes they were indistinguishable, and the finger-prints of all were taken, labeled, dated, and added to the collection of Pudd'nhead Wilson.

What more natural than that the likeness of the two infants—Tom's own father could not tell him from the slave baby—should suggest to a mother's heart an interchange of the children by which the slave should be-

come the master and the master the slave, especially when that heart was constantly oppressed by the fear that when her babe grew to manhood he might be "sold down the river," that ever-present tormenting dread of the slave of the upper waters? What more natural that, there being no chance of detection, Roxana, for love of her son, should yield to that temptation and forthwith turn Chambers into Tom and Tom into Chambers by a simple interchange of garments, these being the only outward and visible signs by which the boys were differentiated, anyhow? It was in this manner that it came to be the proud offspring of the house of Driscoll grew into the slave boy Chambers, abused and neglected, and that the seemingly white child of a negro slave and an unknown father became the scion of a family of unblemished lineage.

But a mere change of clothes and condition does not penetrate far below the surface. A silken gown cannot alter the currents of a shoddy soul, and while externally the spurious heir was all F. F. V., internally he was negro. After a few years, never having discovered the deception practised upon him by Roxana, Percy Driscoll died, penniless,

but his brother, the judge, his prayer for children of his own denied, adopted the supposititious Tom and made the boy his heir. He sent him to college. He gave him every advantage that an affectionate father could have given a boy of his own, but the raw material which was the real Tom was poor, and the soil unfruitful. The boy acquired a taste for dissipation for which the simple life of Dawson's Landing offered no assuagements. He plunged into the gay whirl of St. Louis, garnering nothing but disgraceful gambling debts. Worst of all, he was at heart a snob, abused the real heir now become his slave, and acquired a profound detestation for his ancient nurse Roxana, of whose real relation to him he was unaware, until, goaded to intense resentment by his contemptuous and brutal treatment, she acquainted him with the terrible facts of his birth and ancestry, and demanded that he treat her as a mother on penalty of exposure.

The revelation prostrated the impostor for a brief period, but failed to spur him on to better behavior. He went from bad to worse, stooping even to housebreaking in order to obtain funds to pay his gambling debts. In his mother's power, and she not

at all disinclined to blackmail, he was driven to all sorts of expedients to satisfy his own and her demands. But through it all he managed to maintain an outward appearance of superiority that enabled him to dazzle his inferiors and deceive his equals. The judge's love for the boy blinded him to the lad's evil character, but once he nearly disinherited him on the score of cowardice. A pair of mysterious Italian twins settled at Dawson's Landing, and at a public meeting, Tom having provoked him to action by his insolence, Luigi, the stronger of the two, had kicked the scion of the House of Driscoll off the stage into the audience, the stain of which insult a real F. F. V. would have wiped out upon the field of honor, but for which the cowardice of Tom found ample satisfaction in the police court, which proceeding so outraged the good judge that for the honor of his family he personally fought a duel with the offending Italian, wounding him and thus laying the foundations for much future trouble.

Came now the supreme touches in the career of the spurious Tom. For the payment of newly acquired gambling debts, with Roxana's consent, Tom sold his own mother back into the slavery from which at Dris-

coll's death she had been freed, but in violation of his promises he sold her "down the river," a crime that reacted upon his unfilial head when the resourceful Roxana escaped and, under threat of exposure of his real status in life, required him to indemnify her new master lest she be apprehended and returned to him. Having no other resources, Tom resolved upon the robbery of his benefactor, the judge, in the fulfilment of which venture he murdered him, his weapon being an Oriental knife of unusual design which he had stolen from Luigi, the Italian, in one of his theft-raids.

The murder of Judge Driscoll brought great excitement to Dawson's Landing and the Italian twins narrowly escaped lynching for the crime. The evidence was clearly against them. They were confessedly the owners of the gem-studded, ivory-handled knife with which the crime had been committed. What was worse, they had been found standing beside the body when the neighbors rushed in, having come to the judge's aid at his cry for help. Moreover, there was the clear motive of revenge growing out of the duel which Luigi had fought with the judge. The whole community adjudged

them guilty—all but Pudd'nhead Wilson, who volunteered to defend them in court, a poor reliance, since they were his first and only clients. But Pudd'nhead was unafraid. The evidence against them was most con-vincing, but—

There were finger-prints upon the knife-handle, and they were not the finger-prints of the accused!

Whose finger-prints were they?

Tom, secure in his sense of safety because of the overwhelming evidence against the twins, ventured to taunt Pudd'nhead upon his confidence in winning his case. He entered his study, and, sitting himself at Pudd'nhead's side while he studied the prints in his collection, he picked up one of the records.

"Why, here's old Roxy's label," he said, contemptuously. "Nigger paws, eh? There's a line across her thumb-print. Now how comes that?"

Pudd'nhead, taking the glass from Tom's hand, held it up to the lamp. The blood sank suddenly out of his face. He gazed at the polished surface with the glassy stare of a corpse. *The mystery was solved!*

Tom's thumb-print standing clearly out-

lined before him on the glass and that on the handle of the blood-stained knife were identified.

"To the minutest detail," said the foreman of the jury, as he returned a verdict of murder against the unhappy lad.

The twins were acquitted, the defrauded heir lifted up out of slavery and restored to his inheritance, and Tom, forever branded as an impostor, was "sold down the river" for the benefit of the creditors of the late Percy Northumberland Driscoll.

Which, all things considered, was not a strange fate, for, as Pudd'nhead Wilson himself has said in his famous calendar, "a cauliflower, after all, is nothing but a cabbage with a college education."

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STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON had "the most speaking of presences: a steady, penetrating fire in the wide-set eyes, a compelling power and sweetness in the smile; courteous waving gestures of the long, nervous hands, a lit cigarette generally held between his fingers." His conversation was incomparably brilliant, yet he did not dominate the talk; "rather he helped every one about him to discover unexpected powers of their own."

Henley says "he radiates talk as the sun does light and heat." Colvin compares his warm humanity to the steady flame at heart of a great driftwood fire, while his flashing humor was like the myriad colored flames.

Stevenson had, moreover, the most sterling sense of duty and of justice to do what service we can, for honor and not for hire.

He was eager to risk his life at the time of the agrarian troubles in Ireland and again in Samoa; he was threatened with deportation for his activities in behalf of the natives. His loyalty is best expressed in a letter to Barrie about their beloved Scotland, "Singular that I should live here in the

South Seas under conditions so new and so striking, and yet my imagination so continually inhabit that cold old huddle of gray hills."

But above all he was temperamentally a poet. From childhood it was his

> *To hear*
> *The great bell beating far and near—*
> *The odd, unknown, enchanted gong*
> *That on the road hales men along,*
> *That from the mountain calls afar,*
> *That lures the vessel from a star,*
> *And with a still, aerial sound*
> *Makes all the earth enchanted ground.*

TREASURE ISLAND

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Condensation by
ALICE G. GROZIER

SQUIRE TRELAWNEY, Doctor Livesey, and the others have bidden me tell the story of our search for old Buccaneer Flint's hidden treasure, and so I go back to the time when my father kept the Admiral Benbow inn. Then it was that the seaman, Bill Bones, came to us for lodging, his sea-chest following after in a handbarrow.

At his request we called him "Captain"; he settled down, always on the watch for a "seaman with one leg," and constantly singing an old sea-song:

> Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
> Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
> Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
> Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Then one day an old blind man left him the pirate's "summons" or "black spot,"

which so excited him that, combined with the effect of his rum-drinking, it brought on a stroke and we found him dead upon the floor.

Mother and I opened his sea-chest, where I discovered a packet done up in oil-silk; this I took with me, and as soon as I could went to the doctor's house, where I found him with the squire.

To them I told the story of the happenings at the inn and gave them the packet.

"You have heard of Flint, I suppose?" laughed the doctor, as he handled the packet.

"Heard of him!" said the squire. "Heard of him you say! He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that ever sailed! If we have here the clue to old Flint's treasure, as you seem to think, then I'll fit out a ship in Bristol, take you and Hawkins here along, and I'll have that treasure if I search a year!"

When they opened the packet there fell out the map of an island, with every particular needed to bring a ship to safe anchorage on its shore, and full directions for finding the treasure.

"To-morrow," said the squire, "I start for Bristol; in two weeks—yes in ten days, we'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest

crew in England. You shall be ship's doctor, Livesey, Jim cabin-boy, and I am admiral."

But it was longer than the squire expected ere we were ready for sea. In the mean time I went to Bristol also, and while looking over the ship and around the dock I discovered that our cook was a seaman with one leg. He was very domineering with the crew, but servile and smiling to the rest.

I began to have my suspicions, but he was so deep and clever that my doubts of "Long John Silver" were soon quieted.

We settled aboard our ship the *Hispaniola*, with Captain Smollet in command; then one morning, a little before dawn, the boatswain sounded his pipe and the crew began to man the capstan bars.

"Now Barbecue, tip us a stave," cried a voice.

"The old one," cried another.

"Ay, ay, mates," said Long John, who was standing by with his crutch under his arm, and at once broke into the air and words I knew so well: "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest"—the crew coming in on the chorus; and then we were off on our cruise for the treasure.

At sundown one evening, I went to the apple-barrel for an apple, and, finding them low, I got into the barrel bodily and, being rather sleepy, sat there awhile in the dark; soon a heavy man sat down with a crash near by. I was about to jump out when I heard John Silver's voice and kept very still. Before he had said a dozen words I knew that all honest men aboard were in great danger.

Well, I made the discovery that Long John and most of the crew were old shipmates of Bill Bones and John Flint; they knew the object of our voyage and were planning to do away with our party and get the treasure for themselves.

A moment more and the lookout shouted "Land ho!" and we anchored at "Captain Kidd's anchorage," according to the chart. I told the doctor and the squire what I had heard, and they had the captain send the crew ashore, so that we might have an opportunity to talk matters over.

It was decided that we must go on, and we counted those we could trust, only to find that we were but six against nineteen.

The next morning it was plain that mutiny hung over us like a thunder-cloud. Captain

Smollet thought it best to give the crew shore leave, and a party was made up, including Silver. Some of the men, however, remained aboard. I suddenly took it into my head to go ashore, too, and slipped unseen over the side and into the forward sheets of the nearest boat: as soon as the bow struck among the shore-side trees, I caught a branch and swung ashore, making off into the near-by thicket.

I cannot tell all the details of the voyage; they were many and exciting, but one or two happenings I must tell.

While wandering about in the thicket I came upon a wild-looking man who said he was a seaman, Ben Gunn, marooned on the island three years before. I got his story and he ours; he was a great help to us, as you shall see.

In the mean time our party had abandoned the ship and taken up the fight ashore. I had a notion to get out to the ship, cut her adrift, and let her go ashore where she would, and so prevent the mutineers from sailing away in her; and remembering Ben Gunn's mention of a coracle which he had made and put in hiding, I set out to find it. Being successful, I made my way to the ship and,

laying hold of her hawser, was about to finish cutting her loose when I heard voices from the cabin; one I recognized as that of the coxswain, Israel Hands, the other was a sailor whose name I did not know. Both were drunk, and when I got a look at them through the cabin window I saw that they were in a death's grip.

The strong current had by this parted the last strand of the hawser which I had left, and both coracle and ship were adrift; with a leap I caught at the jib-boom, and clung, panting, left without retreat on the *Hispaniola.*

When I got aft I found the sailor dead, and Hands in a sad condition. He was friendly enough while helpless, but as he grew stronger he asserted himself and issued orders, which I obeyed until the ship was round in a low wooded north inlet.

The excitement of the last maneuvers had interfered with my watch upon the coxswain, but something caused me to turn my head, when I saw the fellow half-way toward me, his dirk in his hand; he chased me around the deck, trying to corner me; quick as thought I sprang into the mizzen shrouds and rattled up hand over hand into the

cross-trees; none too soon, the dirk had struck not a foot below me as I climbed.

Now I primed my pistols and reloaded, and Hands, seeing this, knew that the dice were against him; in spite of this he started up after me. "One more step, Mr. Hands," said I, "and I'll blow your brains out!" I saw his right hand go up over his shoulder, something sang like an arrow through the air, and I was pinned to the mast; both my pistols went off and escaped from my hands, but they did not fall alone; with a choking cry the coxswain loosed his grasp and plunged down head first, and I saw him through the clear water lying on the sand beneath.

I found that I was held simply by the skin of my arm, and, pulling myself free, I finally got ashore and with difficulty reached my friends. They had had some fierce battling with the mutineers, but in the end a flag of truce appeared and Silver came forward to bargain. The doctor, much to the surprise of all, gave him the chart; but this was explained later, for when they dug for the treasure and reached the bottom of the cache, nothing was found but a broken pick and a board with the word "Walrus" burnt into it—the name of Flint's ship!

Ben Gunn was the real hero. Early in his stay on the island he had come upon the treasure, and with great difficulty transported it to a cave and hidden it; seven hundred thousand pounds in minted money of all nations, besides heavy bars of gold.

The doctor had wormed the secret out of Ben Gunn and then arranged to give the chart to Silver, knowing that the cache was empty.

We piled the treasure aboard the ship, set sail, and finally reached a port on the Mexican coast, where we added to our crew.

After a good voyage we reached home just as friends of the squire were about starting out in search of the *Hispaniola*.

CHURCHILL

IF Winston Churchill did not succeed in his attempt to become Governor of New Hampshire, he has had a far different result in his appeal to the suffrage of American readers. His books have appealed to the public in increasing numbers as the years have gone by, beginning with "The Celebrity" in 1898, and "Richard Carvel" in 1899. He later laid a firm foundation for the favor he has enjoyed in "The Crisis" (1901) and "The Crossing" (1904). "Coniston" (1906), "Mr. Crewe's Career" (1908), "A Modern Chronicle" (1910), "The Inside of the Cup" (1913), "A Far Country" (1915), "The Dwelling Place of Light" (1917), show his continued activity.

The universities have shown the approval of his honest purpose and growing power by giving him an honorary A.M., Litt.D., and an LL.D. He has a beautiful summer home at the colony of artists and folk of letters at Windsor, Vermont, or Cornish, New Hampshire (where you are in one town if you go to the railroad station, the other if you visit the post-office). There President Wilson spent one of his sadly interrupted vacations in the author's house, Harlakenden Hall.

THE CRISIS

By WINSTON CHURCHILL

Condensation by
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

THE scene is laid chiefly in St. Louis between 1857 and 1865.

Stephen Brice, of the Brahmin class of Boston, after his father's business failure and death, came with his mother to St. Louis, there to study and practise law in the office of his father's friend, Judge Silas Whipple.

Virginia Carvel, the only child of Col. Comyn Carvel, was beautiful and distinguished. The colonel was of an old Maryland family. He was the leading dry-goods merchant of St. Louis and a veteran of the Mexican War.

Judge Whipple was taciturn and abrupt. He concealed a generous heart under a forbidding exterior. He slept in his office. He was a "black" Republican. He secured clients because they needed his professional

ability. He took Sunday dinner at Colonel Carvel's, where the discussion over slavery in Virginia's hearing went on with a plainness of speech that only the lifelong friendship of the two men could have made possible. Colonel Carvel was the highest type of a Southern gentleman.

Mrs. Brice, Stephen's mother, bore her reduced fortune with dignity and with high hope in her son's future and a spirit of sacrifice in his interest.

Eliphalet Hopper was a New-Englander in Colonel Carvel's employ. Industrious and saving, he was unscrupulous and mean, valuing only financial success and cherishing jealousy of others' good fortune.

Clarence Colfax, the son of a rich widow, was Virginia's cousin. He ran race-horses, he fought game-cocks. He had "a commanding indolence." He believed society based on slavery was divinely appointed. Masterful, courageous, adventurous, athletic, and handsome, he was a true cavalier, useless except for war.

The events of the story sport with the natural antagonism, in tradition and convictions, of the Puritan Stephen Brice and the lady of the Cavaliers, Virginia Carvel.

They met first at a slave-market. A beautiful quadroon is put up for sale. With all his savings of nine hundred dollars Brice determines to buy the girl from a life of shame with an intending bidder and then free her. Virginia, through Colfax, also bids for the girl to use her as a maid. Brice, in sympathy for the pleading mother of the slave, persists in his purpose and, to Virginia's great disgust, outbids the other two and manumits the girl.

Soon after, on her father's insistence, Virginia protestingly invites Brice to her first party. She snubs him, but finally dances with him. They meet again at a fancy-dress party in which she appears in the costume of her Colonial great-grandmother, and he in that of his grandfather, a Revolutionary colonel. She had only gone on the assurance he would not be there. His appearance prevents her giving way to the wooing of Clarence Colfax.

They meet again at the country-place of the Carvels, where Judge Whipple is convalescent, and there measure each other in discussion. Through Judge Whipple and her girl friends news of Brice is constantly thrust on her.

Silas Whipple knew and felt Lincoln's greatness and leadership. Whipple noted Brice's ability and high qualities, but regretted his Boston narrowness. He sought to broaden him by subjecting him to Lincoln's personality. Under pretense of a business errand, he asked Lincoln to let the young man hear his debate at Freeport with Douglas. Brice was with Lincoln the night before in a tavern, where, hatless, coatless, vestless, he discussed the wisdom of asking Douglas the great question, the answer to which made Douglas Senator and Lincoln President. Lincoln's limpid intellectual honesty, his pure logic, his lucidity of soul and purpose, impress themselves on young Brice and profoundly affect his point of view.

Missouri was saved for the Union by Frank Blair and Nathaniel Lyon. Under their leadership the Germans of St. Louis captured a camp of the golden youth of St. Louis mobilizing as Confederates. Colfax was among those taken, but refused a parole and escaped to the Southern army. These disturbing events brought Brice and Virginia together again. He sought to render the Carvels service, which Virginia resented. Mrs. Brice and Virginia, however, soon

became interested in the nursing of wounded soldiers and of Judge Whipple, whom a fatal illness had overtaken. Brice as a lieutenant was in the battle about Vicksburg and found Colfax badly wounded in the captured city. He sent him north to St. Louis, where he was nursed by Virginia. Colfax had distinguished himself by daredevil exploits of great usefulness to his cause. Virginia was enthused by his patriotic devotion to the cause she loved and their engagement was the result. Brice was wounded in the campaigns after Vicksburg and also returned to St. Louis.

The climax of the story comes at the deathbed of Judge Whipple. Colonel Carvel, though in the rebel army, returns to see his daughter. Hearing of Whipple's illness, he visits Whipple's office, where he finds Virginia and Colfax. In the latter's hurried withdrawal to chase a spy who proves to be Eliphalet Hopper, Virginia and Brice, unexpectedly to each, are thrown together. She is surprised into a betrayal and full realization of her interest in him. Hopper eludes Colfax and creeps into Whipple's outer office. By corrupt transactions with Federal quartermasters he has become a

rich man and the real owner of the Carvel business. He finds Virginia alone and threatens, unless she marries him, to betray her father to the Union authorities as a spy. Brice appears, strikes Hopper down, defies him with a counter-threat of prosecution for corruption. This rids the story of Hopper.

Colfax goes South after Virginia has broken their engagement. He is subsequently captured as a spy. Brice identifies him and then intervenes with Sherman to save his life. Meantime, Brice is sent by Sherman to City Point with despatches. There he meets Lincoln again. Lincoln remembers him and invites him to become his aide.

The story closes with the visit of Virginia to Lincoln at the White House, for the pardon of Colfax. Lincoln had heard of the circumstances, sees Virginia, and brings in Brice. After a conversation in which there is revealed to Virginia the constant sorrow of Lincoln's soul and his deep sympathy for the Southern people, he pardons Colfax and leaves Brice and Virginia to that mutual confession of love of which each had long been conscious. They were married at once,

but their honeymoon was darkened with the sudden taking off of the Great American.

The story is well told. The plot is not forced and maintains one's interest to the end. Stephen Brice is almost too perfect. The author speaks feelingly of the anxiety of novelists to avoid this danger. Virginia's character is perhaps better done, because easier to endow with attractive failings. Judge Whipple and Colonel Carvel are admirably drawn.

The story weaves in an accurate and valuable description of the causes of the war and of the kind of people that fought the war. St. Louis, the confluence of the two streams of western immigration from the North and the South, was the place to study the mixing but conflicting elements of our people before the Civil War. It was the author's home. He reveals their faults and their virtues with impartial pen. He maintains the just balance. He avowedly and really takes the Lincoln view of the contest, which, as he truly says, has now become the American view both North and South.

The picture of Lincoln is inspiring. The glimpses of Sherman, Grant, and Lyon are vivid and true to life.

The book is written in a most entertaining style. It is charming and sustained in its interest as a love story. It is a great historical novel.

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THE END